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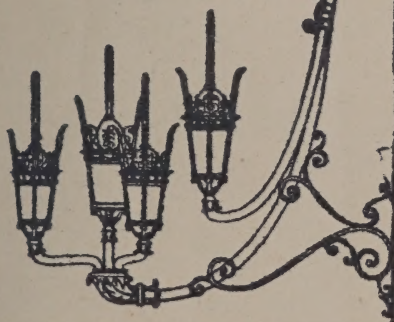
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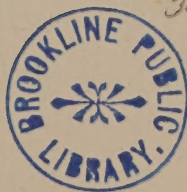
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THE ARENA.

EDITED BY B. O. FLOWER.

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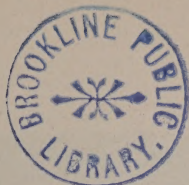
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John Clark Leath



THE ARENA.

No. LXVII.

JUNE, 1895.

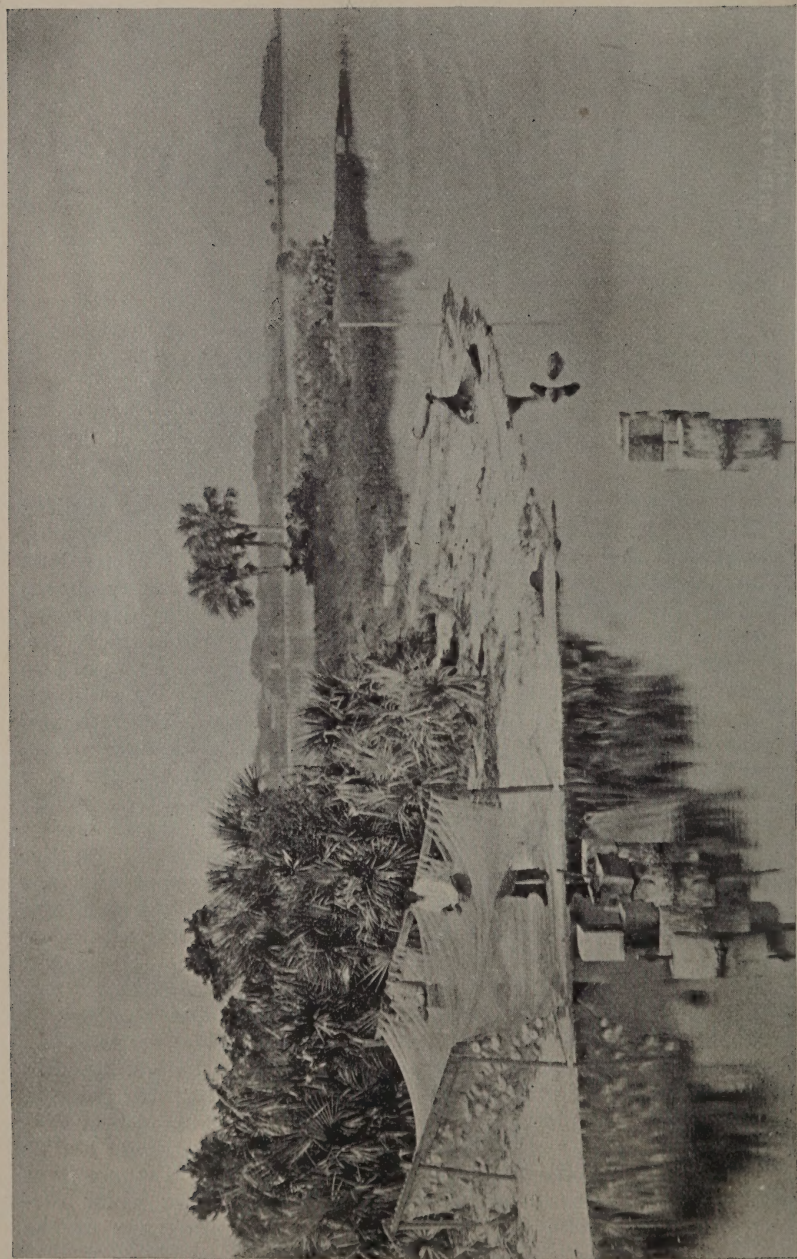
WINTER DAYS IN FLORIDA.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I am writing by an open window overlooking the Halifax River. On the opposite bank, somewhat to the left, is Daytona, while on the right is the picturesque hamlet of Holly Hill, both in full view. It is the 8th of March, and the weather is ideal; a delightful breeze has been blowing since daybreak; the air is soft and balmy as that of a June morning in the North.

At eight o'clock this morning a small flotilla, consisting of two modest-sized steamboats, two naphtha launches, and a sail-boat, passed my window. They came from Daytona and were bound for a picturesque little fresh-water stream some distance north, which bears the quaint Indian name of Tomoka. The merry shouts and rollicksome laughter which came from the excursionists indicated that the multitudinous cares, anxieties, and sorrows which shadow life had been banished for a few hours, and that pleasure and the beauties of nature were to be enjoyed with that wholesome abandon which is seen only when man escapes from the thralldom of conventionalism and draws near to Nature.

As these little vessels, freighted with human loves, hopes, and desires, passed from view, I involuntarily thought of that long-departed day when canoes, carrying the careless children of another race, passed to and fro over the slow-moving Halifax; when the stalwart red man trod the sands by the sea, fished in the ocean and the river, gathered wild fruit, and hunted game in the forests. I thought of that distant day, now about four centuries removed, when excited warriors brought strange stories of the coming of wonderful men from over the sea, whose faces were white, whose clothing was gay as the flowers which carpeted the forests, and who claimed to be messengers of the



WINTER SCENE ON AN ISLAND IN THE HALIFAX OPPOSITE THE LOWER PART OF DAYTONA.



HARRIS
Photo
-963

View from Tomoka Cabin

THE TOMOKA RIVER, FROM TOMOKA CABIN.

Great Spirit. Doubtless some who heard these wonder stories shook their heads and laughed derisively, for human nature is the same in all ages. Others there were who, wishing to probe the mystery, were impatient to march northward in search of the strangers, who, if found, were to be interrogated, that they might know whether the god-men came as friends or foes. There were lovers then as now upon the banks of the Halifax River; and I doubt not that many an Indian maiden heard the strange rumor with mingled wonder and apprehension, followed by an oppressive, nameless dread, for woman's mind is ever more intuitive than man's. But gone are the hopes and fears of this people. And to-day only a small remnant of the race that hunted and fought over the flower-decked sands of Florida remains. The laughter and song of the old joyous times come to us as the perfume of their legends, and little more than tradition and story are left,* coupled with the quaint and oftentimes musical names which they gave to rivers, inlets, and streams.

The Halifax River is in reality a tide-water lagoon of half a mile in width. Into its waters empty many fresh-water streams which are exceedingly beautiful. The Tomoka, to which I have alluded, is perhaps the most popular. Its channel is sufficiently deep to permit boats to run several miles up its narrow, serpentine course. At a picturesque landing a few miles from its mouth a large, delightful log-cabin, with an immense old-fashioned fireplace, has been built in the midst of a wild scene of tropical tangle-wood — almost a jungle. Here picnic parties may be seen almost daily in an abandon of natural enjoyment. Staid men of business and women of brilliancy and culture forget the solemn dicta of conventionality and become boys and girls again for a few brief hours. It is impossible for pen or camera to do justice to the beauties of the Tomoka. And yet this stream is only one of many equally picturesque though less navigable which empty their fresh waters into the salty Halifax.

Since the day Ponce de Leon landed in quest of the Fountain of Youth, Spain, France, England, and the Republic of the West have claimed, occupied, fought for, or sought by purchase to obtain this home of the magnolia, the orange, and the palm. And yet there are probably few places which at first sight are so disappointing to tourists as Florida. The absence of the closely knit grass sod of the North, and the omnipresent sand, impress the stranger very unfavorably.

* A few only of Seminole Indians remain. They dwell chiefly in the extreme southern part of the inhabitable region of Florida. They are divided into small bands of a few scores in number, the small remnants of once mighty tribes. These bands are presided over by chiefs as in olden days, and the title in some cases seems to be handed down from father to son. Thus, one band is to-day ruled by Tallahassee, another acknowledges Tiger Tails, while the son of this chief is designated Little Tiger Tails. Sometimes they seem to borrow appellations from the white man which are more realistic and characteristic than romantic; thus one of the chiefs bears the name of Billy Bowlegs.



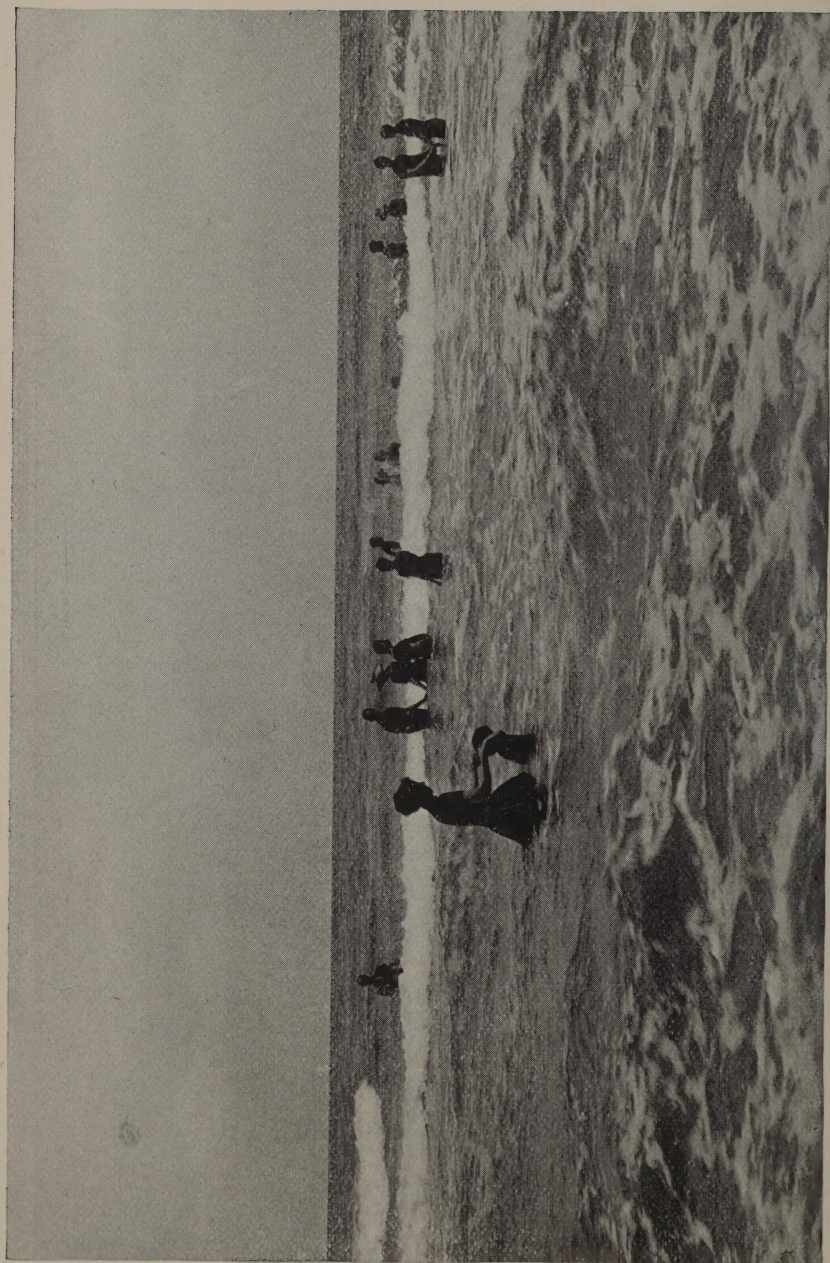
VIEW OF THE HALIFAX RIVER FROM HALIFAX PENINSULA OPPOSITE DAYTONA.



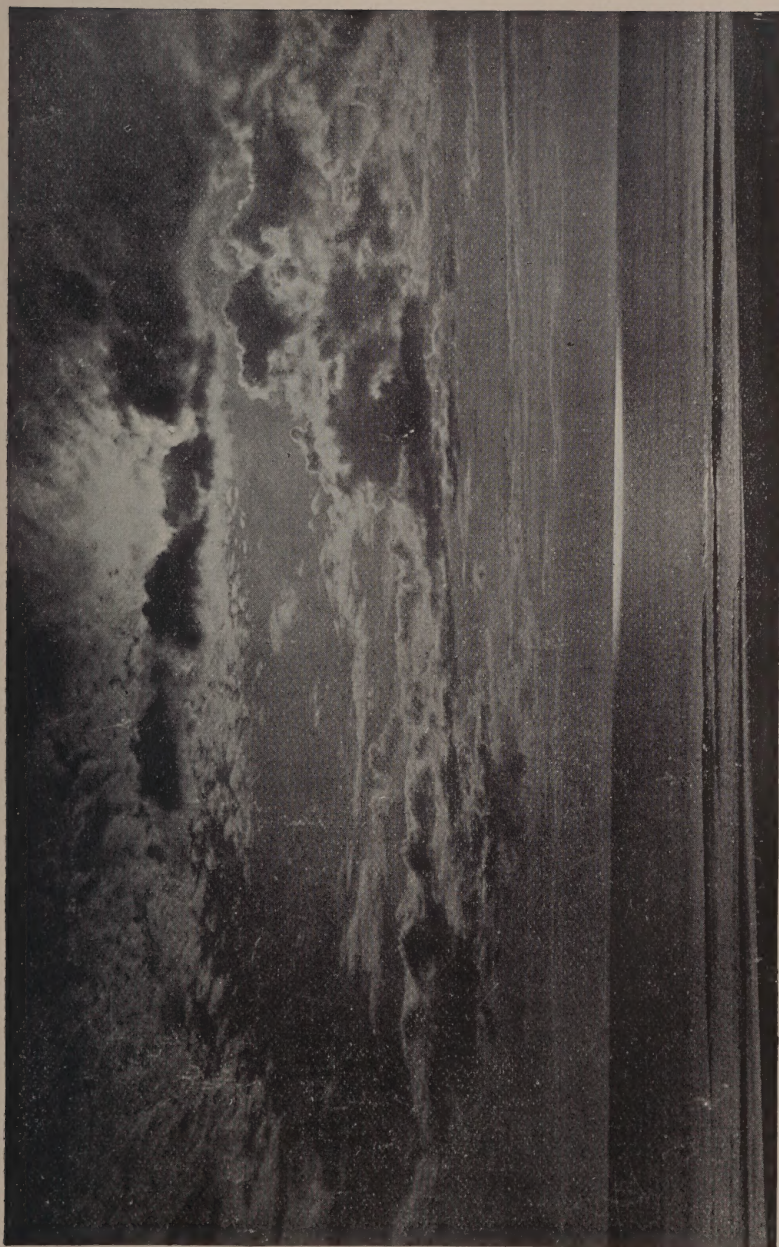
TOMOKA CABIN ON THE BANK OF THE TOMOKA.



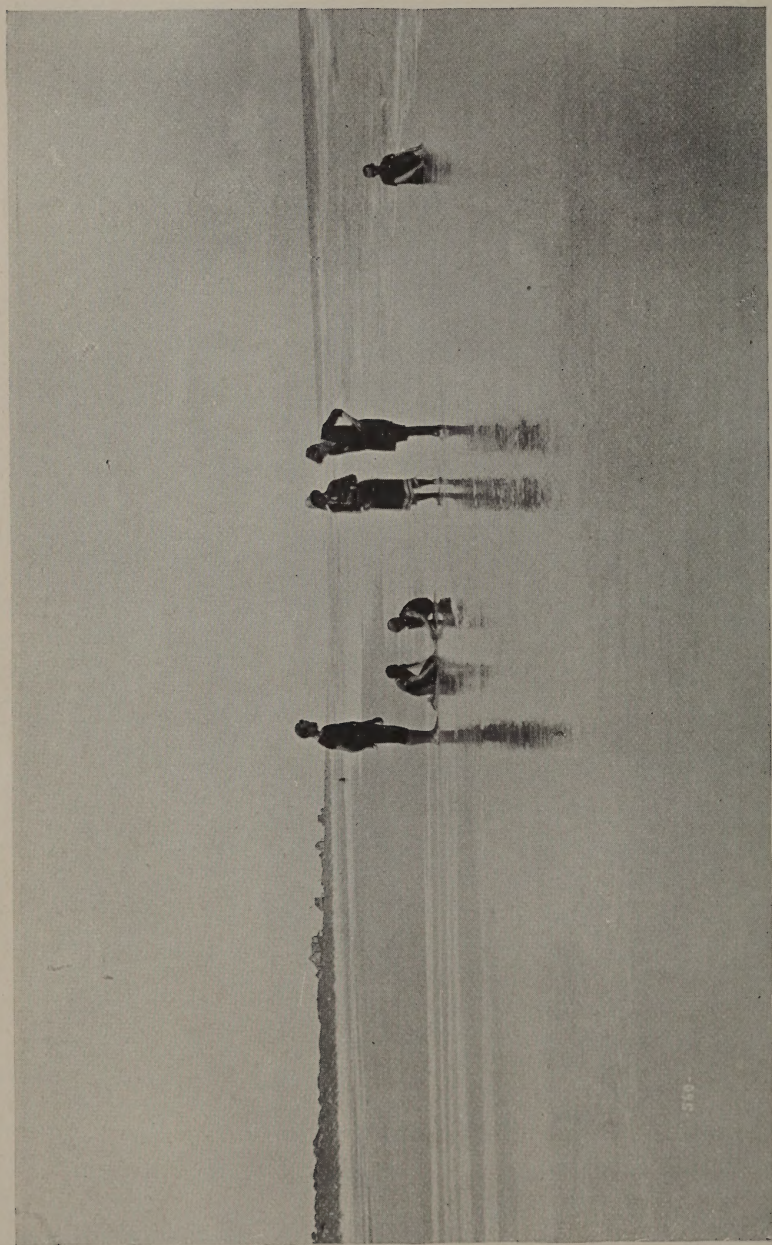
THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD. WINTER SCENE ON THE HALIFAX BEACH.



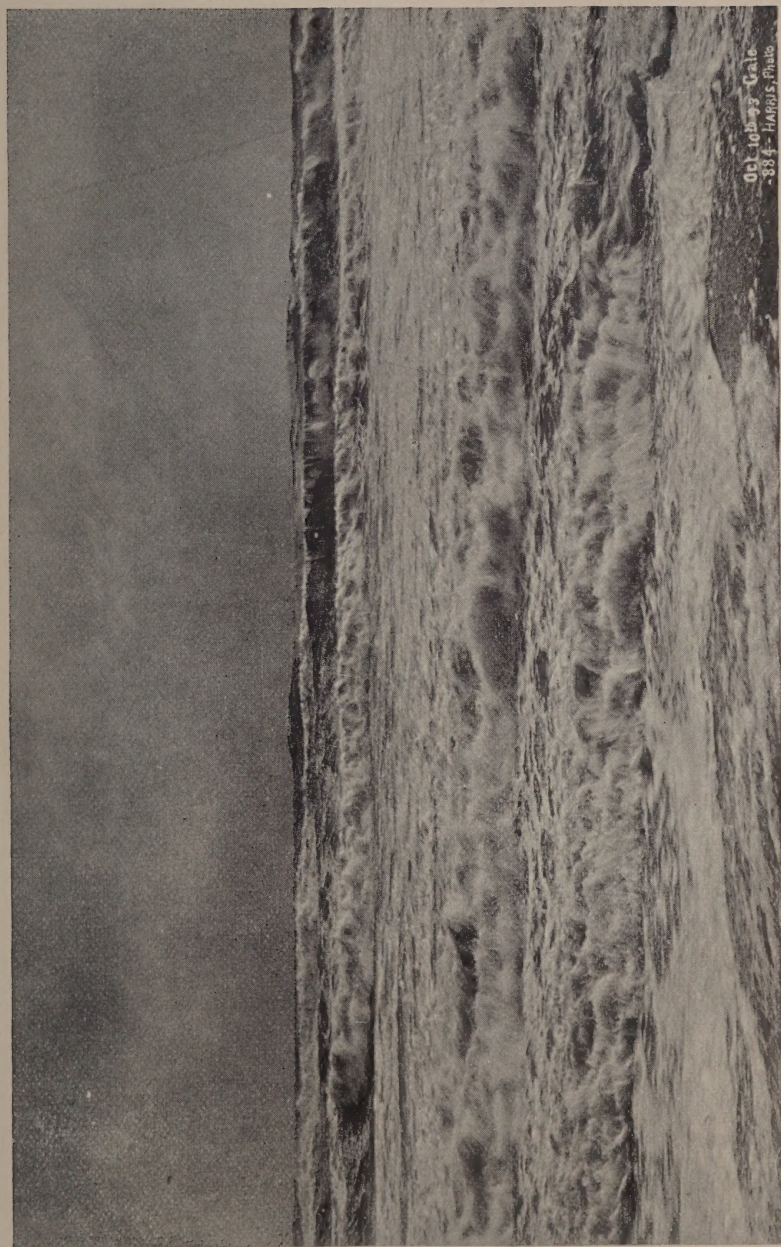
THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD. WINTER BATHING ON THE HALIFAX BEACH.



THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD. MOONLIGHT ON THE HALIFAX BEACH.



THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD, BATHING AND CLAM DIGGING ON THE HALIFAX BEACH IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.



Oct 10 1894 - Gale
- 834 - Haggis Photo

THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD. THE GALE OF OCTOBER 10, 1894, ON HALIFAX BEACH.

The winter of 1895 will long be remembered as a most disastrous season to the Floridans, no less than it has proved disappointing to Northern tourists. The frosts, being the most severe known for over half a century, have wrought havoc not only with the more tropical fruits, but with all trees belonging to the citron family, and many other less tropical plants have suffered severely. The ever present groves of oranges, grape-fruit, limes, lemons, and citrons, guiltless of leaf, flower, or fruit, tell a tragic story of loss and ruin to patient, unremitting industry; while for the tourist the state without the beauty of the orange trees, in their glory of leaf, flower, and fruit, is shorn of one of its chief attractions.

On previous visits to Florida my most southern points were St. Augustine and Palatka. This winter I came to Daytona and the Halifax Peninsula. Here the destruction wrought by the frost is everywhere discernible, but it has failed to rob this region of its beauty. The tall palmetto, the gaunt live-oak, draped in southern moss, the bay, magnolia, and pine, together with numerous evergreens, shrubs, and underbrush, clothe the earth in green, and with the soft and balmy atmosphere make one unconscious that it is yet winter, and would enable us to forget the frosts of the past few months, were we not continually reminded of them by the bare branches of the orange, lemon, and lime trees, and the guava, oleander, and many other shrubs.

Half a mile from where I am writing the waves of the ocean are beating against the most magnificent beach it has been my fortune to see. This morning I spent some time upon its warm white sands. There were enough clouds floating in the sky to prevent the sun from being unpleasant. A number of men and women were revelling in the delights of sea-bathing in water warmed by the Gulf Stream.

The ocean ever exerts a strange, undefinable, fascinating influence over my mind. I never tire of watching its ever changing aspects or listening to its soft crooning, its impressive murmuring, its solemn warning, its mad threatening, and its measureless fury. To-day, after enjoying the pleasure of the sea-bathers, I seated myself upon the sand and yielded to the fascinating spell of the ocean, and as the lights and shadows fell upon the waves I was reminded of Victor Hugo's description of the sea, when an exile on the coast of Guernsey, and I felt the kinship of soul and the subtle relation of man to nature as those fine descriptive lines came into my mind in which the poet speaks of the ocean, "with its ebb and flood, the inexorable going and coming, the noise of all the winds, the blackness and translucency peculiar to the deep; the democracy of the clouds in full hurricane; the wonderful star risings, reflected in mysterious agitation by millions



RIVER ROAD FROM DAYTONA TO HOLLY HILL.

of luminous wave-tops — confused heads of the multitudinous sea — the prodigious sobbings, the half-seen monsters, the nights of darkness broken by howlings; then the charm, the mildness, the gay white sails, the songs amid the uproar, the mists rising from the shore, the deep blue of sky and water, the useful asperity, the bitter savor which keeps the world wholesome, the harsh salt without which all would putrefy; that all-in-one, unforeseen, and changeless; the vast marvel of inexhaustibly varied monotony." I know of no finer characterization of the varying moods of the ocean than these graphic lines; and if one is seated upon the beach or in view of the sea their full force comes home to the brain in an indescribably vivid manner.

The beach, which extends along the Halifax Peninsula in one unbroken stretch for over twenty miles, is destined to be one of the most famous in the Western World. It is one long, continuous slope of smooth, white sand, so firmly packed by the incoming and outgoing waves that along the lower slopes it is almost as firm as an asphalt pavement, and thus affords unsurpassed facilities for driving and bicycling. At high tide, and especially after the sea has been rough, numerous many-tinted shells, from the nautilus and conch to the tiny sea clams, whose many tinted protecting cases are not unlike two petals of a dahlia's blossom, are strewn along the line which marks the water's highest limit; but below, the sand is smooth and firm. Early dawn, the reflected glory of the sunsets, the moonlight effects, and the mystery which ever seems a part of the darkness of the deep are never-ending sources of pure delight to all artistic natures. I have seen nothing which equalled the splendor of the ocean and sky at such times, except at Ostend on the North Sea.

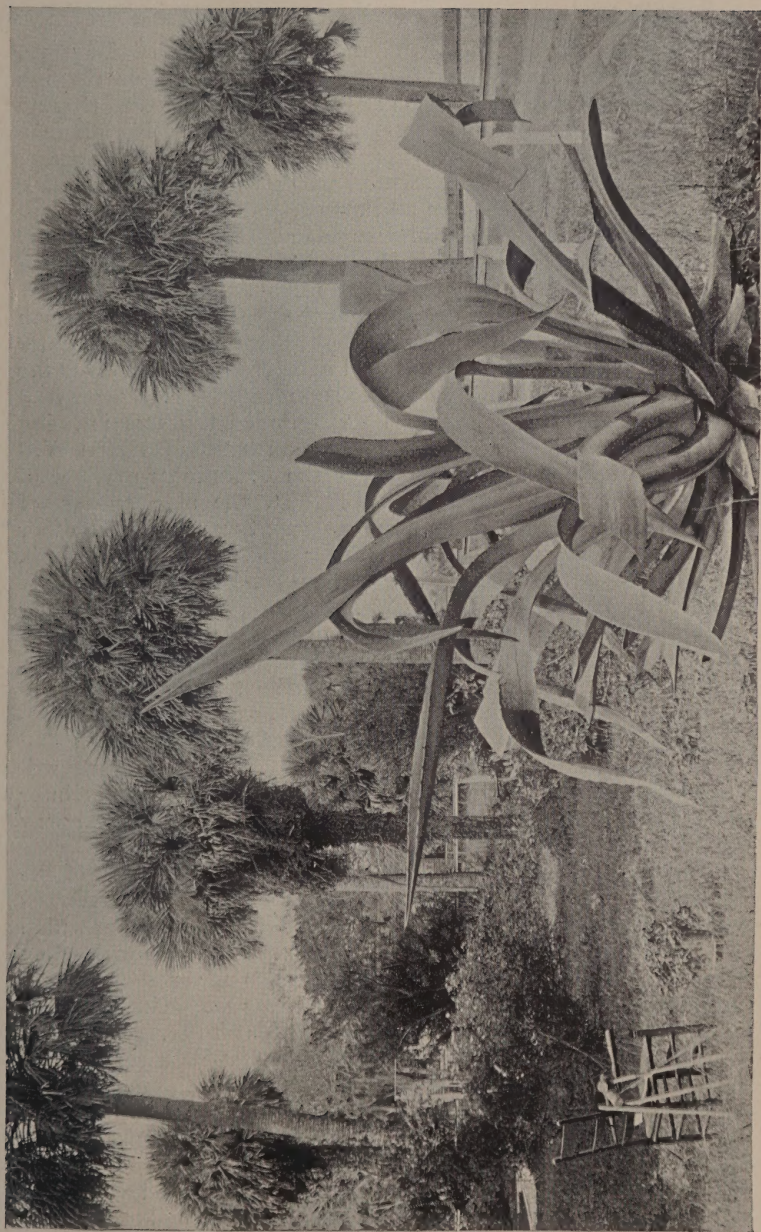
But, while speaking of sunsets, I cannot forbear mentioning the gorgeous panoramas which I have witnessed almost nightly on the Halifax River. Here in the foreground we have the tall palmettos, so thoroughly tropical in their appearance, and the gaunt live-oaks, draped in southern moss, very beautiful, but presenting a somewhat weird appearance. Beyond lies the river, smooth as glass and half a mile in width, and on the further side the forests of palmetto, oak, pine, and other trees, interspersed with villas, and behind that the flame of the setting sun, varied from time to time with marvellous cloud effects; the wonderful reflections in the water, iridescent and luminous, revealing various shades of russet and gold, scarlet and crimson, silver and blue, — all combine to make scenes of beauty so entirely transcending words that in their presence one desires silence, that the mind may yield to the exquisite pleasure and feel the mystic spell of the divine, inspired by these matchless symphonies of color.



BEACH STREET, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



VOLUSIA AVENUE, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



BEACH STREET, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.

The sea-beach opposite Halifax, and due east of Daytona, affords delightful bathing all the year round. I noticed through February that the waters which are warmed by the Gulf Stream were of a delightful temperature, far warmer than I have known the Atlantic even in midsummer on the Massachusetts coast; and many persons availed themselves of the opportunities for surf-bathing. But this is an all-the-year-round beach; it is rapidly becoming the most popular summer resort for Floridans of means. For at Halifax, Sea Breeze, and Silver Beach, which extend along the Peninsula opposite Daytona, not only is the bathing all that could be desired, but the breezes from the ocean and the river keep the atmosphere delightfully tempered in summer and render the nights invariably cool and refreshing. This is the universal testimony of all who have summered here.

A very interesting colony of liberal-minded thinkers is being established at Halifax, under the direct auspices of Helen Wilman Post, the well-known leader of the evolutionary school of metaphysical thinkers; Mr. C. C. Post, the able author of "Driven from Sea to Sea," "Congressman Swanson," and other thoughtful social and economic studies; and Mr. C. A. Ballough, a fine large-hearted nature, whose sincerity and frankness are only equalled by his passion for justice. These people are building what will probably some day be known as the "City Beautiful," with broad avenues and boulevards, made hard with shells, grassed on either side and lined with palmettos and other subtropical trees. The experiment is unique, and will I believe result in bringing to this wonderfully favored spot many men and women of culture and refinement, whose taste and means will further beautify the place, which is inviting in summer and winter alike, and upon which nature has bestowed so much in the way of beauty and attractiveness.

Daytona lies one mile from the ocean, on the west bank of the Halifax. It is reached from the beach by fine shell driveways which cross the half mile of the Peninsula and two bridges which span the river. Of Daytona it is difficult to say too much when describing the beauty of the place. I have never seen a town of like size which impressed me as being so beautiful. Its houses, for the most part, evince excellent taste. They are modern, and are kept well-painted and in first-class repair. In these respects it contrasts most favorably with the majority of Southern towns; and its streets and some of the roads leading from the town are made of marl or shells and consequently are smooth and hard. A strip of land grassed and carpeted with wild flowers extends between the street-way and the sidewalk, and along these are planted palms, live-oaks, magnolia, and other ever-green trees. I know of no boulevard more bewitchingly beauti-



RIDGEWOOD AVENUE, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



BEACH STREET, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



THE PALMETTO IN BLOSSOM.

ful than Ridgewood Avenue in Daytona, with its great live-oaks, heavily draped in Southern moss, its palmettos, magnolias, and other varieties of semi-tropical trees, which form a deeply shaded vista, while on either side are beautiful and well-kept homes. Volusia Avenue, and indeed all the streets excepting Beach, where at present extensive improvements are being made on the water front, are models of neatness and as beautiful as they are striking to the Northern eye, unaccustomed to tropical vegetation.

Before closing this paper I must say a word about the flowers and fruits for which Florida is justly noted. The varieties of flowering trees and shrubs, as magnolia, orange, palmetto, and oleander, are very numerous, and though the sands of this state are unfriendly to most kinds of grasses, it can truthfully be said that they favor the multitudinous flowers of many colors and gorgeous hues which flourish in wood and field. On the Halifax Peninsula the chief fruits have been the orange, lime, lemon, grape-fruit, citrons, kumquat, guava, mulberry, Japanese plums, strawberries, mulberries, peaches, pears, and grapes. Some pineapples and bananas are also raised here, but these flourish better further south, where are found in abundance the cocoanut and bread-fruit.

Florida has been frequently termed the Italy of America. I do not think the points of resemblance are sufficient to warrant the appellation. Both lands are peninsulas, extending southward; each can lay claim to a mild and genial climate, protected from the severity of the northern blasts, and tempered in summer by the ocean breezes; each can boast of being the home of the citron family and other semi-tropical fruits; but when we come to note the points of difference between the peninsula which has so largely moulded our present civilization and our own Land of Flowers, I think we shall find far more instances in which they are radically unlike than those in which there is any substantial likeness. Yet each holds charms peculiar to itself, and, with regard to Florida, I think it is safe to say that in spite of her recent disaster her star is rising.

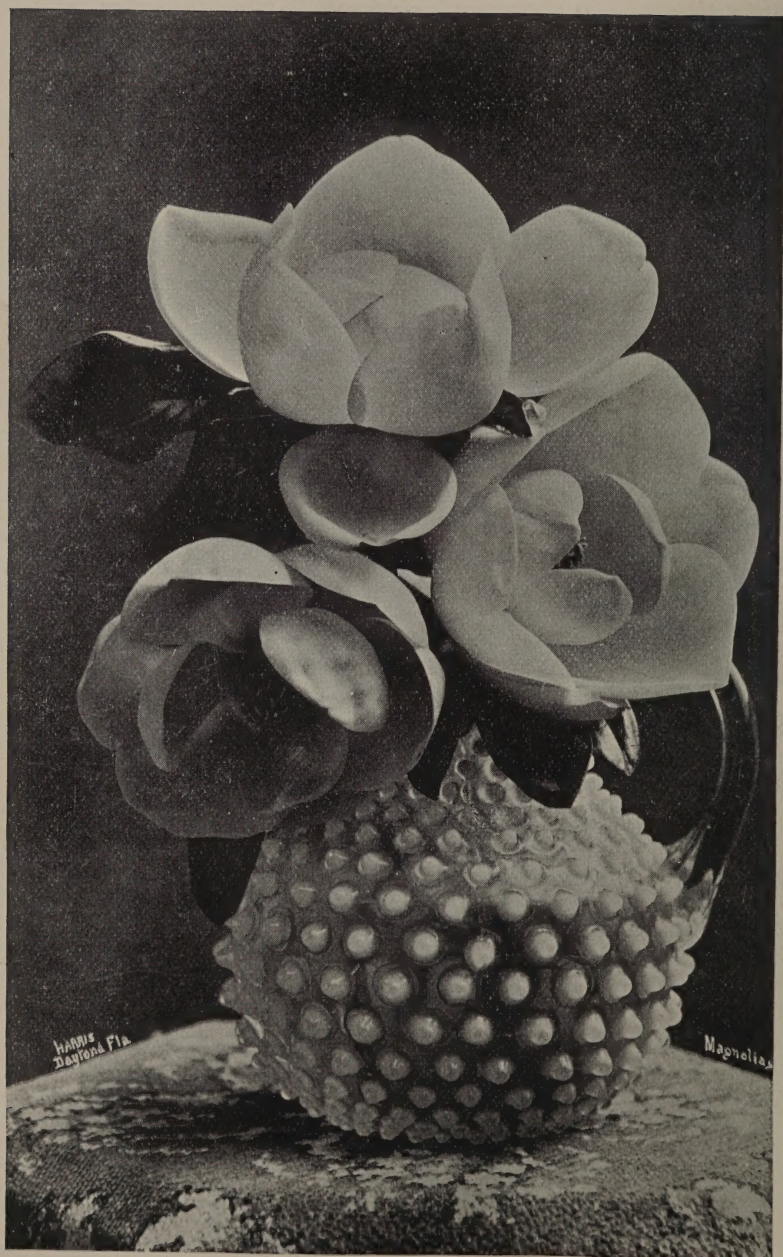
I will close this sketch with a charming little poem written by Mr. C. C. Post and entitled

MOONLIGHT ON THE HALIFAX.

Night on the river. The moon rides high,
The sea-breeze whispers, the pine trees sigh,
The reeds on the river banks are aquiver,
And the clouds are like dreams in the moonlit sky.
A girdle of diamonds in silver set,
Crossed and 'broidered with bands of jet,
From the other shore where the palm-trees stand
Is clasped at my feet by the shining sand.



FLOWERS OF FLORIDA. THE ORANGE BLOSSOM.



FLOWERS OF FLORIDA. MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS.

And over the waters of silver and jet,
And between the banks where the palm-trees rise,
Float other clouds, like the clouds in the skies—
Float white-winged boats with their light sails set.
And lovers clasp hands 'neath the white sails set,
And loves are told, and a beautiful dream
Of life afloat on love's beautiful stream
Is dreamed, as they sail through the silver and jet.

And I say it is well that the moon rides high;
Well that fleecy clouds fleck the moonlit sky;
That the river is banded, with diamonds set,
Embossed and embroidered in silver and jet;
Well that tall palms on its banks arise;
Well that the pine tree whispers and sighs;
That the tide lifts up, with its furthest reach,
Its lips, to the shells on the shining beach;
That lovers, afloat on its waters, seem
Forever afloat on love's beautiful stream—
And 'tis well that I sit by the river and dream.

FIRST STEPS TO NATIONALISM.

BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

We are told, by people who have frequently crossed African or Asiatic deserts, or voyaged upon southern seas, that they were time and again deceived by wonderful visions. They would suddenly behold, at a short distance, a beautiful landscape or a large city; they would distinctly see the trees and meadows, the towers and temples, the streets, yea, the people walking in them; or they would see a ship apparently running right through their vessel. The legend of the "Flying Dutchman" is founded upon the impression which that very vision made upon sailors. As suddenly as these objects appeared before their eyes they would vanish, while the mystified traveller, who was trying to reach them, was wandering miles from his outlined course.

This optical illusion, known as the *Fata Morgana*, is, as science explains it, the picture or mirage of some distant object, thrown by a reflection of the rays of the sun upon the heated atmosphere of a vast expanse, such as is a desert or the sea. However, while the vision, as it appears before the eye of the traveller or voyager, is a delusion, the thing which it represents is not a fiction; it exists in fact, though not on the spot where the puzzled tourist thinks of finding it. If he could and would measure the angle of the rays that bring the picture to him and follow it to its distant source, he could surely count upon reaching the real object of his vision.

The "new nation" which nationalists (or socialists, if you please) see, apparently at a short distance, is unreal only in so far as the nearness of its place in time is concerned; but it does exist, and is as real as are the objects, the pictures of which the *Fata Morgana* carries to a distant place. A new social order *is* evolving; he who has eyes can see it (unless he chooses to close them) in the concentration of trusts, syndicates, and on the other; in the establishment of immense business monopolies on the one hand, and the formation of labor-unions, where all articles needed for the comfort of the people, from a needle to an anchor, are exhibited for sale; in the construction of modern buildings heated by one stove, lighted

by one lamp, cleansed by one janitor, and in which the tenants can take their meals at one table; and last, not least, in the position of independency from the support of the male sex which the female sex is conquering for itself.

Small wonder that, like the traveller in the desert or the voyager on the sea, the ones who see all this will impatiently push forward towards that better time, and deceive themselves with the hope that they will reach these conditions after a few decades; small wonder that they think it would require but some act of legislation to change at once this battle-field of individual strife and competition, in which the weak are ruthlessly trampled under foot, into a heaven of peace in which all will work sociably for one and one for all.

As it is wellnigh impossible to measure the angle of the rays which carry the Morganaic pictures in order to follow them to their source, so it is wellnigh impossible to forestall all the thousands of conditions which, in the process of social evolution, must simultaneously change to bring forth the "new nation." It is, therefore, somewhat of a miscalculation when the disciples of Henry George hope that the introduction of a single tax will lead to the millennium; or when the followers of Edward Bellamy (myself included) maintain that the nationalization of railroads, of electricity in all its branches, of insurance, in a word, of what are called natural monopolies, are the *first* steps towards nationalism. All these measures are secondary if not tertiary steps; the angle of deflection is a much wider one, and the realization of a new and improved social order must be sought for at a much greater distance.

Social conditions — laws included — are only outward manifestations of the state of culture to which people have risen. They change with the principles at which people arrive. If the masses were ripe to-day for a new social order, that order would be established in a trice. Our opponents have therefore good cause to taunt us with the question, "If — as you claim — people are so desirous of a change of conditions, why do they not demonstrate that fact at the polls? They have the privilege of sending whom they please to Congress or into the legislative bodies of state or municipality; why do they not avail themselves of their opportunities on election day?"

Let us concede the fact that the masses are not yet ripe for a change of conditions; hence the very first step towards nationalism must be a long and protracted *educational* and not a *political* campaign. Impatient nationalists will inevitably share the fate of the travellers who rush towards the vision held out to them by the Fata Morgana; they will lose their course entirely, and will have to retrace their steps at a great loss of time. A

great many things will have to be unlearned, and a number of new lessons will have to be patiently drilled into the minds of people, before they will be ripe to take matters into their own hands and go even the length of nationalizing railroads, telegraphs, etc. I will enumerate a few of the things to be learned or unlearned, and in doing so, follow rather the analytical than the synthetic method.

Although the question has been discussed almost *ad nauseam* since the time nationalism was born, whether or not our government could be trusted to handle the vast wealth represented by the so-called natural monopolies; and although we nationalists have demonstrated, to our own satisfaction, that the government is, at least, as reliable and can be expected to serve the people as well as a soulless, grasping corporation; the doubt still lingers at the side that negatives the proposition for three reasons, viz., first, because our present government does not represent the people; second, because it is not trained in the performance of administrative duties, such as the handling of vast energies would demand; and third, because we lack centralization. Let us pause to reflect; and may I be permitted to begin with the third proposition?

At the time when the constitution upon which our government rests was framed, the most far-sighted never dreamed either of the dimensions to which this country would swell, or of the present facilities of intercourse that make possible the quick interchange of thoughts and commodities between the most distant members of the huge body. It would have sounded to them like a fairy tale, that California grapes would arrive fresh in Maine, and be sold there cheaper than they could be raised on the spot; that fresh meats, coming from Texas, would be sold at cheap rates in the markets of New York; or that a business man in Boston would be able to *talk* with a customer in Chicago without leaving his office to do so. Each state had then its own separate interests, and the thirteen original provinces were willing only to form a union for defensive purposes, besides establishing a kind of free trade among themselves. Of the practical solidarity of the Union, as our modern inventions demand it, even the longest head could have had no conception at that time. Abhorring concentration, they guarded carefully their autonomy and their state and municipal rights.

The constitution then framed to serve these purposes has survived almost intact, though conditions have vastly changed; and it is still the corner-stone of our political structure. Hampered by it it would be impossible for a government to manage railroad systems or telegraph nettings that cross the border lines of states as if they did not exist. There would be constant friction be-

tween the national and the state governments; a dualism would be established under which the very experiment of intrusting the government with the administration of the national monopolies would meet with sure and utter defeat. Before the nationalization of any of the named monopolies can be attempted, it will be necessary to recast our whole constitution, and create a consolidated nation, in which the states would lose their state appearance and assume the character of mere provinces.

The next difficulty looms up in the fact that our present government is not organized to do any actual, practical work. It is solely legislative. It makes laws, and, after a fashion, sees to it that they are executed. And what are these laws in the main? They are laws how to collect money and how to dispose of it. The only practical executive work done by the government is the keeping of an army and navy, the running of the mails, and the improving of harbors and rivers, which latter work is done only indirectly by the government, as it is farmed out by contract. Although government officials have now nominally to pass a civil-service examination, they are not chosen in all cases for fitness, nor retained for efficiency. Their position depends upon the length of time their party remains in power and upon their fealty to their party. A government thus constructed and unused to do practical work could never make a success of handling any one of the afore-mentioned monopolies; and will it not take quite a while to train the governmental forces for such services?

Our government, finally, does not represent the people; its interests are not identical with those of the people. At best, it represents a majority of the people. But what is a majority? If fifty-one people vote for one man and forty-nine for another, the fifty-one are the majority; they are permitted to consult their own interests, to pass them off as the will of the people, while the other forty-nine are not only not represented, but even misrepresented. In a three-cornered fight, thirty-five out of a hundred voters are the majority; and the sixty-five, the actual majority, have to go without representation. Much as I (being an ardent nationalist) would like to see the government handle railroads and telegraphs, I would not intrust these interests to a government of party, to a government that *is not the people*.

How can we change these conditions? As I said before, we must recast the constitution. How can we recast the constitution? We must establish a new system of ascertaining the public will, viz., a new system of voting. This is a first step to nationalism, which, however, is preceded by still another one. We must stop teaching in school and from the platform the infallibility of the constitution. Is it high treason to write that? Our constitution was a glorious and excellent instrument at *its*

time; it has ceased to be that now. Instead of grandiloquently praising the wisdom of the framers of the constitution and presenting it as the *ne plus ultra* of political foresight, as the safeguard of all our economic conditions, we should teach the people, young and old, that a measure may be wise and good at one age, and cease to be so at another; that they may revere and respect this instrument which, indeed, broke the fetters of mediæval thralldom, but that they must neither idolize nor deify it; that they should look at it as they look upon any other political measure, and be not afraid to change or recast it when new times and new conditions call for new measures.

This is the very first step to nationalism, and all those who feel the chills creep over their backs when they are invited to take it, should at once abolish all dreams of ever accomplishing their ends by fusion with either of the two great parties, or by any other kind of political manœuvring. We cannot have at the same time both the new and the old, viz., a new nation raised upon an antiquated constitution. Not until people cease to worship the constitution like an idol can they be expected to vote for a new order of things. As the masses move slowly we must wait in patience till they get ready to do as we advise them. To teach and promulgate these underlying principles, to make people see how things are evolving, and not political campaigning, are the very first steps to nationalism. Here is the fulcrum upon which to place the lever; will you place it there?

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

The House of Commons as it now exists was not a part of the ancient legislative body of England. Its existence is a result of the Magna Charta. That instrument provides for the summoning of the knights, citizens, and burgesses according to rank. It was not until the reign of Edward IV. that the assent of the two houses was made necessary to every legislative act. Like our House of Representatives the House of Commons has the exclusive right to originate all appropriation or tax bills, or any bill which lays a burden or charge on the people. I had, on a recent visit to England, through the courtesy of Mr. Rowe, the member for Derby, the *entrée* to the House of Commons *ad libitum*.

The then speaker of the House of Commons was Rt. Hon. Arthur W. Peel. The chairman of the committee of the whole was Rt. Hon. Leonard H. Courtney, who presided in the absence of the speaker. When he presides he is not addressed as "Mr. Speaker," but as "Mr. Courtney or Mr. Chairman." The speaker of the House receives a salary of \$50,000 and a finely furnished residence. The House of Commons consists of six hundred seventy members, one of whom is elected speaker, and another one of whom, on recommendation of the Crown, is nominated chairman of the committee on ways and means, and is *ex officio* speaker and chairman of the committee of the whole House. The officers of the House consist of a clerk, who is entitled "under clerk of the Parliaments to attend upon the commons" in contradistinction to "the clerk of the Parliaments," who is an officer of the House of Lords. There is an assistant clerk and a second assistant. These clerks occupy a desk in front of the speaker. The tenure of office of the clerks is for life, only removable on an address to the Crown from the House.

The clerk receives all members otherwise than those chosen at a general election. They present themselves with their introducers at his table, and he receives from them the

certificate of the clerk of the Crown, showing that they have been duly elected. Members elected at special or by-elections sometimes reach the House before the arrival of the writ endorsed with the return, which is usually sent through the post to the clerk of the Crown. In such case they are strangers and have no privileges until the return arrives. A new member cannot present himself at the table for the purpose of taking his seat, until he is expressly invited to do so by the speaker. When this occurs, the clerk presents to the member the form of oath or affirmation of allegiance to be repeated by him and subscribed on the roll. Then the clerk introduces the member to the speaker, calls his name, and the name of the constituency from which he has been returned.

In case of the absence of the speaker from illness or other cause, the clerk is required to notify it to the House, so that the deputy speaker may take his place. It is the duty of the assistant clerks, under the direction of the speaker, to examine all questions and notices handed in by members, so that no unparliamentary expressions shall be placed on the order book. (Would not this be a good innovation in our Congress?) They keep a record of the daily business, which is published under the authority of, and signed by, the speaker. This record is called "votes and proceedings of the House of Commons," and is delivered daily to the members, and afterwards printed as the Commons Journal, one volume being issued yearly. This journal contains all resolutions proposed, all divisions, all letters read and special communications made to the House, but does not contain the speeches of the members.

The sergeant-at-arms and his deputies, and the clerks, are the only persons outside of the members who are allowed within the limits of the House during its sittings. There are other officers of the House, who in the performance of their duties attending on the debates are permitted to attend below the bar, behind the speaker's chair, and in the corners of the side galleries. This rule is so strictly observed that officials who bring in cards, letters, or telegrams for members are not permitted to cross the bar of the House. If a member to whom a communication is sent is too far away to be reached by the carrier, it is handed to the nearest member, who passes it along the benches, through other members, until it reaches its destination.

There are six seats on the floor of the House, two in front of the sergeant-at-arms, and four on the opposite side, and three rows of raised seats across the back of the House,

which are under "the peers' and distinguished strangers' galleries," which are technically not a part of the House. Those farthest back are cut off by a barrier, and entered by a small stairway from the lobby. These are reserved for strangers.

The sergeant-at-arms of the House is appointed by the Sovereign, but may be removed by resolution of the House without the assent of the Sovereign. The sergeant-at-arms, under order of the House, can arrest any person within the limits of the United Kingdom, and no court of law has jurisdiction to examine into the grounds of arrest. The galleries of the House are under the control of the sergeant-at-arms while the House is sitting. He issues orders for seats. The galleries are reserved for diplomats, distinguished strangers, and peers; and when any special matter is under debate, the back row of seats, under the peers' gallery, is reserved for government officials, who may be there consulted by the ministers, without leaving the House. Orders for admission to the distinguished strangers' gallery, special and members' gallery, are obtained from the speaker's secretary personally, or by letter, one week from the date for which the order is required. Ladies are only admitted to the speaker's private gallery by order from the speaker, to the sergeant-at-arms' gallery by order of the sergeant-at-arms, and to the ladies' gallery by a member's order.

The first business done by a new House of Commons is the election of speaker, and this is done before the members take the oath and sign the roll. In the beginning of a new Parliament, the clerk, having been informed of who is nominated for speaker, and who nominates him, rises after the meeting of the members, and points his finger to the member who nominates, and then to the member who seconds the nomination of the proposed speaker, and if there be no contest, after a few words from the speaker-elect, he is conducted to the chair by his proposer and seconder. But in case there be a contest, the clerk as presiding officer puts the question, directs the division, and declares the result. This precedent we have followed in our House of Representatives. The speaker-elect then stands upon the upper step, near the speaker's chair, and returns his thanks to the House. He then takes his seat, and receives the congratulations of the House, expressed by the leader, and almost uniformly by some leading member of the opposition. The House then at once adjourns until the following day, when the Commons, in a body, go to the House of Lords, and

present their new speaker for the approbation of the Sovereign.

The speaker so elected and approved continues in office during the whole of the parliament for which he is elected. To be valid, his election as speaker must be approved by the Crown. On returning from the House of Lords after the announcement of his approval, the speaker subscribes the oath of allegiance, which is repeated by all the members.

The speaker is the first commoner in the Kingdom, and the sole mouth of the House. In committee of the whole, the speaker is entitled to speak and vote.

After the members are sworn in, the House passes a series of resolutions called sessional orders.

The distinction between a standing order and an ordinary resolution of the House is that a standing order, unless suspended, remains in force until rescinded, while every other resolution is valid only for and during the session in which it is passed, and ceases to be operative at the close of such session.

A member who has not been sworn in, may sit in any of the seats not technically within the limits of the House; may be present at all debates, may remain in the House without voting when the House is cleared for a division, and may be elected and serve on committees; but if an unsworn member, even by accident, should be found sitting in the technical House, during a debate, his seat becomes vacated, and if he sits and votes before being sworn, he forfeits five hundred pounds for each vote, and his seat is vacated.

By the courtesy of the House a new member has precedence in debate on the first occasion of his arising to speak. (Would not this be a good precedent for the American House of Representatives to adopt?) Although a new member cannot sit or vote except in the election of speaker until he is sworn in, he is entitled to all the other privileges, and is otherwise regarded as a member until unseated by a resolution of the House.

In what is called committee of supply any vote may be challenged or a motion may be made to reduce the vote by so many pounds, or a motion may be made to reduce or omit a particular sub-head or item. No motion, however, can be made to increase an amount stated in the bill. After a motion to reduce on a whole vote has been put from the chair, no motion can be made to reduce or omit a sub-head or special item. When a motion to reduce has been put from the chair, and progress has been thereafter reported,

that motion drops, and if a division on it is desired, it must be formally renewed.

The chairman of the committees of the whole House is chairman of the committees of ways and means. On the first occasion of the House resolving itself into such committees, and thereafter, he takes the chair in all committees of the whole House. He does not occupy the speaker's chair, but sits on the right-hand corner. He takes the chair as deputy speaker, when requested to do so by the speaker, without any consent of the House, and also takes the chair and exercises all the authority of the speaker, whenever the House shall be informed by the clerk of the absence of the speaker.

Five members are nominated by the speaker each session, to act as temporary chairmen of committees, when so requested by the chairman of ways and means.

The chairman of ways and means can speak and vote as an ordinary member when the speaker is in the chair, and on a tie gives the casting vote.

Forty members are required to make a quorum, and if a member announces "no quorum" the sand glass (which is always on the speaker's table) is turned, strangers are ordered to withdraw, and the bell rings for a count. If forty members are not present in two minutes, the House stands adjourned. When thus adjourned all orders of the day, which have not been reached, are placed at the bottom of the calendar for the following day.

Before questions to be propounded to the ministers of the crown are read on each day, the members ballot for precedence, for leave to introduce bills and motions. On the first day of each session is held the most important ballot for bills, but the ballot for motions is continued every Tuesday and Friday, unless the government obtains a resolution giving it the whole time of the House.

The speaker takes the chair daily at three o'clock in the afternoon, except on Wednesday, when the hour is twelve. Each day's sitting is opened with prayers. If on a morning sitting, immediately after prayers, forty members are not present, the speaker does not take the chair, but sits in the clerk's seat until forty members enter the House. Any member in the House at prayers, or entering before the quorum is made up, is compelled to remain in the House until the speaker is in the chair.

Petitions can be presented publicly, but are usually placed in one of the bags which hang behind the speaker's chair. Petitions from the corporation of the city of London

are presented by sheriffs in gorgeous robes at the bar of the House. Petitions from the city of Dublin are presented in a similar manner, by the lord mayor of Dublin. Ballotting for place by private members takes place immediately after half-past three each day. A paper headed "Notices of motion," with consecutive numbers after each line, is placed on the opposition side of the table in front of the clerks. Each member desiring to ballot signs his name opposite any number he pleases. One of the clerks folds as many slips with numbers as there are numbers signed for, and places them in a box in front of another clerk. These numbers are drawn and handed to the speaker, who reads out the name of the member opposite the numbers. If the member is absent, or not answered for, his chance is lost. If present, he will announce that on a certain day he will bring in a bill, or make such a motion.

The seating capacity of the house is about three hundred below, and about one hundred and fifty in the side galleries. Ordinarily this is adequate, but on important occasions entirely insufficient.

There are no conveniences for members as compared to our House of Representatives. They have no permanent seats, and no desks for writing. In the outer lobbies there are what are called lockers, in which members can keep papers. There are large library rooms adjoining the House, in which are ample accommodations for reading or writing.

The only postal privilege enjoyed by a member of Parliament is that he may frank copies of bills, and may receive twenty copies of each bill printed.

No motion for a grant of public money can be put from the chair without the assent of the Crown, which may be signified by any member of the privy council. Such motion must be made in committee of the whole House.

When the speaker vacates the chair for the adjournment of the House, the doorkeeper calls out in a loud voice, "Who goes home?" This is echoed by various attendants, and everybody goes home.

A comparison of the modes of business, general decorum, and accommodations for both members and strangers, between the House of Commons and the House of Representatives of the United States, even made by a British subject, would, I think, be largely in favor of the American Commons.

I was present at one sitting of the House of Commons when the royal grant bill was under discussion. This was a bill voting money to members of the royal family, including all the sons, daughters, sons-in-law, etc., of the Queen.

I heard Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen (the chancellor of the exchequer), and Mr. Labouchere address the House, and also an opposition member, whose name I do not now recall.

Mr. Gladstone's style of speaking is quite American. His voice is clear, his enunciation is very distinct, and his few gestures are natural. He always commands the strictest attention. Mr. Goschen, the chancellor of the exchequer, is a forcible speaker, making his points plainly and well, but has a hesitating mode peculiar to the English and unknown with us. Mr. Labouchere is a florid speaker; his voice is good, his gestures are rapid, and his whole manner is animated.

Mr. Gladstone was listened to with respectful attention, sometimes applauded, and with an occasional cry of "Hear." The other speakers were constantly interrupted with cries of "Hear, hear," "Yes, yes," "No, no," "Fie, for shame," and whistles and hisses. These noises were interjected with cries of "Order," loud coughing, moving about the hall, passing out, and calling for the question, so that it was next to impossible to keep the run of what was being said.

The House of Commons, however, with all these drawbacks, is the representative body of the people of Great Britain. Its members are sent there by the popular vote, and the people look to it with confidence to preserve their rights and liberties, and to watch their interests in all matters of legislation. Only the bills introduced, questions asked the ministers of the crown, and their replies, are published in the official organ of Parliament. Reports of the speeches of leading members on important subjects are printed in the principal London journals.

Altogether the House of Commons is a very interesting place for an American to visit.

BOSTON SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS," NEW YORK CITY.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing, in the eyes of some perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—*Lord Brougham*, from his speech of Jan. 29, 1828.

What was said by Lord Brougham in England has been many times reiterated in the United States since then; and in these days of censure, when all that pertains to "The Public School System" is sneered at, lampooned, and caricatured—when everything connected with it, including school buildings, school boards, teachers, pupils, and officers, and their work, is made a target for sarcasm and cheap wit—it is refreshing to turn to the "conclusions" of the *really great* and find recorded *perfect confidence in teachers* as a class.

Having personally known some Boston men and women who seemed to "radiate" natural intelligence increased by a good degree of acquired knowledge, but who were unmistakably proud of their schools, I was somewhat surprised to learn (through the *Forum* articles, since published in book form) of the very low grade of excellence actually attained, the general good-for-nothingness of some in particular—the primaries—and the absolute need of "waking up" the Boston educators, lest "before another decade has passed they will find their schools among those at the end of the list."*

My wonder grew as I read statement after statement in the chapter from which the above quotation is taken; and although I was hazarding something in running counter to popular opinion, I determined to see *why* Boston should be educationally sidetracked, to stand still in an age of intellectual progress. So, as the day was long, the weather fine, and the walking good, I put on my No. 7s and started for the "Hub," determined to arouse the dreaming Iolanthes to a sense of their responsibilities as teachers in one of the leading cities in Uncle Sam's territory; feeling sure that if I could but make apparent the shame and disgrace being entailed upon an entire system by these indifferent teachers of "purely mechanical drudgery schools,† whose

* Page 145, "The Public School System of the United States."

† *Idem*, page 123.

work is so "highly unscientific," they would reform at once — or soon thereafter.

I have returned, but with the feeling so well expressed by Jean Paul Richter, that "Man and the horse-radish are most biting when grated" — and can but think that the ingenuous author must have been recently grated when he wrote. To be sure I haven't seen the grater, but I (with active, earnest teachers) have felt the "bite" in the articles referred to and am prepared to score some points in favor of the public schools of Boston, as seen through the eyes of a once practical teacher.

First, I shall claim that the Boston teachers are anything but the self-satisfied egotists pictured by the article in question — *and can prove my position.* *Second*, I shall show that the "system" of the city so roundly scored guards against the possible mental stagnation or inertia of its faithful pedagogues *by giving them leave of absence on half-pay every tenth year*, and shall claim that that fact alone *is* professionally inspiring, as it gives the teachers opportunity to rest, study, travel, or visit other schools and that *they take advantage of this golden opportunity.* *Third*, I can show by the work seen — which I hope I can report accurately — that the teachers are *not* "mechanical drudges" nor "cold and unsympathetic" in their attitude towards the children. *Fourth*, I do not much believe that the Boston children, even in the primary schools, are absolutely pining for the gentle sympathy which more than one outsider has involuntarily extended to them while reading of the chilly atmosphere through which they breathe their coldly intellectual life.

To be more specific, I will state first that I did *not* visit all the sixteen hundred teachers in their class rooms — Dr. Rice found only twelve hundred — as to me that would represent at least four hundred days' work, good solid work, too. I am not an "expert" in this business (but something of a pedestrian, although somehow that didn't seem to help me out any in this line), and I spent the whole morning with one class for some days, both because I was interested in watching the work itself and also because it seemed necessary in order to study the underlying principles; although this part of it may be a work of super-erogation.

At all events there was no time when I should have felt justified even in commending the work of a school, class, or teacher, with only a few minutes' cursory glance at it; much less should I have dared pass an adverse judgment thereon without studying the work for more than one day. I did visit several primary schools, *finding exceptionally good work even in the lowest grades!* (I am going to visit more of them for the inspiration they have been to me, now out of that part of the

service.) I was fortunate, also, in happening (?) to wander into some very fine grammar schools, of which more hereafter; and my unbiased opinion is that Boston need not blush for her school system, her superintendent, masters, teachers, or work, and that it is not necessary to stick pins into any of them to see if they are sleeping — drifting in the enchanted bark of dreams — while the world is rolling on.

In every school visited I found window gardens, green with germinating plants from which observation lessons were given in plant life, followed by language lessons, drawing, spelling, penmanship, use of capitals, etc., and this in face of the assertion that "The unification of studies is not attempted in the primary grades"!* The plants were growing in starch or soap boxes, pans, jars, tin cans, *anything* that would hold the dirt and permit growth.

One teacher had bought little red clay pots, of uniform size, giving one to each child to take home after the plants had been "observed," written about, and the composition illustrated with a drawing of the plant and given to the teacher. Later, a second lesson — more in the nature of an "information" lesson — on the same subject was given, the plant was discussed by the class, new words, including some technical terms, were brought out and put upon the blackboard, explanations were made when asked, and a new paper was prepared *by the children*, descriptive of the plant and illustrated as before.

One teacher — and *in the lowest grade*, too, — had a large collection of insects, mounted in boxes, classified, and used in a similar way.

Several of the primary schools (*all*, for aught I know) had collections of shells, minerals, geological and other specimens, properly classified and labelled, placed in cabinets where they could be studied and handled by the pupils, who had brought them. Another school rejoiced in a "school garden," and *all* seemed to have an endless supply of pictures and other artistic materials for language work.

And these are the "purely mechanical drudgery schools" which are so far behind the day and age that their critic says, "The vast majority of the teachers fail to comprehend the true spirit of modern methods."†

The reading, penmanship, and language which I heard and saw all *spoke highly* for the "unscientific methods" of these "purely mechanical drudgery schools," and seem to call for "more" with an Oliver-Twist-like persistence.

I want to mention a spelling lesson from a reproduction story around which so much clustered, in the hands of a very "live"

* *Idem*, page 123.

† *Idem*, page 143.

teacher who wrote on the blackboard the words suggested. I did not arrive in time to hear the story, but saw her writing the words and easily inferred that it was an army story of some sort, from the list, which included "officers, duties, equipments," and the like. When done writing she underscored about a dozen words and said — and her voice was both low and sweet during the entire morning, though very distinct: "Now we will all study these words quietly, and see who will get done first. As soon as you learn them turn in your seats [they were facing the blackboard] so I shall know when to begin." *Then she sat at one of the desks* and "studied" too — and evidently it was not unusual, for it created no sensation and did not divert attention. Presently one, then another, then others turned their backs to the lesson, signifying that the mental-photography process was complete. She then called on any who could spell *any word* among those underscored to do so, and volunteer service began, being kept up until each had spelled several times. Then she dictated sentences containing the words, and the children wrote, afterward reading their productions and spelling the special word in each sentence to which attention was desired. I thought that a fine way to teach a group of new words (such as "march, colonel, epaulettes, officer, standard-bearer, captain, soldier, private, uniform") to third-class pupils, and should have been content; but an hour and a half after that, she said, with a smile and a twinkle which all seemed to understand, though sudden, "Face," and they again turned their backs to the lesson, which had not been erased. (Recess, an observation lesson on a plant, which resulted in compositions illustrated by drawings, and a lesson in reading had been given in the intervening time.)

"I am thinking of one of those words."

Up flew the hands, and she nodded to one of the girls, who arose and asked, "Was it s-o-l-d-i-e-r, soldier?"

"No." And more guessing and spelling until it was found that "colonel" was the word. Then the guesser selected a word, and the others spelled at it, until the entire list of words scored had been spelled, besides many that were not. Then an oral language lesson followed, each being given opportunity to make another impromptu sentence with any of the words he wished; then they were asked to reproduce the story or write another containing as many of the words as possible. *Could the critic have done better?*

In another school, when I went in, the teacher was just asking that all who could not distinctly see the picture which she had just hung up, should raise their hands; then all who could see farther and were willing to change seats to accommodate the weak or defective eyes; *and it was done*, regardless of the ac-

cusation that the teachers are indifferent to the welfare of the children.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," and if the public have doubts of the ability or enthusiasm of the public-school teachers, an easy way to settle the doubts and ascertain whether or not the doubt is deserved is to visit the schools and watch the work.

I believe the majority have both.

THE PSYCHIC AND THE SPIRITUAL.

THIRD PAPER.

BY MARGARET B. PEEKE.

As the law of all language is based upon the law of representation of idea, it must follow that no word can come into general use until the idea it represents has been recognized and received; and in the passing away of words from our vocabulary, it is only an announcement to the world that the thing for which they stood has had its day and is no longer needed. As a striking illustration of this law, we have but to notice the advent of new words connected with the sciences, that could not have been known at a time when science had not revealed the facts for which they stand. The most ordinary words of daily life—telegraph, telephone, dynamo—would have been without meaning to our ancestors; and it is only since psychic phenomena have become a fact, recognized and duly labelled by scientific men, that the word psychic has stepped into being, and is freely passing from mouth to mouth as if it had been born with the race, while in truth but a few decades have passed since it was born into use. Owing to this newness, it has not yet been given its proper latitude and longitude, its work and mission, its exact meaning. It is like a newly discovered country that has no map or defined boundaries. Because it represents something vague and intangible, it has been voted a place among spiritual facts, and from this has arisen the confusion of terms, so annoying and misleading. Because one has a clairvoyant sense, she is pronounced very spiritual, and if a ouija board moves under her hands, or a sound has been heard by psychic sense, there is no other proof needed to convince the observer that a spiritual gift has been bestowed upon the favored mortal. Therefore we find the words psychic, spiritual, spirituality, spiritist, standing for one and the same thing; and not one in a hundred can discriminate or define wherein one differs from another. Since psychic force, psychic phenomena, and a psychic realm have

been proven facts, and pronounced by scientific minds not only worthy to be, but also to be studied, it is necessary that we have them clearly defined that they may be used properly and wisely.

Since man is a triune being, consisting of body, soul, and spirit, it follows from necessity that each of these states of consciousness must have its own realm or plane of existence, to each of which he belongs, and in which he lives according to his degree of development. Only as he becomes conscious of his relationship to these worlds, can he know his own powers and the law of their unfoldment. Besides the physical, the psychical, and the spiritual, man has a fourth dimension—the mental or intellectual faculty; and these four make him the mystical square, the immortal pyramid rising from its four sides to the perfection of the point or ego. It is to this that all must come, a perfect pyramid, with sides four-square like the eternal city of St. John's vision, and growing steadily on all sides to a perfect apex—the poised soul, the Divine-human. In this pyramid the psychic has its place, and the material has its place, and the intellectual has its place; but none of them can encroach upon the spiritual without injuring the final perfection. That there has been a time, and it has not wholly passed away, when the material and physical received sole recognition and attention, we know but too well; that the race in its evolutionary progress has given perhaps undue attention to the mental and intellectual is also an acknowledged fact, as is the more recent tendency to exaggerate all that is psychic and phenomenal. If we could see a figure of the composite man of to-day, we could hardly find the outlines of a square discernible. It would be the irregular tendencies of all ages and conditions, along physical, mental, and psychical lines, with here and there a determined effort toward true selfhood or spiritual life.

There is one law, because there is but one Lawgiver. If we know the law of the physical, we may easily know that which works through all the evolutionary processes. In the physical, we find an established law of correlation of forces, whereby ice may become water, water steam, steam gas, and gas be again transformed into steam, water, and ice. During these processes the quantity of the atoms has not been changed; but wider separation and greater expansion have increased the rate of motion and hence increased the volume. So long as the atoms of combined oxygen and hydrogen are held in close contact, ice is the result, and ice we find occupying space with clearly defined outlines. When

these identical atoms are dispersed by heat into water, the outlines are dependent upon environment or whatever contains them. Carried up to still higher rates of vibration, they elude measurement by mere outline, and are only estimated by their force.

If this law of correlation of force is inherent in the nature of being, all that exists must be under the same law, whether in the physical, mental, or psychical realm. We must therefore conclude that, as long as man lives in a realm of dense atomic conditions, subject to the law of vibrations, he can only change force as vibrations are increased. In the purely physical realm of dense materiality, these are slow. In the realm of thought they are increased until they are as water to ice. In the psychic the rate is still more rapid; and when a spiritual consciousness is awakened, the quality of force has attained its maximum as known to man in his present state. During this process of unfoldment consciousness has developed from the simple consciousness belonging to the animal world, to self-consciousness, and at last to universal consciousness or, as a recent writer calls it, "cosmic consciousness." In this development of consciousness the psychic has its place and its mission, but it must not be allowed more than its legitimate rights. As long as the consciousness was limited to objects of sense, the intelligence could not extend to a knowledge of selfhood.

When the consciousness of the ego was awakened, then reason began to act and a realm hitherto unknown was revealed—a realm of idea and thought, whose vibrations were to those that had preceded as the third note of a chord to the first. It is here that the mind begins to reach out after the great Cause of all phenomena, and desire is awakened to know the "why," the "whence," and the "whither." It is no more a verity than was the mere simple consciousness, neither is it less true. It is but another step up the ladder of being. It is but a larger circumference growing from the immovable centre, not to destroy the former limitations of consciousness, but to add ring upon ring to the infinite expansion. The old physical conditions are still recognized, but their relative importance has changed. Before, the *I* (ego) imagined the circumference of bodily consciousness the finality; it now awakens to the fact that the horizon recedes as growth progresses, and awaits whatever may come.

Unlike the ice, which can be converted through different forms to gas, and back again to ice, the human soul once awakened to self-consciousness cannot go back to simple

consciousness; neither after having attained universal consciousness can it return to self-consciousness as before, or to any previous limitations that would cause it to throw off any advanced stage of growth.

The soul knows no retrogression. It may take ages to pass from one stage to another. *Æons* may pass before the manifested life-force in the atom, working up through mineral and vegetable worlds, will become conscious of touch or light or sense of any kind. *Æons* more must pass while it progresses from consciousness of worm to consciousness of higher animal, and *æons* more must pass as in the process of evolution it reaches the state that enables it to say, "I am I." David, looking back over the long path that had led from atom to King David, sang: "Marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth [in the mineral]. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them." Could any scientist of to-day describe the path of life better?

The law is progression, not retrogression; and the ego having attained a state of simple consciousness may pass out of its physical environment without knowing that other realms of consciousness lie before, but it will not go back to insensate life. If it has attained self-consciousness it must go forth knowing its selfhood. Only when it sees and knows this self—this knower, this ego—to be a part of the all, of the universe, has it obtained the right to immortality. Only the All is eternal. Only they who feel and know themselves to be a part of this All in true consciousness can hope for eternal life.

From lowest condition, it is as the entering into a temple through a succession of outer courts, until the Holy of holies is reached, which is the true and immortal selfhood, the spirit. The outermost circle or court is mere existence, a vestibule small and cramped. The enjoyment of the physical is next, larger and more attractive. When this opens into the intellectual world, vibrations are quickened, the horizon widens, new experiences are born, and for a time the soul forgets it has found but a larger court, and revels in the delight of knowledge, with no desire to go higher or farther; unconscious that just beyond is a world of marvellous beauty awaiting to reveal to its psychic sense glories never known to mere intellect. Again recurring to

the illustration of the ice, we find the phenomena differing, in that with the ice its more material form is lost as its increase of vibrations carries its atoms into a more rarefied state; while in man the less or lower conditions remain distinct from all succeeding stages. An intellectual man never loses self-consciousness, or simple consciousness, although these may be sometimes unrecognized by him.

Passing into the psychical realm, the consciousness recognizes objects hitherto known, but in an environment absolutely new. Men, women, trees, flowers, and animals are still the same, but so illuminated by light and color as to be like a dream of the Arabian Nights. Colors scintillate; tones of exquisite music vibrate; human beings are no longer flesh and blood, but radiant forms of light, talking and acting, sometimes like ordinary mortals, sometimes like gods. This is the danger-realm. It is but a higher sense-realm, and all that it sees and hears is changeable and finite. In the psychic realm one sense alone is generally recognized, rarely more than two, and these are sight and hearing. In this realm objects seem real and tangible, while the consciousness that beholds realizes that they are not of the physical world, and is not surprised when they disappear. It differs from the dream-world by leaving an impression on the mind far more distinct and permanent, yet in no sense more tangible. "Having eyes ye see not, having ears ye hear not," said Jesus to His audience. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," said Paul. If the natural body hears and sees, the spiritual body (or psyche) must do the same. As the one is more material than the other, it follows as a necessary sequence, that the objects seen or heard must be of corresponding difference of vibration, and the senses of the psyche (spiritual body) must see and hear objects not discernible by the natural bodily senses.

Although the psychical is thus distinct from the merely physical, it still belongs to the objective mind. In other words, it is a bodily hearing and seeing, though the objects it cognizes, like the psychical body, are far finer than any hitherto known. Here lies its most subtle danger. By transfiguring the objects beheld; by failing to realize that they belong to a physical world, even as steam which is invisible to the ordinary eye belongs still to the realm of matter; by failing to analyze and judge wisely; the ego is led to believe itself conscious of a spiritual world, and gives itself up to the delights of its (though finer) physical senses, as completely as when only awake to the lower sense-

faculties. It has not yet been born into the infinite realm of spirit, which gives it, not a sense-consciousness at all, but an expansion of being that carries it above all objective realities of either the natural or the spiritual body, where it can truly say, for the first time, "I am all that is." As a merely physical, intellectual, or even psychical being it could only say, "I see," "I hear," or "I perceive," whereas now it can say, "I know, for I am it." It no longer needs the aid of the senses, but uses the entire organism as a single sense, and becomes a part of the universal whole. In other words, it loses sense of selfhood in gaining consciousness of the true impersonal self. This is the realm of spirit. This is to be born through water and blood, which means the outer worlds of body and psyche, into the world of fire, which is eternal life.

Not that bodily senses are to be despised, or psychical phenomena to be cast aside as worthless, but each is to have its own place of honor, its right value, and be held subservient to the eternal and spiritual ego. Because the feet cannot think, do we cease to use them? Because the natural body and spiritual body know but in part, should we cast them aside? Should we not rather use all ministries to greater usefulness? Paul said the carnal mind could not know God, but he did not say that we should therefore cease to think. Because the objective mind reveals to us the things of time and sense, shall we therefore ignore it and remain blind until the spiritual ego has been born into consciousness? This would be to destroy the possibility of highest attainment. That phenomena have their place no one denies. Were it not for the phenomena of the natural world, where could we have had data for the basis of investigation, which has resulted in scientific law? In the psychical world phenomena also have an important part. Through them attention is aroused, curiosity stimulated, and investigation pursued, which lead the ordinary mortal to believe in something hitherto unrecognized and unknown. They stir a question of future existence, and throw light on what has been called the valley of the shadow of death. As this light increases, the belief in death entirely disappears, the two worlds of life and death are seen to be one and the same, with a dividing line between the physical and less physical. Instead of the present outlook into a beyond of shadow, faint glimpses are seen that reveal a world of far greater beauty and light than this, and the child of earth becomes conscious of an eternal now, that shall know neither shadow nor end.

When the true ego has been born into its own realm, that of spirit; when the subliminal self has become conscious of its own powers and possibilities; when that subjective state is reached where universal knowledge is to be found, then, and then only, will the proper relations between husk and shell and kernel, now known as body, soul, and spirit, be established. Then we shall realize that bodily senses were given us for a bodily world, whereby we might gain external knowledge through perception, and by reason arrive at conclusions as to our relation to this world; that the psychic senses were given to show that we have also a relation to an unseen world, of which we could otherwise know nothing; and, finally, we should discover that the knower has a world of its own, boundless as infinity, enduring as the universe, and superior to the psychic and the physical, as the infinite is to the finite.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Master. Shall we bring the world to this judgment? It needs not that we judge the race by its fruits on a physical line. We are only too familiar with the fruits of the flesh. On every hand they abound—lust, malice, drunkenness, sensuality, and all the ills that flesh is heir to.

But when we come to the fruits of the psychic, what do we find? It is only necessary to study statistics to discover that the danger is as great when the human is given up to the psychic as when a slave to the flesh. In the one case, the evil results are visited on children and children's children, while in the other they seem to come at once to the psychic. Wherever we see a genuine psychic, we see one who is either mentally or physically diseased. It would not be possible to find ten in a hundred that were sound in body or mind or both. Yet we know the psychic has a place in the great pyramid silently going up through the ages, with its base upon earth, four-square, representing the physical, intellectual, psychical, and spiritual nature in harmonious unfoldment.

In some future paper we shall perhaps try to explain the weakness of the psychic and show its true place and power.

BLAND AND A NEW PARTY.

BY AN EX-DEMOCRAT OF MISSOURI.

In the journals of to-day (March 25, 1895) comes the following:

Cincinnati, O., March 23. — The *Enquirer* will publish to-morrow a lengthy interview with ex-Congressman Bland, from which the following is taken:

Lebanon, Mo., March 23. — Richard Parks Bland, the great apostle of silver, and one of the most intelligent and forcible advocates of bimetallism in the world, is still a Democrat, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The time has come when to those who use the word "Democrat" we must say in Voltaire's words, "Define your terms." If it means one who has certain fixed principles and beliefs about the financial policy of the United States held by Jackson and Benton and overwhelmingly endorsed in their day by the majority, then it is an unpardonable taking up of busy men's time to make them read that Bland is a Democrat.

Some years ago certain ships in our navy were "repaired" under a Republican administration. A newspaper said at the time that all of the material was taken out of them except the name. Around the name of each one a ship was rebuilt (the appropriation could be spent only for repairs, not for building new ships). But the ship only looked new; its name showed it was the same old ship.

The rank and file of a party is like the hull of a ship. Inside is the machine that runs it; and so there is an inside "machine" in each political party that runs *it*. The machinery can be taken out and other put in, and it can be put in wrongly; or run improperly even if put in properly.

We need not lose time in determining whether the Democratic machine is wrongly put into the hull or whether enemies of Jackson-Benton Democracy have reversed the engines; but no one will deny that the ship is going stern-foremost away from the harbor towards which the older Democrats directed her course. When one says "Democrat" now, we must ask him if he means that men who want to run with the machine, away from the Jackson-Benton goal, are Democrats.

The interview closed in these words from Mr. Bland and his interviewer:

The party can gain no victory in the future without utterly repudiating Cleveland's policy on the money question. The party must get back to its old principles of equal rights to all and special privileges to none; demand the restoration of the old Democratic bimetallic standard that existed for eighty years in our history. The rights of the sovereign states and the liberty of the citizens, as taught by our Democratic fathers, must be maintained. We must abandon our fight for money and moneyed interests, and take up the fight for man and the interests of the people.

Mr. Bland, there has been a great deal of newspaper gossip and surmise as to your intentions of deserting the Democracy and leading a bolt from its organization in favor of a new party in the next presidential election. What have you to say to that?

Mr. Bland answered promptly and frankly: "I am a Democrat and expect to do everything in my power as a Democrat to bring the party back to its old principles. It is a critical period in the history of the Democratic party. I have refused heretofore to follow Mr. Cleveland on the money question. If the Democratic party puts up a candidate on a platform in harmony with Mr. Cleveland's administration, I could not consistently support him. I don't say this in any spirit of bolting or threat, but I simply speak my honest convictions of duty, and I believe voice the intentions of two-thirds of the Democratic voters, especially in the South and West."

The meaning of this is that the hull of the Democratic ship must resist the force of the machine and go in the opposite direction.

"I have refused heretofore to follow Mr. Cleveland on the money question." I beg leave to correct Mr. Bland. He should have said: "I have refused to follow Mr. Cleveland *willingly*," etc. For, with the greatest respect for Mr. Bland, I must tell him that he *is* following Mr. Cleveland, but is doing it like the dog tied to the hind axle of the "mover's" wagon (a familiar sight in our state) by a rope that drags him if he does not use his own feet. I advise Mr. Bland to do as I did after years of service in the party in humbler circles: *chew the rope, get free, and take the back track towards the Jackson-Benton goal.*

I have for years said that if the Democratic party of this state were sincere in its professions it would have long ago shown it by putting Bland in the Senate. Such was the wish of *the hull*, but the *machine* arranged it otherwise. And so the party has filled the place for years with one who is like the "dead-head" mule in the freight trains with which we used to cross the plains: in the pinch his shoulder never presses the collar. On a level or downhill road the "dead-head" mule or senator makes a most promising appearance. But it is everlasting promise and never-arriving fulfilment. At the pinch it is "the commercial-ratio" dodge.

When in the party, I often, in the columns of the leading Democratic papers, named Bland as a presidential candidate. The only notice ever taken was by another Democrat (my brother), who cut out that portion of the paper and mailed it to me after writing on the margin, "Madness of the moon."

When the party machine had no patronage with which to influence, it used Bland as a pack-horse to carry a congressional district that no one else could certainly carry. When it needed him no longer it dropped him. Possibly he was, in the last election, like "Poor Tray, who was sadly beaten for no other fault than being found in bad company." But had the party machine in this state been *Democratic*, it would have made a special appeal in his case, and the voters in his district would not have acted with the 4,300,000 who refused longer to believe that Jackson and Cleveland are both Democrats, as shown by our last fall's election.

An almost unbroken line of historical precedents shows the uselessness of trying to change a body, an organization of human beings, after it is set. A period of growth is agoing one way, that of decay the other. When decay has set in we ought not to waste time trying to turn the body again into the direction of growth. In the Ozarks,* Mr. Bland's home, "the land of big red apples," the orchard men do not try to make an old tree young again; they set out a new tree. But the new tree is a part of an old one. From the old decaying Democratic tree infested with vermin let us take a switch or seed with some Jackson-Benton life in it and raise a new one.

Man's tissues in youth are springy; as age comes on they become chalky. Waste no time in trying to make the man young: train his offspring. The worst drab may be reformed, but she cannot be made into a vestal virgin. The Cleveland-Sherman drab can never be again the Jackson-Benton virgin of anti-bank-bill, hard-money Democracy. But there may be a daughter living who can be saved from degradation.

Our fathers found that they could not change the England which they had left across the sea. (The cream of the race of freemen had risen and poured off into America, and England has been going downhill ever since.) So they had to separate. The party of Jefferson became so infected with pro-slaveryism that Douglas could not change it. The French nobles were children of old northern free men, but they came to be gross oppressors. No earthly power could change them. Luther's ideas were widely different from those of the Catholic hierarchy, and his efforts to change them were idle breath. He had to get

* I think this a corruption of French *aux Arcs, Montagnes aux Arcs*, "Bow Mountains," from their shape.

out. Wherever we look, into whatever branch of science or history, the analogy is all against the success of Mr. Bland's plan to stay in the party and move it.

But, alas! Mr. Bland *must* stay in it. He made the fatal mistake of staying in it too long. He could at one time have left his political gold-bug bedfellows and carried all the blankets on the bed with him, and left the others to shiver or run to the Republican bed. But it is too late. If he were to forsake the Democratic name for Democratic principles now, and take the stump, the Cleveland-Sherman drab need only to follow him around and say in reply to him: "He stuck to me till my favors were withdrawn. He stayed in the party as long as he could get an office." Mr. Bland is effectually sewed up in a sack. He is hamstrung. And nobody regrets it more than I do. Not because he is a thorough student of the principles of the science of money, for he is not, but for his faithfulness through almost a lifetime. And I hope that there is a resurrection for him through a party that he cannot join, a party not yet born. Threatening to leave a party is like drawing a pistol on a man when one does not mean to shoot. Mr. Bland ought to have said less and to have done more in the way of seeing that the party that strikes the pick and shovel out of the miner's hand and takes from him his natural rights "shall not live."

I cannot keep from thinking of the case of Giles Bland in 1676, one of the foremost in Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia. It seems to me that he and Bacon might have made this a republic a hundred years before Washington did if they had been more energetic. Instead of losing their lives they ought to have laid about them with fire and sword, and aroused all the colonies. Major Robert Beverly, Governor Berkeley's instrument, put down the rebellion, and Bland was murdered under form of judicial proceedings. Barring the fact that all of Beverly's descendants are now my kin, and that they and the Blands have long been blended in marriage, I think that Bland and Bacon ought to have hanged Berkeley and held Beverly as a hostage, with the same fate threatening, and if unable to hold Virginia, fallen back into the wilderness of Kentucky and founded a new Switzerland. Just what the Bland of two centuries ago failed on, the Bland of to-day has failed on. There is not enough of Blucher in him.

I look back now and wonder at myself for staying an hour in a party that had August Belmont for its chairman of national committee. It was once my fortune to go from Tilden to Hendricks with a most important oral communication. It will always be a pleasure to me to recall that true man's words as, after going over the staunch friendship between several mem-

bers of my family and himself, he said, "I have *heard* this before; I feel now that I *know* it." But the great and true Democrats are gone. "The scribes sit in Moses' seat." We who are still devoted to old Democratic principles must refuse longer to act with a party whose financial platforms have for years been dictated from or revised in the bank parlors of Rothschild in London.

As a Democrat I fretted under the chairmanship of Belmont. Not only by that sign but by signs of decay in the party in this state and even in county affairs, I began to fear that before the fish could get its head into Washington its tail here in Missouri would be utterly rotten. Jackson said that the inconveniences of rotation in office were better borne than the dangers of bureaucracy. The rhinoceros-hide folly of such men as Lodge in trying fierce blasts instead of genial sunshine to make the South put off her cloak of solidity put it in the power of Democratic rings to rule this state. From county governments up, they have run a puss-in-the-corner game in which the ringsters change off with each other in the offices, and have a few neophytes on hand, and in training, to take such offices as some circumstance makes it impossible for an old ringster to take.

When Cleveland was elected the first time I breathed more freely, looking for a rebirth of Democracy; but behold! the head of the fish was more advanced in decay than the tail. An entirely rotten fish is no longer a fish; and Cleveland Democracy nationally, and ring Democracy locally, is not Democracy. If Mr. Bland does not know, he ought to know that the Democratic machine in Missouri is greased by an oil company and carried by transportation companies. I have already suffered enough in business at the hands of their agents for making myself a pestilent disturber of their rule of the party to the plundering of the people here, and do not care to be made to pay any more dearly just now by going into details, but leave it to the future and to the completion of the preparations to "lash the rascals naked" through the land, and show how they can be made to disgorge. But more than all I aspire to show them that under proper economic arrangements men need not steal under the name of watering stocks, and hire judges to protect them against those who only hire lawyers. When we get them under our feet let us lift them up by the hand and teach them to be just.

The Democratic party is incompetent to throttle the trust and transportation rings. Nationally our finances will never be settled, and internationally we shall never be free from the tyranny of Rothschild, Bleichroeder, and the Bank of England, till we wipe out issue-banking at home by a constitutional amendment.

The Democratic party will never do this so long as grass grows and water runs. Most of the states in the Union have long been immovably in the hands of one party or the other. "The cankers of a calm world and a long peace" have been the results. There is the same need of dumping out both parties, neck and heels, all over the country.

In the Norse saga of "Ann, the Old," it is said that he lived so long that he had to be fed on milk from the small end of a horn, like a baby. This was the first form of the nursing-bottle, and it shows the origin of our saying, "He came out at the little end of the horn." (Men drank ale out of the big end. In second childhood they sucked milk through a hole in the little end.) A party whose first president was Jefferson, who wished for a dividing river of fire between us and Europe, and whose last one is Cleveland, who would make us cling to Europe like a suckling bat to its mother's breast, and folded in her wings, has begun at the big end of the horn and come out at the little end. To try to continue the taper from Jefferson to Cleveland and beyond is like trying to continue the exquisitely fine point with which Nature ends an insect's sting. In the present administration Democracy has tapered out to nothing and ended. There is nothing to join to for a continuation. A man who looks at Jefferson and then at Cleveland, and does not understand what the difference means, ought to ask an artist what the "vanishing point" is.

An old steamboat man told me that, when a school-boy in Pittsburg, General Jackson came through, and the schools were dismissed so that the children could shake hands with him. "When I shuk han's with the ginerall an' looked at him, I determined that I would vote the Dimocrat ticket as long as I lived." "But," said I, "Jackson was anti-bank-paper; this one defends bank-paper." But he said he was too old to vote more than once again, so he would not change then.

There is a Norse saga of a warrior who loved a good and beautiful woman. One day she fell sick. He sat by her side and watched her, but she died. She changed so little in looks, however, that he sat by her still and would not allow anyone to move her for burial. Days passed, but her looks changed not. There was the same calm, beautiful face, the same abundant blond hair; but the bosom did not heave. He grew emaciated, and his friends said, "We must cure his hallucination or he will sit there till he dies." So another man came in and taking the woman's body by the shoulders raised it, and it was nothing but the skin and skeleton of the woman; and all sorts of ugly worms and bugs ran out from it. Then the one who loved the woman was cured of his hallucination. That is the corpse of

Democracy infested with gold-bugs and local ringsters and railroad hirelings posing as judges. Whether or not there is the miracle of resurrection for a dead woman need not be here discussed. There is not for a dead and maggot-eaten party.

Just let anyone look for one moment and think of the conditions in this country. Congress and forty-eight other legislatures are piling up statutes and punishments called for by increasing crime. Yet nearly all the crime is caused by the spectre of poverty, "the real hell that modern men fear." And that is caused by legislating men into debts which they do not owe, by destroying nature's medium of exchange and quoter of prices of what they produce.

While men are debating the propriety of leaving old parties, tyranny is steadily encroaching upon liberty by ten thousand channels. It is in our power to cure these evils now with the ballot. If we do not, then as surely as "Action and reaction are equal and opposite" is a universal law, and not solely a law of physics, so surely will the men driven into crime and the women driven into prostitution by legislation in the interest of unbridled greed reenact here a drama on a scale that will make the world forget the French Revolution.

The old party papers try to belittle the proposed party by calling it the "Silver Party." It will no more be the party of one industry than of another. It will raise the price of turnips just as much as that of silver. It is a thousand times more a horse party, a cattle party, a cotton party, even a fruit party, than it is a silver party. The creed of such a party must be: *By constitutional amendment to keep legislation from tampering with natural rights.*

It must come to this: Gold and silver alone are money. No substitute for them shall ever be permitted. It is labor's right alone to furnish the world its medium of exchange. In America this right shall never be interfered with by any device whatever. There is a natural ratio, fifteen and one-half to one; it shall be recognized by the constitution and never changed.

Let the party be called the Liberal party, its members Liberator, for they are to set men free from a worse slavery than Lincoln ended. Let its sign be no wild beast, but a miner with his pick and shovel, and the legend:

"PICK AND SHOVEL MONEY ONLY,

15½ to 1."

If we restore constitutional coinage France will follow soon. Then, with the erroneous ratio of sixteen to one, she will gain our silver. Then we shall be told that "We must have paper currency."

It must settle the money question first, and in order not to antagonize those who are right on money and wrong on tariff, it ought to adopt this temporary tariff plan.

1. Look out first for ourselves as long as other nations look out first for themselves.

2. As long as any laws of congress operate as "protective," it is the duty of congress to see that the "protective" benefits are not all absorbed by capital, while the more numerous voting class of laborers are left at the mercy of the others for their share of the "benefits."

3. The representatives of the Liberal party in congress shall be at liberty, until the money question is settled, to vote on tariff questions as their districts instruct them.

4. That all representatives and servants of the people must be kept *at all times* subject to removal by the votes of those who elected them. (Then it will be useless to get a president into office on one platform, with the intention of having him carry out an opposite policy when in.)

Gouge concluded his history of American banking by saying, about fifty years ago, that we must look to the farmers and working men for relief; the merchants are too much entangled with the banks. Our two sources of danger, our two dangerous classes, are banks and courts. Bullionism will draw the fangs of the first. Closing in on the others with constitutional amendments and holding judges continually subject to removal by the people will curb the tyranny of the latter.

Rome was founded by runaway slaves. The Christian religion was launched by the humblest. The two old parties are in the hands of the rich. Before either one will do what must be done the sun itself will be cold. Most of the Populists mean right, but their methods are contrary to the course of nature. We cannot jump into socialism. Some day, if the world will come to obedience to "the Second Great Commandment," it will find to its surprise that it has become completely socialistic.

The place to begin to organize the new party is among laboring men. They may not understand the intricacies of financial science, but they will see at once what it means for labor when *all money* must have not only the stamp of government, but the mark of the pick and shovel. And every farmer knows that when silver is restored to its natural place his produce will go up with it.

If this new party should not succeed, a last and radical departure must be made. *Change the form of representative government, and let each class and calling be represented in proportion to numbers.* Then for a certainty it will be run by labor-

ers and farmers, and not by banks and lawyers. It is in the power of the two former classes to make this change, for they can outvote all the others. This country must be made one of happy homes of many persons of moderate means, with no beggars and no millionaires.

Both of the old parties now have one and the same principle: "The public be d——d, and what are you going to do about it?" For they know that there is now no change for the people except from Cleveland-Shermanism to Sherman-Clevelandism. And there will never be any other if men try to reform old parties.

The railroad question must be settled later on, possibly by the Liberal party, perhaps by another new one. The manipulators of these properties are ignorant of the fact that by precedents and by decisions of the supreme court of the United States all private property in railroads can be taken without pay. We have only to apply the principles of the various bank decisions from *McCulloch vs. Maryland* down. But there is not room here to give any details.

PROSTITUTION WITHIN THE MARRIAGE BOND.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Unworthy of the gift, how have men trod
Her pearls of pureness, swine-like, in the sod!
How often have they offered her the dust
And ashes of the fanned-out fires of lust.
How have men captured her with savage grips,
To stamp the kiss of conquest on her lips,—
Wooed her with passions that but wed to fire
With Hymen's torch their own funereal pyre;
Stripped her as slave and temptress of desire;
Embraced the body when her soul was far
Beyond possession as the loftiest star!

Her whiteness hath been tarnished by their touch;
Her Promise hath been broken in their clutch;
The woman hath reflected man too much,—
And made the bread of life with earthiest leaven.

Our coming queen must be the bride of Heaven;
The wife who will not wear her bonds with pride
As adult doll with fripperies glorified:
The mother fashioned on a nobler plan
Than woman who was merely made *from* man.

—GERALD MASSEY.

The fatal results flowing from false or artificial ideals are nowhere more impressively illustrated than in the domain of ethics, and here they are most strikingly emphasized in matters pertaining to sexual relations. For generations the church and society have tacitly sanctioned prostitution when veiled by the respectability accorded by the marriage ceremony, until we have fallen so low that men have come to imagine they can indulge in licentiousness and debauchery from which the instincts of the lower animals recoil, and at the same time, or later, bring children into the world who will not be cursed with that which is worse than leprosy or cancer. Indeed, so universal has become the moral obliquity resulting from this age-long degradation that it is no uncommon thing for a physician to advise a young man who has literally burned away the finer sensibilities of his soul and wrecked his nervous system through sexual indulgences, to marry some healthy young girl in order to save himself from insanity. Any objection which may be raised is flippantly met by that popular but infamous apology for lust which carries with it a brutally frank confession of society's degradation, that the young man has merely been "sowing his

wild oats"; and in all probability we shall be gravely informed that he will make all the better husband for so doing.

No thought is given to the maiden who is to be polluted by this union with a man who has wallowed in the mire of sensuality until his imagination is filled with low and vile images, his brain has lost its virility, and his system has become weakened and permeated with disease. Nor does conventional society, which is so particular about *form*, so punctilious in regard to the *outside* of the cup, consider the crime against the woman or the evil which posterity may receive from encouraging the generation of life from a fountain so impure and loathsome. This indifference on the part of conventionalism to the sacrifice of virginity and the rights of the unborn, marks a condition which is the legitimate result of centuries of prostitution within the marriage relation.

For ages men regarded women as slaves, whose duty it was to perform menial tasks, wait upon them, and be the instruments of their sensual gratification. Later, among the wealthier classes, woman became more or less a doll or petted child, who for sweetmeats, flattery, and fine presents was expected to give her body to her master. Still later, she was supposed to come into much higher and truer relations to man; but, unfortunately, this was more largely theoretical than actual. And at the present time, in order to consider one of the chief factors in the immorality of to-day, we must frankly face the problem of prostitution within the marriage relation.

A short time ago, I was enabled to obtain the opinion of a lady whose exceptional opportunities, no less than her high intellectual and moral worth, rendered her specially fitted to speak authoritatively upon the question of the producing causes of immorality. She is one of the most scholarly physicians it is my privilege to know; a lady whose moral worth is equal to her intellectual attainments and professional skill, as was evinced by her giving up, to a great extent, a large and lucrative practice for the purpose of devoting her life to the building up of a home where poor defenceless girls who have been seduced are being rescued, and in many cases redeemed to lives of self-respecting virtue. This lady, in reply to my question as to what she regarded as the most pronounced root-cause of present-day sensualism, made, in substance, the following statement:

"Of course there are many producing causes of immorality; but back of all, or shall I say the taproot of immorality to-day, is found in *prostitution within the marriage relation*, which for centuries has produced children of lust, and these children in turn have brought forth their kind until the moral fabric is weakened throughout civilization. And were it not for the persistent

voice of the divine in the human brain and the counteracting influence of exalted religious sentiments, our degradation would have eclipsed that which marked the decline of pagan Rome. Girls are sorely tempted through the exigencies of life at the present time; and in many cases where they fall, their ruin is practically compulsory—an alternative of yielding to the employer's unholy demands or of losing the chance to earn a livelihood; hence, though no personal violence may have marked the crime, it is essentially rape. But in many cases, the victims of man's sensual passion might have successfully resisted, had it not been for the fact that they were essentially children of lust, and had inherited the violent and ungovernable passions of their fathers, which in their case, when aroused, rendered them as powerless to resist the cunning, determined advances of their polluters as, perhaps, the young lust-begotten victims of an earlier generation had been to repel the wiles laid for them by the fathers of these poor girls."

Such were the ideas given by this scholarly and noble-minded woman, whose experience with scores of unfortunate girls had afforded her exceedingly favorable opportunities for studying the cause of the widespread corruption of virginity, and whose interest in the cause of sound morality had led her to investigate thoroughly all phases of the problem.

A lady who is president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in her state, and who is also a lecturer of great ability, whose reputation has extended far beyond the commonwealth in which she lives, writes in the same vein. Her letter is impassioned and positive, for, like the physician whose views have just been given, the terrible truth is daily forced upon her. She says:

"I am intensely interested in your 'Wellsprings and Feeders of Immorality.' Pardon me, but I think you give too little prominence to lust and prostitution *within marriage*. *Here* is the *very centre* of the whole question. You may well say that 'the future of civilization hangs on this point.' Prostitution outside of marriage, and the unspeakable evils resulting therefrom, are as a drop to the unfathomable, immeasurable ocean of evils that spring directly from the marriage relation—or, rather, the ceaseless indulgence of lust within that relation. And this is true among the better classes as among the rude and uncultured.

"For many years, as organizer and lecturer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I have been brought into the most familiar relations with hundreds of families outside as well as inside the White Ribbon army. Being a mother and grandmother, there have come to me, unsought, confidences from

young wives and mothers that have filled me with deepest pity, and at the same time with unquenchable indignation. It is by no means the exception, but rather the rule, that during pregnancy the wife must yield to the demand of the husband's lust, not occasionally but constantly—as often as there are nights in the month; and not infrequently must she give herself up to this awful harlotry before her baby is two weeks old. Under these circumstances how can boys and girls *ever* be born with other than the most pronounced tendencies toward lust and prostitution?

“And in my wide experiences *all over the country*, I find these husbands are reputable men in business circles, very often in church circles as well. And they do not fail to tell their wives that Paul hath commanded the wife to obedience; that she hath not ‘power over her own body, but the husband’; that ‘they defraud not one another,’ that they ‘come together again that Satan tempt them not for their incontinency.’ This from the church, while the civil law has always given great weight to the husband’s ‘marital rights.’

“In God’s name what is there for these young wives half so good as death? And the sooner the better.”

Another lady, a public speaker of national prominence, said to me a few months ago: “Prostitution without the marriage bond is insignificant compared to the essential prostitution which is bearing most deadly fruit in wedlock. I speak from knowledge, for women are my confidantes, and the tales they tell wring my heart and sometimes seem past belief. The common prostitute,” she added, “is far freer than the wife who is nightly the victim of the unholy passion of her master, who frequently further inflames his brain by imbibing stimulants.”

Nor are women alone in their conclusions on this point. Here are the words of a prominent manufacturer in Mississippi, a gentleman in the flower of vigorous manhood:

“The causes you enumerate as the chief feeders of prostitution are in my estimation the correct ones; and the first one you mention in my judgment far overshadows all the others.

“The standard of morals for unmarried women is good enough, but there is no *adequate standard of morals that goes beyond the marriage ceremony*. In fact, it is inculcated strongly upon our girls and women that their only duty is first to marry, entirely independent of any love that they may or may not feel for the husband they may secure, and then to bear children to that husband.

“It goes even farther than this: the present standard of morals and the present statute laws say that, no matter how her or his feelings may be, it is their duty to continue to have children,

or at least to render themselves likely to do so, no matter how repugnant their feelings may become as time after marriage elapses. It is the vast swarm of children that spring from this unloving intercourse that is the great 'wellspring of immorality'; and this cause must be removed before a pure generation can by any possibility be born.

"I endorse your quotation from Dr. Anna B. Gray referring to the majority of girls; 'they feel no passion.' This holds good, even after having adopted the profession of a prostitute, for very, very few of them feel any passion whatever. It is because they lack the saving grace of the feeling of love, which if felt would render sacred to them the act of sexual intercourse, that they are able to prostitute it. They, and their mothers for generations back, have been taught to believe that there was nothing sacred about it; that its indulgence was a legitimate method of making a living, if only indulged under the auspices of law. They must marry, and must marry some one capable of supporting them; and in return for this support they must give the use of their bodies, and must bear children, and must continue to do so so long as they are supported and no actual violence is done their bodies, love being left entirely as it may happen to be.

"Girls born of such intercourse, for several successive generations, must lack the saving grace of love. It is bred into their every fibre that they are given their sexuality as a means of making a living; and it is no wonder that, failing marriage, they feel no revolt at exercising the same means to the same end out of marriage. In fact, it is an evidence of the wonderful capacity of good and virtue in the human race that it has not all been extinguished in the process.

"All that you have said on this question is wonderfully good. *For the children already born*, all that can be done is to educate and restrict. Education of the young girls is the most potent factor that can be brought to bear for the present generation. But if you would go to the absolute fountain-head — cut off the stream at its source — you must teach that no child must be born except under the influence of love. A few generations of this kind would practically dry up the stream of pollution, not only because the girls would not prostitute themselves, but because the men so born would not tempt them to do so.

"You are eminently correct in saying that 'The question of sex does not enter into the problem of soul elevation or debasement.' The same influence that would render our women pure would have a similar effect upon the men. As long as the nature of men, debased by being born under the influence of bodily passion only, demands prostitutes, so long will there be found women born under the same influence to supply them.

Some day the public will find out that this begetting of children, untempered by the saving grace of love, is the wellspring of not only this, but of all phases of immorality. In the age to come (how soon neither you nor I can tell), conventional immorality must, in the estimation of the people at large, give place to real immorality.

"You are less the slave of convention than any prominent man of whom I know, and I believe you will be but little influenced by conventional ideas in your discussion of this matter; at the same time, we have been so thoroughly steeped in them, from the cradle up, that it is hard for any of us to get entirely free, and consider good and evil from the standpoint of truth, and truth alone. If we would sow absolutely good seed, it must be the truth alone, not expediency. It is useless for us to argue with a man that he has committed an actual evil by purchasing the gratification of his passion from a girl outside of the marriage bond, if in the same breath we argue that if instead of paying money he had paid the price of marriage, he would have been not only guiltless, but an exceedingly virtuous man. The only moral sexual relation that can exist is where the two are united by love. I am afraid it is too early to get the people at large to accept this fact, but I do believe it is time the seed were being sown, that the harvest may sometime come.

"I say God speed you in your crusade against all 'other sources of immorality'; but make the keynote of your crusade, the buying and selling of girls and women, entirely irrespective of whether or not the buying is done with a marriage ring. Until girls are convinced that it is immoral to use their powers of physical attraction to secure a rich or otherwise profitable husband, it will be impossible to convince them that, failing to secure that as a price, it is immoral to sell themselves for a lesser price. They may be convinced that it is poor policy to sell themselves thus, but, except conventionally, there is no difference in the real morality of it. So long as they are taught that the chief reason why they should keep themselves pure, is that to do otherwise would injure their marriageable value, they will fail to observe anything but the expediency of keeping themselves pure. So long as a girl who has gone wrong, and whom an attempt is being made to reclaim, is told that she has committed an unpardonable sin, by another who has sold herself, but who has done it conventionally and who takes pride in her own purity, she will never be convinced."

It is not necessary to multiply testimony to emphasize the far-reaching and baleful influence of triumphant lust under the cloak of marriage; the facts are too patent to escape the notice of any serious student of social conditions. But physicians

who enjoy the confidence of their patients and women in public life are more alive to the magnitude of the evil, in that they are brought into sympathetic relations with women.

"A neighbor of mine," wrote a correspondent, "has married his third wife this week. The others were healthy girls when he married them, but his last wife, when on her deathbed, related the story of her married misery to my wife; a tale too horrible and sickening to repeat. She said she was glad she was about to die, as she had felt many times that she would lose her mind. 'Do you know,' she exclaimed to my wife, 'people say our asylums are full of farmers' wives owing to the monotony of the farm life. It is monotonous, I confess, but I believe that the cause lies more in the abuse, often ignorant abuse, of the wives by the husbands.' The man of whom I write wildly bemoaned his fate at the funeral of each of his former wives. But from what his second wife said on her deathbed I do not doubt but what he killed them in exercising what he considered his marital rights. He is a prominent church member, and considers himself a highly moral man."

So wrote this correspondent, giving a hint of the tragedies which are being enacted every day throughout that portion of the world we boastingly call civilized. A slothful conservatism seeks to impress woman with the idea that she is free, and that to be coddled or flattered in slavery is for her an ideal and ultimate condition. It even gravely informs her that she is the real ruler; and, sad to relate, this calumny is not infrequently parroted by women who instead of learning to think independently have been content for ages to take their ideas unquestioningly from their clergymen, their fathers, brothers, and husbands. It does not occur to these echoes that, if woman rules, she has sealed her hopeless degradation by the passing of such immoral laws as the age-of-consent statutes, or that she has championed injustice in the statutes which relate to marriage and which practically make her the dependent and, in a measure, the slave of her husband. Happily the echoes among women are rapidly giving place to independent thinkers, who appreciate the grave responsibilities woman owes to posterity, no less than to her sex; and in this recognition lies, to a great degree, the promise of the future.

No more unblushing falsehood has ever been made current by conventionalism than that woman is free in the marriage relation. Society clings most tenaciously to ancient ideals and customs, and is ever ready to cast discredit upon the outraged wife who braves the *dicta* of conservatism, even for the protection of posterity from disease and lust-cursed offspring. Law also places her at a disadvantage, in that the plea of sexual excess is

not regarded as a crime by the courts, since the laws do not recognize the right of the wife to her body.

Our statutes, furthermore, do not protect the sacred rights of individuals by providing that divorce cases be heard in private; and this, in effect, would prevent a large majority of women from securing legal separation an account of sexual excesses, or what is virtually *compulsory prostitution*; not only because society has so long been accustomed to stone the woman that the unfortunate victim of lust would inevitably fall under the ban of conventionalism if she unfolded to the world the story of her enforced degradation, but because her innate moral sensibility would lead her in many cases to choose a life of physical and mental agony and an early grave in preference to having the details of her shame and humiliation made the subject of gossip at sewing circles, afternoon teas, and among men in their clubs, after being flaunted in the columns of the sensational press.

Again, a large number of women are rendered absolutely dependent upon their husbands, because there is no equitable statutory provision for the wife's becoming possessor of a portion of her husband's property at the marriage altar. Hence if she leaves the man who has forfeited all claim to her love and respect by nameless abuses of that which must be regarded as holy if humanity is to rise and the children who come are to be clean and exalted natures; if she refuses to descend into the valley of death to bring forth children dowered with disease and inordinate passion, and thus destined to be a curse to themselves and to the society of to-morrow, — if she asserts the divinity within her, she must needs go forth penniless and under the ban of conventionalism *for being true to herself and for respecting the rights of the unborn and her obligations to posterity.*

Hence it is not strange that diseases peculiar to woman's organism are becoming so prevalent and of so serious a character as to startle physicians. Nor is it strange that between one and two thousand women in the United States each year are driven by disease or through desperation to submit to the awful operation which renders them sexless.

Furthermore, this frightful condition of affairs, with the lowering of the vitality of motherhood, is by no means the only major evil incident to prostitution within the marriage relation. The race is suffering from the moral enervation which follows as an inevitable consequence of *the degradation of the sacred function of motherhood*. Women have for ages been taught obedience to their husbands, and this command has been supplemented by the injunction to be fruitful and multiply. Too often the wife has found herself in the embrace of a human gorilla, swayed by animal passion, when she had expected to

find a kingly-souled man, whose fine nature would recognize her rights and desires, and whose ever-present thoughtfulness would speak more eloquently than words of the existence of love in his heart. And she has been compelled to bear children of lust; and what is, if possible, even more terrible, she has been compelled to become a mother time and again after all love for her husband has been slain, and when the home is far more a hell than a heaven. Herein is found the worst of all kinds of prostitution. Into these homes of hate the loveless children come, cursed at the beginning of life, canopied by bitterness and gloom in the prenatal state, and surrounded by an atmosphere of hate and bitterness through which the storms of angry contention sweep with their blasting influence during the most plastic years of life. Is it strange that they come to express the worst instead of the best in human nature, or that the appeal to conscience and their higher morality awakens little or no response in their minds?

And yet generations come and go, and the pulpit, platform, and press remain silent. The subject has so long been tabooed that a mawkish sentiment of prudery, essentially vicious because it is the stronghold of immorality, is shocked whenever sound morality is advocated or the mantle robing the leprosy of society is lifted. The protest made by conventionalism against boldly facing and discussing the question of morality within the marriage bond, is in itself a humiliating confession of conventionalism's own sense of guilt. Yet it is only by such discussion and the persistent agitation of the demand that woman be accorded rights she has never possessed that we may hope to so change moral conditions that love, not lust, shall stamp posterity and light the brow of the civilization of to-morrow. Generation after generation for many weary ages has been reared and entered marriage practically ignorant of the true functions of the sexual nature, the essentially holy obligations of parenthood, the rights of wife and mother, the consideration and loving care which should be bestowed upon the heroic soul who descends into the valley of death to deliver to society another life, and, lastly, the sacred right of the unborn to be *well born*.

About all these most vital subjects a fatal silence has been maintained — at the fireside, in the pulpit, and in the educational training of the young. I am convinced that a very large proportion of the misery and prostitution now being undergone within the marriage relation is due to this widespread ignorance. Ignorance and thoughtlessness are filling prisons and insane asylums to-day and dowering the civilization of to-morrow with a generation whose moral sensibilities are necessarily blunted, and who, through heredity and prenatal and post-natal influ-

ences, are essentially creatures of lust rather than strong, clean-souled, clear-brained, heaven-aspiring men and women.

I believe that if the thought of our young men be arrested, if their attention be called to the holy character of fatherhood, and if they understand the delicate nature of the organism of the wife they have sworn to love; if the truth be borne in upon their brains and hearts, a large percentage of them will recognize the right and justice of the case and gladly accord to the wife that manly and loving consideration which is the sign-manual of true manhood. *Ignorance, thoughtlessness, and the weakness born of centuries of allegiance to false standards and low ideals, the all-pervading conspiracy of silence, and woman's inequality before the law — these are the chief sources of prostitution and misery within the marriage relation.* It is the duty of all who would further sound morality to combat these and to work to supplant artificial standards of right and wrong by those based upon justice, which alone can produce felicity and moral elevation. Gerald Massey strikes the keynote of progress for the race and justice for maternity in these impressive words:

"The truth is, woman at her best and noblest must be monarch of the marriage-bed. We must begin in the creatory if we are to benefit the race, and woman must rescue and take care of herself and consciously assume all responsibilities of maternity on behalf of the children. No woman has any right to part with the absolute ownership of her own body; but she has the right to be protected against all forms of brute force. No woman has any business to marry anything less than a man. No woman has any right to marry any man who will sow the seeds of hereditary disease in her darlings; no, not for all the money in the world! No woman has any right, according to the highest law, to bear a child to a man she does not love."

This brings us to a consideration of some effective remedies for this appalling condition which is so largely responsible for the immorality of our time. In the first place, *knowledge is needed*. Here and elsewhere nothing is more important than the light of understanding. Shakspeare in one place says, "There is no darkness but ignorance"; and in its broadest significance I believe this generalization to be true. Knowledge in the moral and intellectual realms broadens the mental vision, quickens the conscience, and awakens the divine in man. This true education, which comprehends duties and responsibilities, no less than knowledge of facts, is what is most needed to-day.

Children should be taught the mystery of their being at the parent's knee; and with this knowledge the demands of the highest morality, the duties and obligations which the most exalted natures appreciate, should be impressed upon the open-

ing mind. Every girl should be carefully instructed in regard to the rights and the sacred obligations of the wife and mother. She should be made to understand that it is no part of her duty to pander to sensualism, even in a husband; that to do so is to prostitute the divine function of motherhood. She should be made to feel that the sacred obligations she owes to herself, to society, and to the unborn, make it criminal, in the light of the highest law, for her to degrade her body and soul by indulging in sexual excess or by bringing into the world unwelcome children, offspring of accident and lust.

Moreover, each girl should be taught to respect her higher nature, and to entertain such exalted ideals that it would be impossible for her to knowingly wed a fallen man. She should be shown that she commits an awful crime when she enters a life relationship with one whose corrupt deeds have proved that his imagination is debased and diseased. She should be made to know and feel that loyalty to the divine within herself, the duty she owes to society and to the unborn, all forbid her entering into an alliance which cannot be other than unholy and fraught with grave perils. So long as girls will wed fallen men and condone the sowing of wild oats, the double standard of morals, with its race-debauching influence, will prevail. And so long as girls will consent to marry men who have polluted their natures by frequenting houses of prostitution or by debauching other girls and women, they will become parties in the awful crime of dowering the future with children of lust and passion.

Nor is this all; the imagination of all children should be filled with pure, inspiring, and exalted ideals. The old theory that a garden spot might remain unsown with flowers and yet escape bringing forth noxious weeds, provided it were fenced from the weeds which flourished on every side and whose seeds were borne by every passing zephyr, has proved fallacious; the weeds find entrance in spite of the fence. *Ignorance is no protection.* Thorough knowledge of the functions of nature, and the dangers, duties, and obligations attending them, is all-important. But this should be supplemented with unremitting effort to fill the imagination with all that is highest, purest, best. *The imagination is the garden of destiny*—the fruitful soil from which spring virtue or vice, high attainments or evil deeds. If, after the brain has been enlightened and the conscience awakened, the imagination be constantly stimulated with exalted ideals, the youth or maiden, even though cursed with inherited passion, will be brought up from the cellar of being into the realm of the higher life.

But this is not all; the old ignorance has crystallized into customs, laws, and ideals which are essentially unjust and out of

keeping with the broader views of our age. In order that woman may cease to be in any sense the slave of her husband, provision should be made for her to become possessed at marriage of half the property the husband owns, with an additional amount to be hers whenever a child is born. If, on account of cruelty, abuse, or neglect, she finds life with her husband unbearable, she should have this property in her own right. The true interests of society and sound morality cannot be conserved by compelling a woman to live with a man who has forfeited her respect and love. When a woman is forced to bear children to a man she hates or no longer loves, she is by law obliged to prostitute her body, and the child is cursed before it is born. I yield to no man in my regard for the sacred relations of married life; the sanctity and purity of the home I believe to be essential to enduring civilization; but I am not blind to the fact that marriage, home, and posterity are alike dishonored when women are forced to submit to sexual abuses which are revolting to their souls and which wreck their physical health; and I can conceive of few crimes greater than the bringing into the world of children of lust or hate.

I believe that divorces should be freely granted to women when their husbands persist in indulging in sexual abuses, when they drink, or when they treat their wives with that cruel neglect which kills love. And I furthermore believe that divorce cases should be heard in private, that the press should be prohibited from parading the details of shame and humiliation which are filling the lives of so many suffering wives with untold misery. I believe that the jury in divorce cases should be composed of at least one-half women; and in the event of a divorce being granted, I believe that the mother who bore the children should have their custody unless there be special and obvious reasons for the court to decide otherwise. In a word, for the welfare of parenthood, for the rights of the unborn, and for the cause of sound morality, I would favor such wise and just legislation as would protect women from a life of prostitution under the sanction of law and respectability.

The time has come when society must recognize the fact that prostitution, even though sanctioned by the church and state in the marriage ceremony, *is none the less prostitution*, and that its fruits are altogether debasing. This fact must be burned into the heart of our civilization if the reign of lust is to give place to the rule of love.

I confess I have no sympathy with those who are trying to force married women into still more hopeless slavery to the lust of their husbands by attempting to secure legislation which would grant divorces only in cases where marital infidelity was

proved. The result of this would be a vast increase in the amount of prostitution within the marriage relation and a corresponding increase in the number of the children of lust and hate, and nothing is more menacing to morality and civilization than this double evil. Moreover, it would place woman at a frightful disadvantage. She might know that her husband was leading an adulterous life, but for reasons so obvious that it is needless to dwell upon them it would be almost impossible for her to produce in court the evidence which would establish the fact. Then, again, her husband might be a "sex maniac," as thousands of men are, yet, under the régime contemplated by the advocate of "divorce for one cause only," that fact would not be sufficient ground for legal separation. The husband while under the baleful influence of liquor might insist upon indulgence in his passion, with the result that children born of rum-inflamed lust would be the issue. Nay, more, he might be a drunkard, he might neglect or be cruel to his wife, yet she would be helpless.

It is idle and absurd to say she could leave him. The majority of women who are wrecked in health, and perhaps encumbered by one or more children, have no means of resource for a livelihood. The years they might have spent in learning a profession have been wasted in administering to a man who promised much, but who after marriage proved unworthy of love or respect. Now, to forbid such a woman to obtain a divorce, who through no fault or sin of her own is driven to that step, or to prohibit her from again marrying would be, in effect, to chain her for life to the debauched and debased creature she loathes, and in all probability to make her an unwilling instrument in cursing posterity with children born of rum and passion on the father's side and loathing on the part of the helpless but prostituted wife. Laws which would operate in such a way are not only cruelly unjust to the wife, but they are essentially criminal and immoral.*

When justice is accorded to woman in the marital relation, and she shall be protected from enforced maternity and prostitution, then I believe the time will come when society will recog-

* Some apologists for this woman-enslaving and posterity-cursing measure argue that it would, in effect, operate upon men as upon women. But this is manifestly false, and no one who did not feel he had conventional prejudice with him would dare advance such a plea. The husband may, could, and in innumerable cases would, neglect his wife. He could far more easily lead a dual life than his wife. He would not be blind to the fact that though she might be convinced that he was leading an adulterous life he could easily prevent her from securing evidence which would establish his guilt in a court of law when the jury was composed of men. And he, knowing she was bound to him, could neglect and abuse, could reduce her to an instrument of the vilest lust and feel safe; for he would know that unless she could *prove* marital infidelity she could not obtain a divorce, while he would be equally conscious of the fact that she would be driven to starvation or common prostitution if she left him, without the power to wed again and with no trade or profession to furnish her support.

nize the fact that true marriage is impossible where the two contracting parties are not drawn together by pure love; and the love which shall so unite husband and wife will not only hold them together, but will ever draw them upward toward the loftiest ideals, and the children of such a union will be the welcome offspring of love. I believe the time will come when civilization will recognize the injury inflicted on society by the grave infraction of the moral law by which children of lust or hate come as a fruit of enforced maternity.

Without in the least degree seeking to minify the awful mistake she makes, I ask, in the light of the highest moral law, which is the greater offence, the yielding of a loving and confiding girl to the entreaties of her seducer, who protests love and pledges his honor to wed her, or the spending of years of essential prostitution by a wife who constantly receives the embraces of a man for whom she entertains an unspeakable loathing, a man who perhaps comes to her inflamed by ardent spirits, and who, as a result of such relation, brings into the world a family of lust-begotten children? Do not misunderstand me as condoning the fearful mistake, or seeking in any degree to minify the wrong of which the young girl is guilty; but I do wish to point out the fact that, if we divest our minds of prejudice and preconceived opinions and view this question in the light of absolute justice, of right, of the highest morality, and if we examine it in its relation to the welfare of society, we shall see that the poor girl who is spurned and made an outcast for her grave error is not so great an offender against society as the one who enjoys the respect of conventionalism while she curses the generation of to-morrow by bringing forth children who will reflect the worse than bestial passions and appetites of the father and the degradation and hate of the outraged mother. But here we find that society and the law are the principal offenders by rendering such prostitution practically compulsory.

The duty which we owe to civilization, and which we cannot evade without terrible consequences, pertains to the highest moral law and the true well-being of society. The artificial, unjust, and arbitrary standards of the past have too frequently disregarded essential morality, the obligations which men and women owe to their higher nature, and their duties to society and posterity. These false and inequitable standards, which have borne such fatal fruit, must give place to true and sound morality, which will accord full justice to woman, and which will wisely look beyond the present generation and consider the rights of the unborn. The cultivation of pure, fine ideals; the exaltation of love and the subjugation of sensualism; the awakening of conscience, which will lead to indelibly impressing upon the minds of young

and old the obligation of the units to the world of units; the emphasizing of the dignity of life by sending home to the souls of the young the great and solemn truths that "Life is a mission," "Life is duty," "Life is conscience," — these are some of the things for men and women of the new time to accomplish; and the prompt recognition of our responsibility will do much for the emancipating of motherhood and childhood, and for that justice for women which will bear with it the felicity and happiness of the race. It is to emancipated and awakened womanhood that we must turn for that moral reformation which shall redeem the world. High and noble as woman has proved herself to be, we have not yet seen her at her best, for we have not seen her strong in the possession of justice and freedom. Indeed, with Gerald Massey, we can say that as yet,

"We have but glimpsed a moment in her face
The glory she will give the future race:
The strong, heroic spirit knit beyond
All induration of the diamond.
She is the natural bringer from above,
The earthly mirror of immortal love,
The chosen mouthpiece for the mystic word
Of life divine to speak through and be heard
With human voice, that makes its heavenward call
Not in one virgin motherhood, but all."

AN EPOCH AND A BOOK.*

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

The ebb of the old time of sorrow
Goes out with a sigh to the sea.

There comes a beautiful story out of the tradition of ancient Iran. It is the myth of Armati and the Geus Urva. Armati was the earth, and had a soul called Geus Urva. Man, coming to put seed into the ground, cut the breast of Armati with his plow. Then the Geus Urva cried out in anguish to the high angels to defend Armati from her ravishers. But not the good Sraosha and not the mighty Ormuzd would hear the cry or stop the plowman. Armati, wounded with the cruel harrow and the share, was left to suffer and to moan in pain; but in recompense for her sorrow she was given the flowers and fruits and waving grain to hide the wounds in her bosom.

Thought is a plowshare. It lacerates the breast of the existing order. It cuts through the interlocked roots of custom, and turns the contented clay to the discontented sunlight. It rends the noxious past that would otherwise be an eternal fallow. It draws through the fields of the world the long, sweet-smelling furrows of hope, and gives the beetles to the birds. Then, with rain and shine, with vicissitude of storm and blessedness of summer, with alternations of merciless sleet and flashes of burning sun, the flowers come and the world grows green and the wildwoods blossom and the orchards bend with globes of russet and red and gold.

All literature is the cry of a Geus Urva. The novel, in particular, is an appeal. It is a *vox clamantis*, uttered as if to the powers on high. In our epoch the voice sounds like a wail. There is anguish in the tones of the prevalent fiction heard along all the coasts of life. It is a moan. It is virtually the plea of despair. The heart aches with it, and

* "An Unofficial Patriot," by Helen H. Gardener. Second edition. The Arena Company, Boston, 1895.

the soul sits uncomforted in the shadow. The dolor of our dominant fiction is only equalled by its hopeless spirit.

Nor is the reason for this grief and despair in the typical literature of the age far to seek. The glorious effort made in America and France a hundred years ago to free mankind from the thralldom of the Middle Ages and to institute liberty and truth and philanthropy in human society has virtually failed—failed in the Old World and the New; and the soul of man knows it. His spirit goes wailing for the hope that is lost, for the trust that is not found. The heart of our century understands well that it has been mocked and drugged. Thus deceived and darkened, it seeks to find comfort in crooning like a melancholy ghost over the hopelessness of hope. Despair has become the mood of modern life—not roaring and ferocious despair as in the ages of darkness, but despair that insinuates itself, almost gently, into the literary creations of the epoch.

Very sorrowful is the poor *Geus Urva* that now cries in the world of letters. A shadow rests on critique and story. The master and the pupil sit grieving together. The singer and the song dwell in the same gloom. Thought sinks earthward; it does not soar away. The oration of the academician is thick with pessimism; the drama is a phantom of mephitic vapor; the scholar's thesis has the taste of gall. The poem is flecked with distrust. Swinburne, greatest of modern bards, utters this hopeless plaint:

Ah! yet would God that stems and roots were bred
Out of my weary body and my head;
That sleep were sealed upon me with a seal,
And I were as the least of all His dead.

Without doubt the modern novel is a transcript of unrest, disappointment, pain, and sighing. What does *Elsmere* find at the last? Sawdust—a mere ash-heap of effete beliefs, odorous of death, covered with flies. What does *Harraden* leave us? The saddest man in the world—most pitiable, uncomforted, going back alone to the fatal haunts of *Petershof*, leaving her who only could have saved his soul dead in the streets of London. What does *Du Maurier* give us? The mocking epic of a hopeless love; a poor virgin soul, made unconsciously unfit in her girlhood. He winds a fate worse than that of *Œdipus*, coil on coil, around the beautiful and gifted woman, and consigns her most artfully to hell in her teens. Does he weep? Neither he nor the manager of the morgue. It is pitiful.

Do we blame these artists of the passing human scene?

Only in this—that bearing us downward to the earth and pressing our faces into the very weeds and clay of death, they leave us there. They do not lead us away; they do not even permit us to rise. Our typical novelists of the decade turn us face to the ground, and bring up for us only worms and lizards of the night. Doubtless the worms and the lizards of the night are there; but they are not all. The chrysalides of a thousand hopes are also in the grasses of this poor world; and, God willing, we will see them or die. Our typical novelists mock at all wings; they deny the dawn, and hold a parachute between us and the stars.

It was not so from the beginning. Fiction did not always breathe out this hopeless anguish, this sudden death. The agony of the world has for many ages found a voice in its fiction. The greatest minds seem to have devised it as if to assuage their grief. But when did the greatest minds despair? Thirty-three years ago a book was published in nine languages on the same day. It was the book of an epoch. It was Hugo's immortal story of the Unhappy. It was—and is—the great prose epic of the nineteenth century. Is it a sorrowful book? Most sorrowful of all that was ever done by brain and pen into the symbols and images of human speech. Does Hugo make us weep? Floods of tears! Does he take us through all anguish and filth and crime to the grave? Even so—to the obscure and unblessed weeds in the remotest corner of Père Lachaise. There indeed "the grass hides and the rain effaces." There under the mildewed slab, with the bird-dirt on it, sleeps the sublime Christ-thief of the ages. Jean Valjean is in the clay. Even Cosette and Marius have forsaken him.

Il dort. Quoique le sort fût pour lui bien étrange,
Il vivait. Il mourut quand il n'eut pas son ange;
La chose simplement d'elle-même arriva,
Comme la nuit se fait lorsque le jour s'en va.

But is there despair at the grave of the Christ of the Gallies? Nay, nay; not despair, but a shout of victory! From that humble slab the spirit soars away triumphing. The crickets chirp in the grasses. The grief and anguish of the past are there forgotten. There the broken bread-window is at last repaired. There the jet-beads of the North Sea are better than those of England. There the Thénardiens are bleached with mercy. The chain-gang is loosed, and the sewer is lighted. There even despair is forgotten, and only hope, with wings open to summer zephyr and face upturned to cloud and sky, remains to smile among

the sweet flowers that cover the holy and sunlit tomb. If the novelist of to-day broods over the earth, consorts with crime, and sinks down prone in the mire of death, his master—greater than all the kind—was not so. The grief of the world, though heavy, did not crush him to the earth or turn his face from the stars.

Something of this magnificent spirit of revival has come again in Helen H. Gardener. In her latest fiction, "An Unofficial Patriot," she rises, victor-like, from the brink of the pit, and triumphs over the grief and despair of life. It is her merit that she does not intensify and does not share the hopeless spirit of the age. True, her books are touched with sorrow—else they were nothing. True, the pathos of the human scene is reflected in all her pages. True, there is a cry of the *Geus Urva* mingled with this woman's voice. True, the soil of many a fallow ground is torn up with her audacious plowshare; for she is a thinker and a breaker. She has gone fearlessly afield. Her appearance before the public was in the character of an assailant. She has attacked the abuses of the existing order with a vehemence strangely compounded of argument and sarcasm. Her assault has seemed like rashness; for who is strong enough to touch the existing order, and live?

Mrs. Gardener first appeared in the lyceum as a promoter of social reforms. There her powers as an orator were quickly recognized. From the platform her bolts of truth flew right and left. Then she essayed literature in a number of trial flights. Under cover of pen-names she attacked with great force the prevalent vices of society. Her work was that of a thinker, a student, an iconoclast. She came to her tasks with unbounded enthusiasm and courage, and with large attainments in social science. Her brochures and trial books appeared in rapid succession. About 1884 she uttered and then published her anti-orthodox lectures on "Men, Women, and Gods." Then came a little book of stories, each with its particular significance. This series the author entitled "A Thoughtless Yes"—a catchword from one of Colonel Ingersoll's poetic flights. Another series was called "Pushed by Unseen Hands."

In these studies of the social state there is little continuity or plan. They hardly aspire to the rank of novels. They are mere sketches of nature—human nature—under the stress of the vicious forces that are dominant in modern society. In these books there is a single thread of thought running throughout the whole. It is a plea for the extinction of those social vices which spring from custom, hered-

ity, and the subjection of woman. The last thought is that which has aroused all the sublime anger of Helen Gardener's muse. It has been the inspiration of her literary career. The subjection of woman, with its attendant penumbra of shame and ultimate death of virtue, is the particular thing which she cannot tolerate.

Mrs. Gardener became a novelist with the publication of the story, "Is this your Son, my Lord?" The powers of the writer were displayed in this piece on a larger scale and more vehemently than before. Then came the book, "Pray you, Sir, whose Daughter?" These stories aroused public attention, not only by the author's brilliancy and audacity, but because they forced upon the apathetic and simpering circle of fashion the consideration of the vital questions of sex and society. A large part of the wholesome agitation which has recently taken place for the promotion of a higher sexual morality, and in particular for the preservation of the young girls of the poor, has sprung from the fearless and powerful assaults made by Helen Gardener. On this subject she writes as one inspired. Her essays are those of a sociologist.

The casual student of her books might get the impression that she is morbid on the relations of man and woman; but it is by no means so. On the contrary, her nature is as fresh as the summer air, and her spirit as translucent as the sky. True, the stories of her books take us to filthy places, to haunts of crime, to dens of vice, to sink-holes whose trap-doors open into the hatches of hell. But through it all she walks, not as a Cassandra of the muck, but as the shining and unscorched spirit in Comus. This is one of the reasons that her trial books have struck home to the awakening conscience of the American people and have become the basis of far-reaching reforms looking to the purification of society. Even while this article is writing the news comes of the passage by the legislature of Nebraska of an act forbidding a woman to prostitute herself before the end of her eighteenth year. It is an echo of a widespread outcry and insurrection against a single feature of social depravity; and this cry, so far as we know, was first uttered in America by Helen H. Gardener.

We have something to say, however, in criticism of Mrs. Gardener's books on the vices of society. They are sufficiently courageous and truthful; they are sublime in their audacity. But it appears to us that the author has not thought out the question to the bottom. Her spirited assaults on the state of society are directed against abuses

and not against the thing itself. She assails the vices of the existing order, as if those vices can be cured without revolutionizing the system out of which they spring. The mistake in her philosophy is that she seems to think the existing order may be preserved, and its abuses destroyed. She seems to imagine that the leafage and blossoms and fruits of the social tree may be improved and changed into beauty and wholesomeness, and the tree itself be left standing. She imagines that mere results can be reformed. She assails the phenomena of society, failing to note that the vice is not in mere products, not in phenomena, not in blossom and fruitage, but in the existing order itself.

In her first books Mrs. Gardener deduces her sketches mostly from the life of the metropolis, and the ramifications of that life into other parts of the country. She seems to suppose that a great society, numbering millions, compressed together in a city or cities, organized on the basis of property, dominated by an aristocracy of wealth devoid of a single altruistic element, devoted in its upper parts to the interests and pleasures of the beneficiaries, and in its lower parts to the production of a solid mass of human concrete crushed and stupefied, having no end in the system except to support the structure—she seems to suppose that such a society can by some sort of doctoring be improved and rectified, leaving its essence unimpaired by revolution. She would have us believe, at least by inference, that the fruits of such a system can be other than they are.

Madam, the axe—your axe—has to be laid at the root of the tree. It has been so in every crisis from the beginning until now. Know that in human history no vicious and depraved organization ever reformed itself. Know that the existing order does not wish to be reformed. Know that the existing order is thoroughly satisfied with itself. Know that the fruits of it are legitimate. It is simply a case of kind after its kind. Helen Gardener has, we think, the genius to see this, and to know it. She has the vision to penetrate the profounder depths of this great matter. She will presently come to understand that a society organized on the basis of property and not on the basis of life can never be other than that very thing the abuses of which she has so valiantly assailed. There is no medication which will do good when administered to mere results.

Of course these truths are bitter and alarming. We know well that they lead logically to revolution and to the total reconstruction of modern society. And it will come to that. Sooner or later human society must be re-created on the

basis of life. We must begin with what the man is and what the woman is and what the child is, and not with what the man has and the woman possesses and the child can get. The present order in Europe and America is founded on what the man has. There is not even a passing scrutiny as to the manner or right by which he has it.

New York, the metropolis of America, is based on what the man has. To that all things else are secondary. Neither can New York help it. There she stands, a writhing Laocoön! Under the shadow of such a system certain things will grow and flourish. There is no help for it. Given the existing order, and Mrs. Gardener's family of Foster and family of Spillini will be the inevitable products. Men do not gather figs from thistles. The tenement system of New York is perfectly legitimate. Tammany and Wall Street and the *maisons de joie* of the Avenue are just as natural and inevitable under the existing system as are the elevated railways and Central Park. These are merely results; and the cause of them all is the structure of that society which is founded, not on what human beings are, but on what they possess.

The same is true of the political vices which Mrs. Gardener and a hundred others have so powerfully attacked. Be assured that Grady's Place is a legitimate product. Be assured that Ettie Burton and Queen Fan and Pauline Tyler are natural and inevitable. Be assured that Preston Mansfield can never marry and redeem and honor Minnie Kent, or poor Nell either, until the present order is done away. Be assured that the whole monstrous thing, from the under side of Mulberry Street to the upper side of Madison Square, from Spillini's and the Hotel Bismarck to the Waldorf and the Capitol at Albany, are the mere natural results of that social system which the slow process of the suns has entailed upon us as our inheritance in America. Go on, ye reformers! But sooner or later you will find it necessary to cut down to the heart of the disease, and to rebuild to the bottom the whole social structure on the ultimate principle that life is the first thing, and possession only an accident.

These remarks hold of Helen Gardener's first books, such as "A Thoughtless Yes," "Pushed by Unseen Hands," "Is this your Son, my Lord?" and "Pray you, Sir, whose Daughter?" The same may be said of most of her miscellaneous sketches and trial flights. These works are all inspired with the loftiest purpose. They strike at the abuses and crimes of modern society with the fearless

audacity of an enraged woman. The only thing to be criticised and commented upon is that these barbed arrows of satire and denunciation—sprung by a delicate but courageous hand from the bowstring of a high resolve—fall short of Gessler's heart. They hit here and hit there, and sting and kill and damn, as they ought to do, the vermin of the social state; but the brave woman who sent these sharp shafts among the foes of sanity and virtue must understand that the eradication of results will not stay the ravages of disease, that apricots are not the fruit of the cactus, and that freedom and happiness in this world can never be attained while man is outweighed by merchandise.

Unlike her first essays in fiction is Mrs. Gardener's latest book, "An Unofficial Patriot." We are almost surprised at the difference. The unlikeness of this work to its predecessors is as great as can be; but it is not inconsistent with them. "An Unofficial Patriot" is a study of the social, civil, and ethical conditions present in our country at the epoch of the Civil War. It goes deep into the domestic life of that period. The aggregate effect of African slavery on American society is perhaps the keynote of the whole. An outline of the work may be briefly given.

Griffith Davenport, son of a planter in the Shenandoah Valley, growing to manhood just before the war, gets a conscience. He falls under the influence of the religious evangelism then spreading in various forms through the mountain regions of Virginia. He becomes a convert to Methodism, and conceives it his duty to preach. On this point there is a break between him and his father. Fortunately the nature of Griffith is not so much impaired by his religion that he can no longer love. Astonishing as it may seem, his religion does not destroy his moral character. He falls in love with the daughter of another planter whose faith differs a little from his own. The family of Katherine LeRoy is Presbyterian. The Calvinistic conscience is not so much troubled about slavery as is the Arminian.

Young Davenport takes his sweetheart, but continues a circuit rider. More and more he comes to see that for him—a preacher—slaveholding is immoral. But his father, old Major Davenport, an Episcopalian slaveholder in whom there is no guile, has no qualms. He dies and bequeaths his slaves to Griffith, and the young preacher is caught in the coils. Katherine, his wife, also receives her retinue of slaves. Griffith finds himself the unwilling possessor, the conscience-stricken owner, of more than twenty human chattels. He preaches and suffers; for he cannot free him-

self. But at last he breaks away. Hoping to escape, he manumits his slaves, and emigrates from Virginia, first to Washington, and afterwards into Indiana.

The freed blacks of the Davenports follow their old master across the Potomac, and are lost amid the cruelties of emancipation. One old servant makes her way, heaven knows how, in the wake of the family to the Indiana home, and with her superstitions and devotion plays a conspicuous part in the story. The preacher becomes chastened under his losses and lessons. He is sued in a free state for harboring a free nigger! He has to make oath that she is not a servant, but a guest of the family. The wife suffers under social conditions that she cannot understand. The children grow up, boys and a girl. The war breaks out. The three boys are swept into the Union army. The girl remains with the anxious mother, and waits. Battle-rack is in the earth and sky. The age of blood and regeneration reveals itself. At the suggestion of Governor Morton, Griffith Davenport is summoned by Lincoln to Washington, and commissioned to be a guide for the Union army in the Shenandoah. He goes, but not without a fearful conflict with his own nature. The president gives him his instructions, and sends him to the front.

Riding as a scout before the army, the preacher traverses the very ground which had been sacred under the feet of his boyhood. He comes to his old home at Stony Mead. He looks into the clear mountain stream where he was baptized. He exposes his life to the rifles of Confederate scouts who are his old neighbors. The Rebel army is on the other side of the river. The laconic mountaineer, Lengthy Patterson, acting as a Confederate scout, shoots his own companion dead when aiming a rifle at Griffith. Lengthy is taken and brought into the Union lines. The personal devotion of the rough mountaineer triumphs over state rights, triumphs over secession, triumphs over every other motive known to man.

Griffith Davenport can go no further. Heart and flesh fail him on the banks of his native river. Refusing to lead the army on, he sinks down under the curses of his commanding officer, and offers his open breast to death. Patterson, the prisoner, interposes, and takes the place of his old friend as Union guide. Davenport returns to Washington, and then to his own home. The war-cloud begins to break. One of the sons, wounded almost to death and trampled in the mire of Shiloh, has been taken to the home of old Tennessee acquaintances of the Davenports. There the love-

drama reveals itself against the background of war. Soul life and heart-life and hope-life begin to revive out of the horrors of death and sacrifice. The Davenport family recovers itself. There is a home-coming, with promised weddings and the restoration of broken ties and all things sweet after the storm.

Just in the happy day of recovery Griffith Davenport, at a night meeting of the University Board in the town of his adoption, falls dead of apoplexy. His body is taken to his home unheralded. The shadow comes down with night. The grave of the unofficial patriot opens and closes; and there is anguish at the brink. But across the tomb of Davenport there is a suggestion of sweet-smelling flowers, and through the gloom afar we see the flash of bridal veils and lilies. It is in this that the book, although it preaches nothing, teaches nothing, offers nothing of the consolations and hopes which the hero of the story had himself so often inculcated, differs most markedly from the prevailing fiction of our day. It is not a story of despair. The grief and anguish of it are everywhere relieved with hope. The ringing shield of courage hangs by the doorway of sorrow. This is a book of peace as well as a book of battle; a book of comfort as well as a book of history and a drama of the tragic epoch.

What is the fitness of this story to the conditions of our times? The social crisis that broke in the Civil War was without doubt the greatest in our history. It was greatest, not chiefly for the violence and destruction of the conflict, but for the revolutionary aspects and reforming tendencies of that tremendous period. The mere heroism of the age may be overlooked in considering the profounder work that was then accomplished in the United States. Then it was that American society suffered the exquisite pangs of transformation. In the backward look, the condition of our country before the war already seems far away. It is removed from us by a distance and an abyss. True, men still bear in their memories the scars and bruises of the battlefield; but everything is softened in the distance. More than one-fourth of our whole national career, measured from the formation of the Republic, lies this side of Appomattox. During this period fully thirty millions of souls, more than forty per cent of the whole, have been added to our population. The man who came into the world after Appomattox is the father of seven children. The woman born on the prodigious day of Gettysburg may be a grandmother. The physical aspects of civilization have

changed, and all the invisible currents and motions of society have been translated into another mood and passion.

Long as this period is from the downfall of the Confederacy to the present day, the whole has been consumed by American society in the one effort of settling to a calm. The strife of the generation has been to become reconciled. Great has been the travail of this more than thirty years. Civil turbulence, like a storm at sea, does not readily subside. The swell of the receding tempest long fluctuates on the bosom of the deep. At length, after the average measure of human life, we reach a point of actual peace. Reconciliation between the millions who were at war, and between their descendants who inherited the passions of the conflict, at last ensues. Reconciliation! The closing decade of the century witnesses the happy extinction of the hatred and animosity which marked the Civil War. Hitherto we have not been willing that the hatred and animosity should expire. The change in sentiment from aversion to regard, from distrust to confidence, from dislike to mutual affection, is at last accomplished in all sections of the Union; and this Epoch of Reconciliation has sought the opportunity to declare itself in a Book.

"An Unofficial Patriot" is a book—we had almost said the book—of reconciliation. This is the keynote of it all; it reconciles. If it is a book of war, it is also a book of heavenly peace. Deep down in every stream of this story is the limpid water of love and reviving trust. Without this quality the book were nothing; without this it were common; without this anybody or the many could have done it. A cobbler of stories might have devised the plot; but the soul of this book is reconciliation. It is the *Geus Urva* crying for peace between the children of the North and the South. The Old North and the Old South are here again at peace. The book unconsciously makes us one. It has charity for all, and justice. There is not a stroke of bitterness in it. It is well-nigh the most sweet-spirited fiction that ever was; and the best of all is its truth.

"An Unofficial Patriot" is a dramatic transcript from the life of the times that tried us all by fire. The writer is almost as much a historian as a novelist. Her battle-piece of Shiloh is about the greatest picture that was ever produced of that awful struggle in which twenty thousand American heroes sank under bloody wounds and ghastly death. True, the facts of the story are here and there misplaced a little. The exigencies of the plot may sometimes shift the actual scenes; but the materials are all drawn with

historical fidelity from the open field. Every character in the drama is real. The Davenport family was a reality; and its history, as delineated in this larger history, is a fact. Griffith Davenport was indeed an unofficial patriot. He was a Methodist preacher; an ex-slaveholder; a law-breaker in Virginia, and a law-evader in Indiana. Like John Brown, he broke with the existing order. He was one of the conscientious casuists of his times—a man pushed by unseen hands and delivered to hardships by the forces of that cruel condition which existed in the United States before the abolition of slavery. He was sent for by Lincoln, as here narrated, and appointed to conduct the invading Union army over the home of his boyhood and across the farms of his old neighbors whom he had baptized in the mountain stream of Stony Mead. The story in the hands of Herne is destined to be the noblest drama of the war.

For a quarter of a century outgivings have been seen in our fictitious and dramatical literature of the reconciliation of our country. There have been premonitions and dawns of the perfect day of peace—a day in which the young men of the North would seek and take in love the beautiful girls of the Sunny South; in which the hot-blooded young men of the South, in chivalric counter-invasion, would find the rosy-cheeked daughters of the men whom their fathers had fought to be the most charming of the earthly angels. But the hints of the good time coming, when political animosities, fanned by party, could no longer keep the American people estranged and hostile, have been only foregleams of promised light and peace. Thomas Nelson Page has shown us in his stories, "In Ole Virginia," how far a Southern soldier and novelist of great powers can go toward bringing in the day of reconciliation. He gives us a foretaste of it in "Meh Lady." Several dramas, such as "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," and "Alabama," have taught the people how easy it is to love after war. Maurice Thompson's beautiful classic on "Lincoln's Grave" is an imperishable wreath laid by the hands of a Confederate soldier on the mighty tomb of the greatest of our dead. Helen Gardener's book "An Unofficial Patriot" goes all the way to peace. The old prejudice has here wholly disappeared. The grave of the Southern soldier and the grave of the soldier of the Union are here equally sacred. The animosities of the great war are here lost in the oblivious lullaby of love. The hatred that raged in blood and fire and death on a hundred battlefields here no longer rankles in patriotic hearts. Here is the living picture of rallying and

charging and flying; of broken guns and wounded soldiers and dead men heaped and strewn in roadway, field, and swamp; but no longer hatred. This is at once the test and key of the book; it reconciles the heart.

Literature foreran the Union war. Thought flew—as it always flies—in the van of the oncoming battle. The epoch of agitation preceded the epoch of violence; and now at last, with the lapse of a generation, the epoch of reconciliation succeeds the long-lingering period of strife. A novel foreran the insurrection of the human conscience against that horrid slavery which rested on one-half of our Union and cast its baleful shadow over the other; a novel comes after, proclaiming the cessation of the conflict. A novel went before, sounding the tocsin; a novel follows, as the zephyr follows the receding hurricane, calling the sons and daughters of men to peace. A novel opened the grave, and a novel closes it. A novel prepared the magazine that exploded with death and desolation for millions of our people; a novel goes forth to erase the scars and to quench the remaining sorrows of the immense catastrophe.

In these pages the remaining wounds are healed. This book proclaims the final armistice over a million graves. It teaches a cheerful hope of better things. It calls the higher angels of our nature, and challenges them to song. It stands among the pallid stones that guard the dead of the great battle, and there where the sunshine pencils the silence marks with equal love the tombs of the victors and the vanquished, and plants with equal devotion the immortelles at the head and feet of both.

Personalities have little place in criticism. The maker of books and the critic of them ought to be as impersonal as Shakspere in his dramas. We do not know that it is permissible for a reviewer endeavoring to give the public an adequate concept of a literary work to excite for it or against it the faintest sentiment born of personal considerations. The present notice of Helen Gardener's "Unofficial Patriot" might well be exceptional to the rule; for the writer of the review acknowledges the personal equation. He could not do otherwise, and be true. He knows the story of the unofficial patriot by heart, and has known it for twenty-five years. He knew the gifted author of this book before the dream of literary fame could have entered her girlish thought. The old college town where he lives is the principal scene of the story. This was the home of Griffith Davenport; and here the writer knew both him and his. Here several of the characters who have their part in the

story survive with a quick memory of the things narrated. On the hill yonder Griffith Davenport and Katherine are sleeping. When the writer descends the steps of his library, he crosses the green grass where Helen Gardener played when she was a baby girl hiding and seeking behind the lilac bushes that are now only a reminiscence.

The writer owns the yard where the Davenports lived; and from this spot he sends his message. He has a vivid and affectionate memory of the family that has become famous through the genius of the youngest daughter. He recalls Griffith Davenport just as he is depicted in "An Unofficial Patriot," visiting the neighborhoods round about on his ministerial circuits. The writer recalls also with something akin to tears that one day, long ago, in the bright warm hours of his boyhood, the big honest Virginian hands of Griffith Davenport were laid on his head in blessing. In the circle of this horizon, bounded on the north and west with its rim of maples, Helen H. Gardener, daughter of the unofficial patriot, took her rise from girlhood to womanhood, and from womanhood to fame. Criticism forgets its office, and looks with blinded eyes through the mist of memory.

LAWS GOVERNING THE AGE OF CONSENT IN CANADA — A COMPARISON WITH THOSE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

THE several powerful articles that appeared in the January number of THE ARENA regarding the age-of-consent laws in the United States have prompted me to pen this brief sketch, showing the superior protection accorded girls and women in the Dominion of Canada, in the hope that by so doing I may in some slight degree contribute to the success of the noble crusade now being made against vice and immorality. I do not mean to imply that the Canadian laws on the subject are by any means perfect. In fact they are inferior to those in force in some states of the American Union, such as Florida, Wyoming, and Kansas, where the age of consent is seventeen in the first and eighteen in the last-named two states.

In Canada the age is not as high as upholders of morality would wish to see it, being but sixteen years, still I find on calculation that it is one year and a half above the *average age of consent* in the United States, which is about fourteen and a half years; and this in a country possessing a population twelve times greater than the northern Dominion, which it eclipses in commerce, wealth, art, literature, science, and in fact everything but morality.

In the United States each state has an age-of-consent law. In Canada we have several laws bearing on the subject, which, being part of the Criminal Code, apply to the whole Dominion.

For example, one in reference to girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen reads as follows :

Every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to two years' imprisonment who seduces or has illicit connection with any girl of previously chaste character of or above the age of fourteen years.

I must acknowledge that the punishment seems trifling for so great a crime, but happily in the majority of cases it is sufficiently severe to cause the most lascivious to refrain from despoiling a girl of this tender age. Such men — unworthy they

are of the name—are usually of good families (so far as pedigree or wealth is concerned), which entitles them to a certain standing in society. That they should be unwilling to sacrifice their position is only natural, and they need never do so as long as they keep their persons undefiled by the prison cell, for this and only this counts against them. They may have sunk to the lowest depths of their loathsome practice and yet outwardly preserve their respectability. Men wink at the little scandals that somehow or other creep out; women glory in them and lionize the male participants. In this age of education and enlightenment the *roué's* trophies are more barbarous and disgusting than the bloody scalps that were in by-gone days the pride and ornament of the red man. But the law which interfered with the inhuman practice of the ignorant aboriginal, and in so doing almost annihilated the wretched race, stands calmly by and allows the civilized savage to despoil helpless women of more than scalps—of more than life. It observes all this and does what? Practically nothing.

As I have remarked, nothing affects a seducer's social standing except the taint of the prison. Once let its stamp be imprinted on his tarnished reputation and he is ostracized from society. In Canada, therefore, he has to exercise care, for a man who despoils a girl under sixteen must suffer imprisonment, there being *no option of a fine* as in some of the states.

Girls under fourteen years of age are even better protected by a law which reads:

Every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to imprisonment for life, and to be whipped, who carnally knows any girl under the age of fourteen years not being his wife, whether he believes her to be of or above that age or not.

It is unfortunate that this law does not apply to girls up to the age of sixteen, particularly the clause "and to be whipped," but even in its present state it is a standing menace to such fiends as the ravisher of Nellie Conroy, referred to in Mr. Flower's interesting paper entitled, "Lust Fostered by Legislation." I understand that in this most revolting case the fact that the victim accepted, or expressed willingness to accept, a present, would have been a sufficient defence to procure the discharge of the prisoner. In Canada the tender years of the child *would overrule everything*. No excuse of any nature could alter the sentence.

Besides the age-of-consent laws the girls and women of Canada are protected by various others, which, judging from Mr. Flower's article above referred to, are unknown in many of the states. Take, for example, the unnatural case of Nellie Gilroy, where the child at the tender age of twelve was sold by the

mother to her (the mother's) own paramour. Note also the circumstances surrounding the abominable case mentioned by Dr. Percy in which, on the advice of the judge, a little girl was kidnapped to prevent the parents from forcing her into a life of shame, there being no law to prevent such a sacrifice to lust.

In Canada parents can exercise no such terrible power over their children, and to accomplish any vile ends would themselves have to do the kidnapping and without the advice of a judge, as will be seen by the following law:

Every one who, being the parent or guardian of any girl or woman, (a) procures such girl or woman to have carnal connection with any man other than the procurer, or (b) orders, is party to, permits, or knowingly receives the avails of the defilement, seduction, or prostitution of such girl or woman, is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to fourteen years' imprisonment, if such girl or woman is under the age of fourteen, and if such girl or woman is of or above the age of fourteen years to five years' imprisonment.

By the above law all females are protected from the machinations and intimidations of immoral parents and their accomplices. A noble piece of legislation, is it not? and one that might with profit be adopted anywhere.

Furthermore our Criminal Code contains another equally good law, which reads:

Every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to two years' imprisonment with hard labor, who (a) procures or attempts to procure any girl or woman under twenty-one years of age, not being a common prostitute or of known immoral character, to have unlawful carnal connection either within or without Canada with any person or persons, or (b) inveigles or entices any such woman or girl to a house of ill-fame or assignation for the purpose of illicit intercourse or prostitution, or knowingly conceals in such house any such woman or girl so inveigled or enticed, or (c) by false pretences or false representations procures any woman or girl not being a common prostitute or of known immoral character to have any unlawful carnal connection either within or without Canada.

Mark how clause (b) compares with the sentence (a fine of one dollar) awarded the brute in Chicago who enticed a young girl into a house of ill-repute. Though trifling for the offence, two years with hard labor is somewhere in the vicinity of justice. Other portions of this law operate strongly against abettors and keepers of brothels.

Note also the extract from "Chicago's Dark Places" which tells of a lad below sixteen who seduced a girl of thirteen and was, on account of his age, not amenable to the law. In Canada such an *enfant diable* would have met his deserts, fourteen years being the age at which a boy becomes responsible for committing rape or defiling a girl. Consequently, a lad of or above that age

would be awarded fourteen years for the latter offence and life-imprisonment or perhaps death for the former.

I could give further and more lengthy examples of protection afforded women by the Canadian laws, but what I have already written should be sufficient to show that in this all-important question the great republic in nearly every respect ranks far below its modest northern neighbor. And not only in the laws is this the case, but unfortunately in that which is of much greater importance — results.

ARE THE PEOPLE OF THE WEST FANATICS?

BY J. K. MILLER.

The charge so frequently made in the Eastern press, that the people of the West, and more especially of the silver-producing states, are fanatics and cranks, unless justified by the facts, should not go unchallenged. If it is true in the general sense in which it is made, it is important that the country should know it. That the West has its quota of this class of people none will undertake to deny; but if it contains a much larger percentage of such than is to be found in Eastern communities, then some most important conclusions must follow.

The *Chicago Record* of January 19 contained the following, upon the subject of the migration and present distribution of the native-born population of the country, as shown by the last census:

This enormous western movement has resulted in depleting the native element of the Eastern states, and in the North their ranks have been filled by foreign emigrants, mainly Canadians, Irish, and Germans, while in the Southeastern states, which have received practically no foreign immigration, the normal rate of increase of population has been greatly reduced by this emigration. In the past generation the character of the people of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania has been wellnigh revolutionized by the emigration of native blood and immigration of foreigners.

It is startling, if true, that people born under the much lauded institutions of America, with free school, free church, free press, and other supposed advantages, are less capable of exercising intelligent judgment upon questions of public policy than are their adopted brethren in the Eastern states, so recently from the monarchies of Europe.

In addition to the main fact so clearly set forth in the above extract, viz., that the migrations of the native-born population have been uniformly westward, it may be fairly presumed that these migratory movements have usually embodied the best element of American manhood. This presumption is well sustained by the fact, well known to every student of recent American history, that when the armies of the North and South were disbanded in 1865, a large majority of the soldiers, especially from the North and East, were, from necessity perhaps, more than

choice, compelled to seek new fields of enterprise in the West. Surely it will not be contended that our volunteer armies were not composed of the best element of American manhood. It has been a subject of great national pride with us that our soldiers have shown themselves as capable of building up in time of peace, as of tearing down in time of war. Those noble lads who were called from the farms, factories, and workshops of the East, and who were lucky enough to survive the perils of the war, when discharged, returned to their homes to find that their places had long before been filled by laborers from abroad, who had been imported for the purpose.

The war had been a great schooling to them. By it they had been carried beyond the environments of boyhood and early manhood, had become inured to the hardships and privations incident to travel and camp life; and in the best of them, latent energies and ambitions had been aroused, which made the conditions and possibilities of Western life such as then existed peculiarly attractive. And when the immortal Lincoln added his authority, in his famous letter to Colfax, by advising them to go west, develop the mines, and pay the debt caused by the war, and promised to aid them in every way possible, it is not surprising that they did go; nor that, in the work of developing the mines, founding and upbuilding cities and states, and connecting them by railroads with other parts of the country which they had done so much to save, they carried the energies of war with them; nor that the results achieved by them are sufficient to mark an epoch in modern civilization. This is the type of manhood that is dominant in the West. The volunteer-soldier elements of both North and South here met on common ground, and have worked shoulder to shoulder in a common cause.

What are the dominant and peculiar ideas entertained in the West which cause its representative men to be so often stigmatized by the Eastern press as cranks of a dangerous type? It may be truthfully said that, as a rule, Western men, at least those who are not in politics for revenue only, favor that government policy which promises the greatest good to the greatest number, and for this reason are opposed to class legislation. That they believe in the automatic theory of money, and are in favor of the free coinage of gold and silver on equal terms, at a ratio of sixteen to one. That if this theory is abandoned, or its operation impaired, by legislation, such as the anti-silver legislation of recent times, rather than submit to the evils necessarily resulting from the operation of the automatic theory, with but one of the royal metals endowed with the functions of money of ultimate redemption, they would favor some other basis of value, such as land or commodities, or, as a last extremity, the fiat theory itself,

Western people favor the automatic theory above all others, and believe that until popular intelligence shall have reached such a degree as to make democratic government more stable, until the people become self-governing in fact, as well as in name, it is the only safe theory of finance.

Prominent among Western ideas, which seem to be regarded by the Eastern press as dangerous financial heresies, the following may be enumerated: That the government should pay its interest-bearing debt. That, this debt having been contracted when the money of ultimate redemption consisted of both gold and silver, to force its payment in either, at a greatly increased purchasing power, is a crime, black as treason itself. That the national banking system, so far from being the best system of paper currency ever invented by man, by its operation has demonstrated itself to be the most vicious and dangerous. That it is a part and parcel of the most gigantic, mischievous, and wicked scheme ever forced upon any nation. That it had its inception at a time when the country was in the throes of dissolution, when the men of the North confronted the men of the South in battle array, and the life of the great republic hung trembling in the balance; a time when both North and South had agents abroad, seeking financial assistance; and when the influence of foreign capitalists would have made the Confederacy a success. That this wicked scheme was forced upon the country, at this critical period of its existence, as a substitute for the best system of paper currency ever devised, in spite of the protests of such patriots as Lincoln, Stevens, Wilson, and hosts of others, as a necessary concession to conciliate the spirit of avarice and love of power which has ever been the most formidable obstacle in the way of human progress. That the debt which was created by the war, and evidenced by an abundant non-interest-bearing currency, was not only the direct means of saving the country, but that so long as it remained in the hands of the people, performing the ordinary functions of money, it was an actual blessing. That the conversion of this non-interest-bearing currency into interest-bearing bonds, in order to furnish to national banks a basis for their paper substitute, was in itself but a single and unimportant step in the great financial conspiracy which had been formed by the leading financiers of the world for the purpose of private gain at public expense. That the debt as represented by a non-interest-bearing paper currency, in the hands of the people, was in its proper shape, and was in the hands of the real public creditors, viz., the people who had rendered the services and furnished the supplies for which the government had issued its notes; and that, both debtor and creditors being satisfied with this condition of affairs, the Western mind somehow

fails to grasp any sufficient reason for what it deems the maudlin sympathy of the Eastern press toward the so-called public creditors (bondholders) who have been permitted to speculate upon the country's necessities. That the subsequent contraction of the currency, with all its train of evils, was but another step in the same diabolical plot, and was forced upon the people against their expressed will and most vigorous protests. That the demonetization of silver, and destruction of its use as money of ultimate redemption, was one of the most important acts done in behalf of the conspirators, and in point of boldness and utter disregard of public will and of public interest generally, is in itself enough to brand its responsible authors not only as public enemies, as such terms are used in relation to our government, but as enemies to mankind.

A notion is widely entertained in the West, that money holds about the same relation to the practical operation of the industrial, manufacturing, and commercial affairs of a nation, that steam does to the machinery it is designed to keep in motion; in other words, that money is not merely the "blood of commerce," as it has been called, but is literally the motive power in modern civilization, without which even the wheels of government would cease to turn; and that the power to control such an agent, for good or evil, should not be delegated to any class of individuals, as is done under the national banking system. While the Eastern press is so worried over what it terms the fanaticism of the West, it may not be amiss to remind it that Western men are seriously alarmed at the general trend of recent financial events; that they are not blind to the bond-ridden condition of the people of European states, the only limit to whose bond burdens seems to be their power to pay interest; people who have long since abandoned hope of ever being able to pay the principal of their indebtedness, and are confronted with the prospect of being forever compelled to pay tribute to a bondholding aristocracy, in the form of interest.

Western men are alarmed at what appears to them to be a well planned and determined effort upon the part of the leading bankers of the world to force the common people of America into the European vortex of financial slavery. They are alarmed at that condition of affairs, which at the end of the longest period of profound peace the world has ever known, with a long and unbroken series of bountiful harvests — a period during which the productive power of labor stands without a parallel in the history of the world — makes it necessary for the most favored nation to increase its interest-bearing debt almost as rapidly as in time of war, and makes industry and economy on the part of individuals no adequate safeguard

against actual want. They are alarmed at the attitude of the old party-leaders in the East, who, after having vied with one another for many years in denying responsibility for the demonetization of silver, now come boldly out, mask off, and make common cause against righting what has been so vehemently denounced all over the country as the crime of 1873. They are alarmed at the tone of the Eastern press, which, with few notable exceptions, could not be more radical in its opposition to the Western idea upon these questions, if owned by and under the absolute control of the classes in whose interest this fearful policy was adopted.

Western men as a rule are profoundly impressed with the greatness and importance of their own country, and are therefore intensely loyal. They feel a keen sense of humiliation and disgust, when any respectable element of American citizenship, backed by a powerful section of the press, takes the ground that, as a nation, we are not able to assert and maintain a financial or any governmental policy, independent of Great Britain or of the world. They regard such an attitude as indicative of the rankest kind of Toryism, and deplore the apparent rapid growth of such sentiments in the Eastern press.

To the Western mind these questions are of sufficient import to warrant discussion on their merits. The universal fall in prices, if we can judge the future by the past, means for the masses a period of retrogression, the disastrous results of which, to civilization itself, cannot be foretold. Already the signs of demoralization among the people at large are such as to excite alarm in the mind of any student of history. The rise in the purchasing power of gold, the corresponding fall in prices of all commodities, the general disturbance in all lines of industry and commerce, and the riotous condition of the labor elements generally, now bordering closely on a state of anarchy, are regarded in the West as the logical, necessary, and inevitable results of that system of class legislation which involves the destruction of silver as a money of ultimate redemption, and the right of bankers as a class to issue and control the volume of paper currency.

Truly the old question of the right to rule, as between the classes and the masses, is now at issue. It remains yet to be seen whether or not a free people, who have attained the rank of a first-class power, whose genius and valor, in peace and in war, is unquestioned, can be cajoled or betrayed into the condition of helpless serfs; whether or not that which Great Britain failed to do with the sword can be accomplished by a judicious use of money upon political knaves and a venal press. Popular government is indeed on trial. Partisan zeal has, to a dangerous extent, become stronger than loyalty to the nation at large. In

obedience to this spirit, the struggle for party advantage has been carried to the most absurd and dangerous extremes.

It is a popular notion in the West that no question of national import is so great or complex that it cannot be safely submitted to the people, for an expression of the popular will upon it. Yet no fact is more apparent than that the national platforms of the two old parties, since the effect of the demonetization act of 1873 became known to the country, have been so framed and construed as to avoid an expression of the popular will upon that most important question. The assumption, upon the part of party leaders, of the right thus to substitute their will for that of the people, by the adroit use of language in party platforms, or otherwise, is usurpation and is revolutionary. The people of the West are not yet ready to surrender the time-honored principles that the popular will is the supreme law of the land; that office-holders, from the chief magistrate down, are their servants and not their masters; and that political parties are useful just so far as they are the agencies or mediums through which laws beneficial to the public are promulgated and executed, and no further.

It can safely be assumed that the spirit of unrest and discontent in the West, so deeply deplored by the Eastern press, will never subside nor abate in the least, until the people shall have had a fair chance to express their will upon these questions, and until their will, so expressed, shall be respected by their representatives.

MONOPOLISM AND MILITARISM IN THE CITY OF CHURCHES—A REVIEW OF THE BROOK- LYN STREET RAILWAY STRIKE.

BY G. EMIL RICHTER.

I. Monopolism's Conquest.

Five years ago, the street cars of the city of Brooklyn were painted in almost as many colors and varied shades of those colors as the rainbow. It was the day of comparative individualism, for almost every different hue betokened that a distinct company operated that line. But the monopolistic spirit that was sweeping over the country seized in its toils the officers of one of the largest of these companies. The "Brooklyn City" operated a half-dozen lines. Like the evil spirit of Eden, the demon of monopolism began to suggest to these officers ambitious thoughts of riches and power. They proceeded forthwith to put these schemes into execution. They were already possessed of great wealth, these precious plotters, yet they avariciously yearned for more. The stock of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company, then capitalized at \$3,000,000, was increased, and a gullible public was told wonderful stories of great things which were to be accomplished, until a great block of it had been subscribed for, the ring making very sure, however, not to let a controlling interest pass from their hands. Then one after another the little roads were bought up and made a part of the Brooklyn City system. Thus by new construction, acquirement of new lines, and watering the stock, its capital stock was increased to \$12,000,000.

Then a change in the motive power was decided upon. Millions were now at the disposal of the plotters, and scarcely had they decided upon substituting electricity for their horses than the thing was done. How it was done, citizens of Brooklyn have not yet been able to learn with any degree of assurance. Since this permission was granted by the city fathers, however, suspicions and

rumors have been so frequently aired that they have come to be considered as truth, so that the New York *Recorder* boldly declares in its editorial columns, Jan. 18, 1895:

This gang of corporate robbers talk about their property. Seventy-five per cent of it has been plundered from the people. The charters they hold are black with corruption. They are the abhorrent products of iniquitous legal and legislative conspiracies against all that is honest in government.

By the close of 1892 nearly every line under their rule had been equipped with electrical apparatus. This, while necessitating considerable outlay, materially reduced the running expenses of the road, from thirty to forty per cent, in fact. Still was this rapacious horde unsatisfied. On the "Heights," that section of the city wherein dwells a large part of the city's "upper ten," ran a little half-mile cable road. Only eight cars were employed in the transportation of the money-kings whose luxurious homes are here situated, to the ferry which landed them at the foot of Wall Street, whence but a few blocks were to be travelled to the heart of the region of "deals" and "corners."

The methods of the "street" began to creep into the schemes of these railroad men. Not satisfied with the large dividend which they were receiving, this ring of the stockholders of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company conceived a brilliant idea whereby they might add to their profits. They secured a controlling interest in this little cable road on the hill, and then, as the directors of the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company, they suggested to themselves in January, 1893, as the directors of the Brooklyn City, the leasing of all the property of the last-named company to the first for 999 years, on the stock of which they were guaranteed a dividend of ten per cent.

The Brooklyn Heights Company made about this kind of a proposition to the stockholders of the City Company: "We will take your \$12,000,000 worth of stock, dollar for dollar, and guarantee you the payment of ten per cent dividend on it. But you must buy \$30,000,000 worth of the stock of the new company at fifteen dollars a share." In other words, they wanted the stockholders to pay them \$4,500,000 in cash for this new issue of stock; and of this amount \$4,000,000 was to be placed in trust to guarantee the payment of the ten per cent dividend on the \$12,000,000.

The stock then was earning fifteen per cent, so, naturally, some of the stockholders did not want to go into the deal. But as the men who composed the new company held a

majority of the stock in the old one as well, they did as they pleased, and not only pocketed the extra \$500,000 over what they put into trust, but have been getting the extra five per cent earned by the \$12,000,000. Although the \$30,000,000 issue of stock has never received a cent of dividend, it was manipulated up to fifty dollars a share, and then the holders stood from under and let it fall. This stock was quoted at eleven and one-half yesterday (January 23), but if 1,000 shares were put upon the market now it would drop to five and probably lower. Thus the stockholders were asked to put up \$4,500,000 to guarantee themselves the payment of a less dividend than they were getting on their own stock. The deal was thus consummated, despite the protests of those of the stockholders of the Brooklyn City who were not within the charmed circle.

The Atlantic Avenue Company, previous to the scheming of Messrs. Lewis & Co. of the Brooklyn City, had controlled the largest number of lines in the city. It was now a smaller combine known as the Brooklyn Traction Company, on the same line as the Heights road, though operating for the most part in a different section of the city, and it directed eleven lines. The Brooklyn, Queens County & Suburban Company, which, though maintaining a separate corps of officers, was virtually the Brooklyn Heights crowd, owned six. In November, 1893, an effort was made to further enlarge the operations of the ring by the absorption of these two systems. The opposition in the Brooklyn Traction Company, however, was too strong to be overcome. Consequently it maintained its independence, and the Suburban line alone passed into the hands of the monopolists.

Then began a great season of economy, to earn more than the five per cent which had been thus taken from the holders of Brooklyn City stock, to enrich these ringsters of the Brooklyn Heights, or Long Island Traction Company, as the name of the new concern became. Such was the rise of the street railroad monopoly; for by Jan. 1, 1895, of the fifty-two lines of railways in the city, the Long Island Traction Company controlled thirty-five. Exclusive of the eleven lines of the Atlantic Avenue or Brooklyn Traction Company, the remaining lines were distributed as follows: Coney Island & Brooklyn Company, three; the Brooklyn City and Newtown, two; and the Van Brunt Street and Erie Basin, one. The green cars of the Brooklyn Heights Company and the red ones of the Atlantic Avenue system were seen every-

where; they had almost entirely superseded the vari-colored cars of the old times, for the day of monopoly had dawned.

II. The "Grinding" Process.

"Reduce expenses! We must make more money!" That became the cry of the dividend-seeking monopolists. How was it to be accomplished? The expenses of the mechanical department had been reduced to the lowest possible figure by the introduction of the trolley electric system; nothing could be cut off there. Obviously, then, its human machines must be sacrificed, and the reduction of expenses made there. Poor *men*! They were such, even though the company considered them as but a part of their great money-making *machinery*. Two dollars a day was the munificent salary paid these faithful servants.

"The work hard?" Well, perhaps so, *but* they knew what to expect before they began, did they not? In summer the conductor must needs swing alongside an open car on a narrow five-inch plank, making change while constantly in danger of being swept from that meagre perch by a passing truck, and crushed under the wheels. It looks the easiest thing in the world to swing from post to post in collecting fares, but it means tired feet and weary, aching muscles of the arms. In stormy weather and in winter it means exposure, frost-bitten ears and toes, colds, pneumonia, perhaps death, to both motorman and conductor. To the motorman it means constant mental strain lest some child or old and feeble person should perchance run before the car and be ground beneath the wheels.

Forty are the rules of the company, which are always to be borne in mind. The employee was under obligations, in return for his exorbitant salary, to be "always neat in appearance"; that is, never to wear a uniform which gave evidence of much wear. He was responsible for all damages which might come to his car through collision or other accident. To be a few minutes late in reporting for service meant the forfeiture of his car; his name would then be again placed at the foot of the eligible list, and perhaps six months would pass before his reinstatement at full salary.

Somehow that salary must be cut down. To issue a direct order reducing salaries for the entire force was impracticable, for the employees were organized as a union, and the company had signed an agreement with them at the beginning of the year, guaranteeing to pay them two dollars per

day. But a way around this was devised—the introduction of the “tripper” system. That is, instead of a large number of motormen and conductors being regularly employed to manipulate the cars of the company, the number of regulars at the union rate of wages was decreased, and a number of the men who were on the eligible list waiting for positions were called upon to run “tripper” cars. These were extra cars, run at rush hours or other times when an extraordinary amount of traffic seemed to warrant the placing in commission of additional cars. These men were paid by the trip, twenty cents being the rate per trip on most of the lines. A “tripper” seldom made more than three or four trips a day, but was required to be in attendance fourteen or eighteen hours a day, that he might be ready to seize this golden opportunity to earn sixty or eighty cents.

“More profit!” Still the cry was raised. In consequence, a revision of the time-tables was effected, and the men so required to make more trips, and to make them in shorter time. Then dawned the day of reckless disregard of law. The state had enacted that no car should be run at a greater rate of speed than ten miles an hour. Yet, the motormen declare, these time-tables were so arranged as to make impossible the covering of a trip without running faster than the legal rate. Sometimes, when the cars were late, a speed of fifteen to twenty miles an hour, even, was maintained to “make up for lost time” in taking on and depositing passengers. Now the trolley-cars began to take upon them the characteristics of Juggernauts, and recklessly ploughed down unfortunate children, until a record of sixty-two killed and many more injured had been made in eighteen months.

A cry came from the suffering public that safety fenders should be employed in order to decrease, at least, this awful slaughter. A wail of “poverty” arose from the scheming railroaders, and hazardous speed and high-water-mark mortality were sustained, despite the appeals and orders of the city authorities. “We are constantly making experiments,” was their answer, notwithstanding the fact that other cities had found fenders of great value, and had adopted them.

A second disregard of the state law also grew out of the consuming desire of the road magnates for profits. The men were worked overtime. Trippers, as has been shown, were compelled to remain at the stables awaiting orders eighteen hours a day, would they obtain a car. Finally,

too, the hours of the regulars were lengthened, on the plea that the law only declared that it was illegal for a man to be required to *work* over ten hours. If he had two runs of five hours each, with two or three hours intervening, this squeezing thirteen or fourteen hours out of him was perfectly legal, according to the company's notions. Nor would they include in this ten hours of service which they demanded of employees, any time spent for meals.

The Brooklyn Heights road having set the pace, the other companies followed, and a like condition of affairs soon existed on their lines. And these companies who had so utterly disregarded the law of the great commonwealth of the Empire State, who ruthlessly sacrificed life and ground their employees down to starvation wages while reaping great dividends for themselves—these are the very same companies who, as will be later shown, demanded with assurance beyond explanation, of the very legal authorities whom they had defied, the calling out of 7,000 troops to "protect their property," forsooth!

It was but to be expected that the men would chafe under these additional burdens, and seek to have their affairs bettered as soon as possible. The time when such an opportunity would present itself was drawing near. The agreements which were made annually with the companies were to be renewed at the beginning of the year. In December, consequently, the executive committee of District Assembly No. 75, Knights of Labor, representing the motormen and conductors, called upon the officials of the road with copies of the agreement which they desired to have signed and enforced in 1895. The following were the conditions of that agreement, the men desiring to secure particularly the first-mentioned three, though they declared themselves willing to compromise on any two of the three.

First, a strict agreement on the part of the companies with the spirit as well as the letter of the ten-hour law.

Second, such a regulation of the "tripper" system that there should be run not more than one-half as many "tripper" cars as regulars.

Third, an increase in wages of twenty-five cents per day, making the salaries of the men \$2.25.

Fourth, cars not to be run at more than the legal rate of speed.

Fifth, motormen not to be held responsible for damages to a car, except in cases of culpable negligence or mismanagement.

Sixth, a reference of all difficulties which might arise between companies and men to arbitration, if they could not be settled by conference.

The companies refused to recede from the illegal and inhuman stand which they had taken in the previous year, and would not make any agreement which should better the condition of the men. President Lewis of the Long Island Traction Company refused to concede any one of the first three requests. President Norton of the Brooklyn Traction declared that he would not treat with the executive committee in regard to the matter at all, but do as he pleased about it. President Partridge of the Brooklyn City and Newtown was disposed to concede something to the men. He would agree that regulars should not work over the legal hours, and that the work of "trippers" should be done within twelve hours if possible, in fourteen hours at the outside. He was willing to concede the second request, and to compromise on the third at \$2.12½ cents per day.

The last day of the old year came, and still no agreement had been reached. The men continued to work under the distasteful arrangement perfected by the companies until January 9, when a meeting of the district assembly was held. The secretary then read a letter from President Daniel F. Lewis, of the Long Island Traction Company, who was the engineer of the grand stock-watering scheme, in which he refused utterly to consider the demands of the men. Many of them then declared that to dally any longer, after the companies had thus goaded them on, was unworthy of their manhood. A postponement was, however, effected by the conservatives, in order to manifest to the public the fact that the men were willing to do everything in reason to secure their rights and equitable compensation for their labor.

At this juncture, in startling contrast to the forbearance of the men, the company further aggravated the situation and aroused the employees by discharging the vice-president of the assembly, August Grange, who was a motorman on the Fulton Street line, and Henry Finnegan, another motorman on the same line, on the pretext that they had run their cars too fast. This, in the face of the fact that the time-tables of the road were so arranged as to render it impossible to cover the route without exceeding the legal rate, and that the employees knew that the company had not at any time made any effort to comply with the provisions of the

law, thoroughly aroused the men, and the radicals were for declaring an immediate tie-up. Temperance, however, again prevailed, and it was decided to refer the matter to the local unions for decision. One after another the unions met, and they showed, by declaring for a strike, that the sentiment of the men was overwhelmingly in favor of battle. The executive committee, however, hesitated long, even after the returns from all the unions had come in, before ordering the men out, hoping that some compromise might be effected with the companies, who with bulldog persistency not only stood their ground, but went even further, increasing the number of "tripper" cars daily.

One of the motormen fairly but pitifully stated the situation on January 11, when he said:

If we don't settle the matter right here and now, we need never hope for anything like justice in the future. They will go on cutting us down and down, until, without any exaggeration, it will be a hard matter for us to earn a bare living. God knows we earn what we get. I only wish a few of the city officials could take our places for a day or two, without being known. Then the people would realize that we are not a gang of conspirators, but human beings, striving to make a living by hard and honest work—work that wears away a man's life. Do you think that it is from choice that we take to handling the bell-cord and brake? No; it is because we want to live—we want our wives and little ones to go about comfortably fed and clothed. We strike, not for ourselves, but for the thousands who depend upon us for a living.

The crisis came on January 13. Anticipating the tie-up, the Heights Company had asked its electrical workers if they were willing to take the motormen's places and run the cars, in case the strike should be declared. Upon the refusal of the men thus to compromise the possibility of their fellow-workers' winning the battle, they were summarily discharged. These men numbered, on all the lines, nearly 1,000. Then, at last, the patience of the men became exhausted, and the strike was declared, the companies having deliberately forced the issue.

III. The Struggle for Existence.

Monday morning, January 14, dawned, and the sun looked down upon a novel sight. Of the hundreds of cars which were usually running, only those of one of the smallest lines, the Brooklyn & Coney Island, were being operated. The elevated railroad cars were crowded to their utmost capacity with laboring men and women bound for their places of work, while the streets leading to the ferries were crowded with pedestrians. Residents of the outlying districts of the

city, not reached by the elevated roads, were in a quandary. Other than the trolley lines, no means of transportation were available. Yet, inconvenienced as the multitude was, universal cheerfulness prevailed, and few were the grumblers; the sentiment of the public was with the men, for they knew that the battle was a just one, a struggle for existence.

The officers of the Coney Island road had, at the eleventh hour, made arrangements satisfactory to the men, and thus avoided the tie-up with which the others were confronted. They had conceded to the men clauses one and two of the proposed agreement.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to furnish a history of the strike, more than to outline such salient features as may serve to demonstrate the forbearance and kindness of the men, as opposed to the brutality and arrogance of the officials of the companies. This forbearance was first manifested, after the strike had been definitely decided upon, by the manner in which the strike was effected. Some had desired that the orders to the men should stipulate that at a certain hour every man was to desert his car, wherever it might find him. This step would have seriously embarrassed the companies, as they would have had to send out men from the depots to hunt up the cars and return them to the stables, while the cars themselves would have been at the mercy of all the lawless elements of the city. The leaders, however, frowned upon such a course as unmanly, and instructed the employees to return their cars to the depots, but to refuse to take out any after the trip that should first end after 3 A. M.

The executive committee had decided at the outset that violence should be discountenanced; and all during the progress of the strike orders were issued again and again, warning members of the Union to refrain from unlawful methods. And the whole city was astonished at the obedience manifested by the men. Here they were, 6,000 in number, men whose hours of labor were so long as to make it wellnigh impossible to devote much time to religious matters or receiving ethical instruction, yet their actions were characterized by temperance and moderation. Only a subsidized press ascribed more than a fraction of the riotous deeds of even the later days of the conflict to the men themselves. Smitten with a sense of deep wrong, they yet strove hard and generally succeeded in stifling the revengeful feelings which would rise at the thought of the injustice which had been done them. Confidence was placed in the fact that

theirs was a righteous cause and that they had the sympathy of all honest men in the community.

Their plan of campaign was to cripple the company's service by refusing to work for them at starvation wages, and by argument endeavoring to prevent others from taking their places. Experienced men, they knew, could not be obtained at the companies' terms, and they had no fear of those who were inexperienced, for they confidently believed that the public would not dare to risk their lives in the care of men who did not understand a business so fraught with danger as the handling of a motor on an electric car.

Following is the description of their methods given by one of the papers of the city, whose tendencies during the strike were decidedly toward the monopolists, and cannot, therefore, be charged with too generous feelings toward the men. The incident of which it treats occurred after a few cars had been run, but the same methods had been employed previously, the "scabs" being intercepted at the stations of the elevated roads and elsewhere on their route to the offices of the companies. The car had been stopped by bits of broken glass which had been laid upon the tracks, insulating the current.

A mob of strikers and their sympathizers surrounded the cars. The four policemen saw the force that menaced them and discreetly interposed no opposition. A stout striker who seemed to be one of the leaders approached the cars and harangued the new men. "Come out of there, boys," he said. "You don't mean to harm us, do you? Be men, lads. Don't you see you are taking away our bread and butter? The companies will have no use for you after this is over. They'll only grind you down as they have us. Why don't you leave? We'll take care of you. We'll send you home and give you money. If you don't believe us I can't help it, but I'm honest when I tell you that you'll do better to leave the company. Come on, boys. You see we're in earnest. We will pay all your expenses. All we ask is that you leave that car and be men. We won't harm you, we'll protect you. We're not loafers; we're men who are trying to make an honest living for our wives and children. Come on. Get away from that car and we'll protect you. We'll do more than that, lads," said the eloquent fat man, who is one of the oldest motormen in East New York. "We'll find you places if we can and give you a good time. I've worked for this railroad company for over twenty years. What has it done for me? Tried to starve me. The policemen get honor stripes for long service. What do we get? Nothing but starvation wages and no sleep. Now, boys in there. I want you all to leave that car. I want you to get out and leave the company. Don't be slaves. I have an offer to make to the first man who leaves. We will guarantee to get him a permanent job at twelve dollars a week, eight hours' work a day. Now how is that, lads? Who takes our offer?" — *Brooklyn Eagle*, Jan. 20, 1895.

In cases such as these, when appeals would not suffice, more determined methods were followed. A half-dozen of the strikers would seize the "scab" and carry him bodily to their headquarters, and endeavor by further argument to persuade him to forsake the companies. If after an hour or so, no impression seemed to be made, he was permitted to depart in peace. In no case was violence or threat of personal injury used to influence men.

Thus it took some days for the companies to procure men sufficient to man even a few of their cars. During the first two days they were manipulated almost exclusively by officials of the road, or its office hands. When the men saw that the companies were not to be balked in their obstinate endeavors to run the cars in spite of the strike, they decided upon more heroic measures, yet such as would not injure the property of the roads. This movement was to crowd about and in front of the cars in such throngs that they could not be moved. But the mounted police charged them, and they were compelled to retreat. Then other barricades were placed upon the track, on which the clubs of the police officers could make no impression. Lumber, ashes, every possible sort of obstruction was used for this purpose, not, however, with vengeful feelings to wantonly destroy the road's property. Had that been their object, they could have much more easily attained their end. Overhead were miles upon miles of wire, on which the operation of the roads absolutely depended. Yet these were not molested, but, on the contrary, the linemen of the road, who were anxious to go out with their fellow-laborers, were requested to remain at their posts, so that in the event of anyone tampering with these wires they might be repaired; the Union thus giving testimony to its disapproval of such unlawful methods of warfare.

But one thing the Union could not long prevent when it began to be demonstrated that, despite these hindrances, cars would be operated. That was the action of thoughtless sympathizers and of the hoodlums who abounded in that section of the city, who, becoming chagrined at their failure, began to stone the cars, breaking windows and possibly injuring officers and "scabs." Master Workman Connelly was present at this fracas and, with his lieutenants, endeavored to preserve the peace. Following is his statement of the way in which his offices were received:

"While I was there, Capt. Driscoll of the Hamilton Avenue police station rushed up and grabbed me by the shoulder. 'You get out of here,' he shouted, shaking his clenched fist

in my face. 'I am merely trying to preserve order,' I replied. 'I don't care,' he said. 'I was sent here to run these trolley cars, and I'll run them over your dead body.' 'Not if I can run away fast enough,' I replied laughingly, as I retired."

The police records give abundant testimony to the fact that the strikers were not participants in any of the scenes which savored of riot. A young woman was arrested for leading the first of these onslaughts, and toughs were the principals later on. Indeed, so careful were the strikers that they would not even barricade the track before a so-called "mail car," until sure that it did not really carry any of the government mail.

After the company finally began, with the aid of imported motormen, to run a few cars, many of the motormen and conductors were induced by the strikers or by the outrageous treatment of the companies, to desert their cars. Time after time, when this was done, did the strikers themselves generously mount the platforms of the cars, protecting them from the assaults of the mobs, and conduct them safely back to the depots. Thus the first few days of the conflict passed, with no greater damage—despite the fact that the companies used every means to excite the populace to more violent deeds—than a few broken windows, bent dash-boards, or sore heads, for which the men concerned in the strike were by no means responsible. Let the companies' conduct now be contrasted with that of the men.

First, after their arrogant rejection of the appeals of the men and the lock-out of the electrical workers, was the "mail-car" fraud or "bluff." The Atlantic Avenue Company had for some time held a contract with the government to carry the mails to Coney Island and other outlying districts of the city, lately annexed. For this purpose two cars had been especially built, with a compartment fitted up for the postal department, while the rest carried passengers. These cars were painted a color different from the regular cars, and might be easily recognized. Nevertheless, all the other cars as well bore the sign, "U. S. Mail." The Heights Company had just before the close of the year made a similar contract for the towns to which its roads ran, but had no special cars for the purpose. While strong doubts existed as to the legality of the companies licensed to carry passengers only, thus undertaking the transportation of freight, the strikers decided, nevertheless, not to interfere with the running of the mail-cars. Hearing of this decision, the Heights Company hastened likewise to label its cars "U. S. Mail," thinking thus to insure the protection of

the national government, and secure them from possible molestation. But the attempt was futile, for a vigorous protest arose from the people; and the strikers, though permitting the genuine mail cars to pass, refused to respect the signs which the companies were having painted by the dozen. On the Heights road, where all the cars were alike, they would ask the motorman if he carried mail, and if satisfied that he did, suffered the car to proceed without even asking the motorman to desert the company's service. Finally, a decision having been rendered by the United States assistant district attorney, that only those cars were entitled to government protection which carried bona-fide mail, the company abandoned this subterfuge.

The state board of arbitration came to volunteer its offices, but Pullman-like, the companies had "nothing to arbitrate." The strikers volunteered even to refer the difficulty to an arbitrator who was himself one of the directors of the Atlantic Avenue road, Mr. William Richardson, but the proposition was likewise rejected.

After a few days, the companies began to procure motormen from other cities. Newark, Philadelphia, Boston, were scoured, and men offered wonderful wages, in some cases ten dollars a day for the first week, to run cars for them. This bait, even, proving unsuccessful in securing the fish, the Homestead plan was used, and Pinkerton agents secured men to work on a "new road," and shipped them in batches to Brooklyn. Yet so outrageously were they treated by the companies that as soon as they were placed upon the platforms of cars and got away from the depots, they deserted and entered the ranks of the strikers. In the stables, said these refugees, they were virtually kept prisoners, compelled to sleep in filthy quarters, in some cases even in stalls, and given little or no food. So many were these men, and so anxious to get out, that some of those who escaped were considering the advisability of entering upon habeas-corpus proceedings to secure their liberty, just before the strike was declared off. Of one batch of thirty-eight sent from Philadelphia, twenty-nine left at the first opportunity. One man even fainted from exhaustion in the stables.

But the crowning atrocity of monopoly was the summoning of its hosts from "plutocracy's bastiles." Five days had gone by, with no more riotous scenes than have been described, when President Norton declared that the only reason he did not immediately open up all his lines was that he was not afforded adequate protection for his property, and called upon the mayor for military protection. Though

the police force of 1,700 men was almost wholly divided between the two places where most of the trouble had occurred, and the police commissioner had declared that very afternoon that he was fully able to cope with the situation, upon the evening of January 18 the mayor called out the Second Brigade of the National Guard, numbering 3,000 men. This was the turning-point of the war, and plutocracy, by the aid of its obedient minions, won the battle.

IV. *The Reign of Militarism.*

A wave of indignation rolled over the hitherto quiet city. The greater part of the militia-men were sympathizers with the men, and hesitated as they thought that they were now summoned to shoot, bayonet, and assist in starving their neighbors who were battling for the right to live. The people were indignant at what they thought the unwarranted interference on the part of the government with corporate affairs. They knew not, poor fools, that it was for this purpose that the citizen-soldiery was maintained, that this was what monopolists had anticipated when they contributed so liberally to armory funds and patronized so generously, but three months before, the great regimental fairs. Yes, the wave of indignation even touched the church, the conservative church, and caused a few of its preachers to rub their eyes and wonder "where we are at"; while far too many jogged along their orthodox way and never troubled themselves to give a single word or more than a passing thought to the misery of their fellows, unless to loudly talk of the necessity of upholding "law and order," the new name for the lawless trolley corporations.

But the tide reached its height among the poor fellows who saw their opportunity for success dwindling away. In vain did Connelly, Best, Giblin, and the other leaders counsel moderation and plead with the men to respect the rights of property. Their despair could not be restrained. Wires were cut, cars attacked, men assaulted. Then did the plutocrats rejoice mightily. This was what they had anticipated, what they desired. Now they could speak with a semblance of truth of "mobs" and "riots." Now they could declare that their men, enough to open all their lines immediately, they said, were afraid to venture out on cars lest they should be killed.

The Sabbath came — such a Sabbath as the City of Churches had never before beheld. Its streets had been

turned into an armed camp. Bayonets glistened everywhere in the sun. And all this without even the riot act having been read! People crossed the ferries from New York City and Jersey and flocked to see the novel sight. These were good-natured crowds, all of them. They had come moved only by curiosity; nothing, probably, was further from their thoughts than any suggestion of violence. Yet they kept ever a considerable distance from the picket-line of the militia, and their hearts were sad, for the morning papers had told the tale of a cruel bayonet charge by the soldiers on the previous evening.

Yet monopolistic newspapers told of "mobs" of thousands who were gathered at every depot; and between the press and the railway kings Mayor Schieren was led to call upon the governor for additional troops. So in the City of Churches, in a Christian land, on the day upon which the Prince of Peace is revered, the First Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., was also ordered to the assistance of monopoly. Monday morning they entered the city, 4,000 strong, each man equipped with twenty rounds of ammunition; and a battery supplied with twenty rounds as well. Among them marched plutocracy's pride, the New York Seventh, possessor of a million-dollar armory which never cost the state a cent. Now were the railway magnates content. The Brooklyn regiments were dispatched to other places to guard depots where, as yet, no trouble had been manifested, while the sons of the millionaires and bankers of the metropolis, the Seventh, were assigned to the storm-centre. The men of the Forty-Seventh, whom they relieved, were glad to get away from the place where perhaps they might have to shoot upon their friends and neighbors.

Sad to the heart of every patriot was the week that followed. What cared these hosts for American institutions or human life? Was not a pane of glass in a monopolist's street-car infinitely more valuable? Shoot them down, these bold spirits that dare to fight for bread! Powder and bullets are cheaper than meals and homes for despairing men! The country is too populous! Sweep them off, these insignificant creatures! Such, doubtless, were the thoughts of these millionaire militia-men, interpreted by their actions on succeeding days.

Brutal and uncalled-for enough had been the bayonet charge upon Saturday night. "The crowd had called us 'tin soldiers' and asked us if our 'guns were real,' and otherwise insulted us," said a private of the Forty-seventh. "Colonel Eddy stood it as long as he could, and then ordered

us to charge." Shades of liberty! Are innocent men to be slain because a militia-officer, guarding private property, has so little self-control that he orders his men to charge with fixed bayonets upon a curious crowd, because one or two of them taunt his men? Even so. The throng dispersed, but left one man, innocent of any wrong-doing, of course, who had stopped on his way home from work to see the soldiers, pierced through the leg by a bayonet thrust.

This was but the beginning. Monday the street-car kings decided to open a new line. The door of the depot was opened and a car shot out. It stopped. A company of the Seventh Regiment marched out, formed a square about the car, and like the imperial car of the Czar of all the Russias on the road to St. Petersburg, it began its trip. Hisses greeted it; the militia officers looked sullen. The experience was a new one. They were accustomed to the applause of stylish women, not to the hisses of a multitude. The throng grew more indignant. Stones began to fly. Then other missiles followed. "Halt!" rang the command. "Ready! Fire!" The rifles cracked. The people scattered. "Over their heads?" Yes, truly, yet by that volley was wounded the heart of every laboring man, and it sounded the knell of all his hopes.

Why longer carry on the fight? Empty stomachs are no match for gold-lined pockets. Starving men's votes are not to be compared with monopolists' dollars. A patriot cannot resist the uniform of the land he loves. He cannot stone the flag under which he lives. His cry for bread is but answered with a bullet. Thus the strike began to wane; a strike that at its inception seemed more likely to succeed than any that had preceded it, a strike that had been thoughtfully conceived, well executed, and marked with exceeding moderation.

Tuesday night the guns again belched forth. This time there was not even the semblance of an excuse for the action—no crowd, no riot. But at 11 o'clock at night, a few men inadvertently crossed the picket line. A dozen guns were fired, and again the sufferers were the innocent ones. One man, coming out of a corner saloon, was shot in the jaw and died the next morning. Next day a second man fell a victim to the corporation's greed. A tinsmith, working on a roof, heard a hubbub in the street below. He peered over the cornice to see the trouble. A rifle cracked, and he was dead, because he did not obey an order of which he had not heard, that all citizens along that street were to remain indoors while it pleased monopoly to run a car.

These two were all the fatalities recorded as a result of the rule of militarism. All? Yea, but were they not enough? Two men's lives a forfeit to corporate greed, a token of the power to which industrial slavery has attained; two martyrs to the cause of labor and of justice.

V. *The Lesson of the Whole.*

'Tis but Chicago's lesson, reiterated as if to impress upon us the necessity of learning it well. This is its principal teaching: that labor stands fearfully alone, helpless and almost friendless; and that, at least so long as this is true, the strike as a means of securing justice is utterly futile.

Amidst these scenes which have been described, where were the champions of justice and liberty? Where were those wily politicians that had spoken so glibly in ante-election days of the "good times" that were to come, that had roared in deep, sonorous tones of "liberty," "the American eagle," and "the star-spangled banner"? These things happened in the model "reformed" city that had been "delivered" from the power of the ring and was now ruled by the "people." Where were these officials that had so humbly begged for labor's vote? Oh, they were hard at work studying and hunting up reasons why they did not revoke the companies' charters, swearing in special police, and issuing orders for militia until the soldiers outnumbered the strikers nearly two to one.

The executive officer remembered the invoices of tons of leather which his house sold the companies yearly. "The sympathies of this office are with the men," said the mayor, yet his every action during the progress of the strike belied his words. All the municipal departments were more or less within the clutches of the moneyed power. The judicial officers were refusing to issue writs of mandamus against the companies. Only the legislative branch deigned to pay any heed to the needs of the men. The board of aldermen did pass resolutions requiring the licensing of motormen, designed to relieve their burdens somewhat, and aid them in winning the battle for justice, but the mayor declared the resolutions out of order, claiming that such legislation should be left to the state legislature.

But the press, the leader of American thought, the reflector of public sentiment—surely when the people were so unanimously despising the railroad combine, the press was loyal to the interests of justice? No, not so. The New York *Sun* sought in an earnest editorial to champion the law

of supply and demand as being the only law by which wages can be regulated, and endeavored to show that human labor is worth neither more nor less than any other form of marketable goods, that is, the price it will bring in the market in competition with other goods of the same kind. Then the editor says:

When once we repudiate the hard but impartial justice of the market price of things, then all men become robbers, and one man just as much as the other man.

"The market price of things"! This is the newest name of monopoly's organs for the horny-handed toiler. Time was when employers spoke of the horny number of "men" in their employ. Then a new expression found currency, and employees were denominated "hands." Again a change was wrought, when, instead of being known and called by name, the laborer bore a number, and his pay-envelope was addressed to "number —." From this the transition was easy, though its harshness does surprise us, to calling the laboring men "things," and designating their wage as "the market price of things."

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, too, posed as the champion of the much-abused trolley millionaires. When legal steps were taken to revoke the charters of the companies for not operating their cars for three days, as the law provides, its editor declared that the evidence was "wickedly weak," even though on the half-dozen car-lines which passed his office not more than a half-dozen cars were run in a week.

Of all the great metropolitan papers, those which dared even to apologize for suffering labor might have been counted upon the fingers of one's hands. Two only deserve mention and commendation for their boldness, the New York *Recorder* and the *Daily Mercury*. The former deserves particular praise in that, even though it was of the same political persuasion as the party in power in Brooklyn, it laid aside its partisanship and championed the cause of justice, and continuously arraigned the very officers it had helped to elect.

Politicians and press, we have shown, were not to be depended upon by labor in her time of trial, but we think that the pulpit, at least, was surely to be found at this time upholding the cause of the oppressed. The followers of the "Son of Man, who had not where to lay His head," were doubtless, as He himself was, loud in denunciation of those who "grind the poor," and ready with Him to boldly declare that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Sadly, regretfully,

must we acknowledge that many of them were so earnestly engaged in preparing men for the "better home," that they could not spend a little time in bettering their present homes. And among the followers of the Prince of Peace was one, at least, who dared to bow to plutocracy's power, and say:

The question now is the immediate restoration of order, even if the entire army of the United States must march to our relief. Brooklyn is humiliated. Its authorities are defied. It has been said again and again that the people sympathize with the strikers. That may be, but this is not the time to be weak-kneed. It is a time for firmness and determination. I want to back up the authorities. There is no time to waste upon side issues. There is but one issue. Every street in this city must be made so safe that not one policeman shall be needed in any car that runs. I wish the riot act had been read last Monday; but we are where we are, and I believe that our city authorities have acted according to their best judgment. The time has come, however, when our representatives in the city hall should know that the people are prepared for vigorous action. If clubs will not do, then bayonets; if bayonets will not do, then lead; if lead will not do, then Gatling guns. If we must have martial law and a state of siege, then let us have them; and if the worst comes to the worst, we will turn our churches into hospitals.

Thus is expounded by one man the gospel of "Peace on earth, good-will to men." For shame! For shame! Yet, thank God, the hearts of some men who wore the cloth did beat in accord with the Man of Nazareth, and such sentiments as follow were voiced from the city pulpits:

I want very clearly to say that my sympathies are most distinctly with the strikers, and I do not think that they have been justly treated; and I believe if Jesus Christ were here on earth that His sympathetic presence and loving counsel would be with the 5,000 or more men and the perhaps 20,000 women and children whom they represent. I also believe that if the public officials whose duty it is to enforce the law, and who are now calling out the militia in order to do so, had been as careful to make the street-car companies obey the law, it is quite probable that the strike would not have occurred.

"Give us this day our daily bread," were the words of Jesus, not give me this day my daily bread. I would that some of our corporations prayed that prayer and remembered the meaning of it, which includes the feeding of the children of one's employees as well as the feeding of one's self. All the social problems of the age could be settled in twenty-four hours if that prayer were prayed in the spirit of Jesus.

If Christians were Christians, as some profess, things would be as they should be in this city, and there would be no need of strikes.

One priest of the Roman Catholic church, recognizing that the source of the trouble lay not in the strike itself, but in

the presence of plutocracy's armed hirelings, did not confine his gospel to words, but pledged himself to the mayor to induce the men to refrain from deeds of violence so long as none of the militia were sent to that section of the city, which in certain localities was noted for the lawlessness of the inhabitants. Hard as was his self-imposed task, he kept his promise. Day after day, he rushed from one depot to the other, pleading, praying, and in the end prevailing; so that at the close of the difficulty the mayor acknowledged, over his own signature, the value of the assistance the priest had rendered.

Many are the messages which Brooklyn's street-car strike brings to every man who is seeking to hear them. Labor, it says, must intrench itself by more perfect organization and united effort, so that, entering politics, its influence may be felt and its demands heeded. Among those demands should be one for an immediate curtailing of the power of monopolies and all moneyed powers; for a divorcement of the union of plutocracy and militarism, if it be at all necessary to maintain our present military system, known as the National Guard, in these days of comparative peace among civilized nations and of the dawning of the day of arbitration. Another demand should be for the national, state, and municipal control, for the public good, of all railways, telegraphs, telephones, means for lighting, and all other concerns at present conducted by private corporations under franchises granted by the people's representatives.

To the church it brings this call: Would you solve that vexing problem of "How to reach the masses," awake to your responsibility. You should preach an applied Christianity, a more practical propaganda—the socialism of your Founder, His ideas of a universal brotherhood and world-wide charity.

The press must arouse to its opportunity of championing the cause of industrial freedom, one of the mightiest questions with which the men of to-morrow will have to deal.

Every real patriot and true man should make it the aim of his life to be truly helpful to the world at large by striving, for the sake of his fellow-man, to secure the ends above suggested, to labor to usher in the "new time."

THE PEOPLE'S LAMPS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

PART I. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Said A to B, "Our neighbor C is getting his light for half what it costs you and me."

Said B to A, "Is that so? Well, I shall go right over to C's and find out how he does it, and do the same thing myself."

This is the heart of the philosophy that, during the past ten years, has led two hundred towns and cities in America to undertake their own electric lighting, and is inducing other cities by the dozen to appoint committees to investigate the subject.

Soon after I had decided to make electric lighting one of the subjects of this series, I was appointed a committee of one, to make a report on municipal lamps for the benefit of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. I had no difficulty in securing the appointment, because I made it myself—a sure and inexpensive method which I heartily commend to all who are anxious for office. In my case the appointment was unanimous, and appears to be quite satisfactory both to the appointer and the appointee.

As the work of the said committee is finished, and covers a part of the ground mapped out for the *Arena* article, I take the liberty of introducing a copy of its

REPORT.

To the Honorable Citizens of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

Ladies and Gentlemen: On the 15th day of April, 1895, a quorum being in sight, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the portion of your honorable bodies then present and acting.

Whereas, Certain rumors have, from time to time, asserted that you are paying too much for electric light, and that a municipal plant would do the work at half the present cost,—therefore be it

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to ascertain the prices paid by other cities in the United States, the cost of producing electric light, and the advisability of establishing municipal works.

The said committee now has the honor to state the results of its investigations. It has availed itself of the census returns, reports of corporations, commissions, and bureaus of light, researches of scientists, engineering text-books, electric and engineering periodicals, the work of former committees in various parts of the Union, and the opinions of expert electricians.* The data so obtained have been tested, and new data secured, by visitation, correspondence, and consultation with practical electrical engineers in charge of electric-light stations. Over two hundred letters of inquiry have been sent out by this committee, and the accumulated literature of the subject—text-books, reports, periodicals, and manuscripts—is piled in imposing columns on three tables at the committee's several elbows. With these few remarks, by way of showing that it has endeavored to make a careful and thorough examination of the subject entrusted to it, this committee begs leave to submit its report, which it hopes may prove useful not only to the cities on whose behalf it was specially made, but to every city and town desirous of reliable and inexpensive information and advice. Those who do not wish to study the science of the subject in detail may in a few moments obtain a knowledge of the main conclusions reached by the committee by simply reading the large print.

The first thing that is apt to strike a person who glances over the facts relating to electric light, is

§ 1. *The Chaos of Prices.*—The prices of wheat, corn, cotton, and other commodities open to competition are nearly uniform all over the Union, but it does not seem to be so with electric light. Here are some of the contrasts.

TABLE I. — 1890.

Yearly price of standard arc, i. e., a 2,000 candle power lamp, burning all night and every night, or 3,950 to 4,000 hours a year.

Albany \$182½

Brooklyn \$182½

AUBURN, \$87

New York \$127½

Buffalo \$146

* In the notes at the close of this paper will be found a list of the authorities most easily accessible to the public, together with a discussion of the motive behind them, and their character as to accuracy of statement and correctness of method.

These plants are all in New York state, all run by steam, and all 450 watt lamps, or 2,000 candle power, except Brooklyn, where the lamps are only 325 watts, or 1,200 candle power. The statistics are taken from the Census of Electric Industries, of New York (Allen R. Foote).

Auburn was a place of about 26,000 inhabitants and Albany 95,000. The Auburn plant ran 50 street arcs, and paid \$2.58 for coal. The Albany plant ran 519 street arcs, and paid \$3.40 for coal. As we shall see in a few moments, the difference of 80 cents in the cost of coal means a difference of \$4 a year in the cost of operating one standard arc. On account of the higher price of real estate, the Albany company had to invest about \$30 a lamp more than the Auburn company, which means a difference of about \$2 in the fixed charges per lamp. In respect to the other elements of production the Albany company had the advantage — in greater size of plant, denser distribution, more continuous loading, and even the cost of superintendence, for though the salary of the superintendent was larger, yet the number of lamps was greater in a still higher ratio, so that the cost per lamp for superintendent's salary was less than in Auburn. The entire difference of cost per lamp per year was not over \$6 more, even if we neglect entirely the elements favorable to Albany. The Auburn company was making a good profit at \$87 per standard arc. Albany should not have paid over \$93 on the Auburn basis, but in fact it paid double that sum for the very same service.

Brooklyn's condition was still worse. It did not get standard arcs of 2,000 candle power, but arcs of only 1,200 candle power, the cost of which is 1-7 less, or \$12 from the Auburn base. The higher cost of real estate in Brooklyn would not add more than \$3 to the fixed charges per lamp. Coal was only 42 cents more than in Auburn, for the same quality; and the size of plant distribution, loading, and labor per lamp were all in favor of Brooklyn, so that the city should have paid at least \$7 less per light than Auburn, instead of \$95 more than Auburn.

Here are the data (Table II). The student may draw similar parallels in respect to New York, Buffalo, and Syracuse, which paid at least \$35 to \$60 per lamp more than the fair price on the Auburn basis. The census gives the price of coal at 50 cents more in Brooklyn than New York, but I am informed, on good authority, that the same quality of coal may be had in large quantities at the same figure in the two cities.

TABLE II.
All-Night Street Arcs.

	Price per Arc.	No. of Lamps.	Candle Power.	Coal.	Population
Auburn	\$ 87	50	2,000	\$2.58	25,858
New York	127½	488	2,000	3.00	1,515,301
Syracuse	144	309	2,000	2.00	88,143
Buffalo	146	1,150	2,000	2.00	255,664
Albany	182½	519	2,000	3.40	94,923
Brooklyn	182½	309	1,200	3.00	806,343

Midnight Lamps.

	Price.	No. of Lamps.	Candle Power.	Water Power.	Population
Fulton	\$54	74	2,000		4,214

Fulton has a 2,000-candle-power lamp burning 2,007 hours for \$54 a year. Water power is one-sixth cheaper than steam, — so we add one-fifth to \$54, and get \$65 as the cost of the same service by a steam-plant, with coal at \$2.75 to \$3 a ton. For all-night service we have to add from one-fifth to one-sixth to the cost of midnight service, which gives \$79 at the outside for a standard arc with steam plant in a place the size of Fulton. Allowing for realty, and neglecting factors that favor the larger cities, we have \$84 a year as the outside yearly price for a standard arc in New York, Albany, Buffalo, etc., on the basis of the Fulton rates. The Brooklyn 1,200 candle-power lamps should cost about one-seventh less, or \$71 a year, instead of \$182½.

Here we have private companies charging more than double what the charges and accounts of other private companies show they should. Take another group of contrasts.

TABLE III.

CITY.	Yearly Price per Lamp.	No. of Lamps.	Candle Power.	Hours per Lamp per year.	Cost of Coal.	Population.
Brooklyn	\$182½	309	1,200	3,950	\$3.00	806,343
New Brighton	80	100	1,200	3,950	3.00	16,423
Elmira	105¾	36	1,200	3,950	2.27	30,893
Hudson	116¾	82	1,200	3,950	3.65	9,970
Yonkers	100	52	1,200	3,950	3.00	32,033
Gloversville	60	69	1,200	2,372	4.00	3,864
Mount Morris	49	32	1,200	2,007	2.40	3,761
Phoenix	45½	24	1,200	2,007	3.00	1,466

The first 6 are steam plants, the last 2 use water power and steam together. Compare Brooklyn with New Brighton and Yonkers, all within a few miles of one another. The service is the same in all three places — fuel the same also, and every advantage of size, loading, etc., with the Brooklyn Company, except the cost of real estate, which, at the utmost, would not add \$4 to the yearly cost of production per lamp, probably not more than half that amount; yet Brooklyn's bill is \$82 per lamp more than Yonkers, and \$100 more than New Brighton. The Gloversville charge is \$60 for a lamp burning 2,372 hours. On that basis, the correct charge for a 1,200-candle-power arc burning all night and every night would be under \$71 a year. Correcting to the utmost for Brooklyn's real estate, and subtracting for the diminished cost of coal in Brooklyn, but neglecting the increased output and all other factors tending to lower the cost in Brooklyn, we have \$70 a year for the utmost Brooklyn price on the Gloversville basis — \$70 against the present \$182½. Adding ⅓, we have \$82 for the utmost standard arc rate on the Gloversville basis. On the Phoenix and Mount Morris basis, allowing for the use of water power, the lower hours, cheap real estate, etc., the Brooklyn price should be from \$70 to \$75.

Summing up we find

TABLE IV.

The Outside Prices per Arc per Year — All Night Service.

	Brooklyn, 1,200 c. p.	New York, 2,000 c. p.	Albany, 2,000 c. p.
On the Auburn base	\$80	\$94	\$93
" " New Brighton base	84	99	8
" " Mount Morris base	75	88	87
" " Fulton base	71	84	83
" " Gloversville base	70	83	82
" " Phoenix base	70	83	82
Average	\$75	\$88	\$87

Thus far we have neglected the factors that lower the cost of production in the larger cities, and corrected only for the cost of power, real estate, and short hours, so that the above prices are the very utmost correlatives of the specified bases. In actual fact, the greater density of population in a large city, which lifts the cost of real estate, lifts also, in a still higher degree, the productive power of the plant per unit of labor and fuel. The density of service grows with the density of population, and more than balances the rise in the value of real estate and the increased wages of skilled labor. The greater the number of lamps in a given area, and the more continuous the

service, the greater the economy of production. The "loading," as it is called, is one of the most important factors in the cost of light. When the engines and dynamos are doing full work, they are said to be carrying a "full load"; when they are doing little work, the load is said to be "light." The time of heaviest load during each 24 hours is called the "peak." Now if a plant has a day load as well as a night load, it can obtain much better results than a plant having only a night load, often 2 or 3 times as much light from a pound of coal.* This is the case in the big cities, where many stores, hotels, and factories burn lights all day in the basement and on the business floors, and not a few run lights throughout the night. Little country plants, and all plants that light only the streets, are at a very great disadvantage in respect to loading. Fuel, labor, and time are lost in the idle hours, and on the "slopes" up to and away from the "peak."

When we come to tabulate the facts respecting cost of production, we shall find that the increased density of business in time and space in our large cities a good deal more than offsets the entire cost of real estate, and all other elements of disadvantage, amounting often to a saving of \$10 or \$15 per arc per year as compared with a plant in a place of moderate size like the bases above named. Taking this matter into account, and comparing the total amount of business done by the metropolitan companies, and the companies in Auburn, Gloversville, etc., we have the results set forth in Table V. As the average of the Auburn and Gloversville equivalents in Table IV. was the same as the average of all the bases, we may confine our attention to them, and their average in Table V. is the new average for all the bases of Table IV. — the average that would be found by applying the consideration of density to all the comparisons formerly made.

TABLE V.

Fair Prices per Arc per Year — All-Night Service.

	Brooklyn, 1,200 c. p.	New York 2,000 c. p.	Albany, 2,000 c. p.
On the Auburn base	\$70	\$80	\$82
On the Gloversville base	60	69	71
Fair prices on the average of all the New York bases	65	75	77
Actual prices paid	182½	127½	182½

So, in comparison after comparison, we find that cities enjoying the luxury of a big city government, fully embossed and ornamented with one or more rings, have to pay more than twice the fair price for lighting their streets, while some of the smaller places, whose governments have not yet been elevated so far above the people and their interests, succeed in getting their light at reasonable rates. Let us turn to Massachusetts.

* See the tabulated facts, Buckley's "Electric Lighting Plants," p. 216 et seq. Density of business in time and space not only saves fuel, but labor, repairs, and investment. The investment per lamp in use is not infrequently brought below the investment per lamp capacity of the dynamos — the same machinery running one set of lamps in the day time and another set at night. The increase in size and density of the business are the most important elements in reducing the cost of production.

TABLE VI.

Standard Arcs, Massachusetts, 1890, Commissioners' Report — Yearly price per Arc.

Boston . . .	\$237 $\frac{1}{4}$	Charlestown . . .	\$237 $\frac{1}{4}$
Brookline . .	182 $\frac{1}{2}$	Lowell	182 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cambridge . .	180	Fall River	180

SALEM, \$164

Worcester . .	200	Springfield	218
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Beverly, \$182 $\frac{1}{2}$

Several groups of interesting contrasts are suggested by this table. Let us dwell a moment on one or two of them. Cambridge and Boston lie side by side. Coal costs a little less in Boston than in Cambridge; labor, practically the same in the two cities. The Boston Electric Light Company lighted 935 standard street arcs in 1890, and the Cambridge Company 105; the total business, street and commercial, done by the Boston Company was eightfold that of the Cambridge Co.; and the distribution also appears to be decidedly favorable to Boston production, as the street miles in that city were 408 against 80 in Cambridge; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ street arcs to a Boston mile, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to a Cambridge mile, or, taking the total business, 6 arc equivalents* in a Boston mile against 4 in the Cambridge mile. The difference is really greater than this, for other companies possessed part of the territory covered by the 408 Boston miles, while the Cambridge Company was alone. The investment per unit of business was $\frac{1}{2}$ more in the case of the Cambridge Company than in the Boston plant. Still another advantage was possessed by the Boston Company in the "loading"; the large number of lamps used all day in the Boston stores gave the Boston Company a good day load as well as night load, and made the light and revenue, per pound of coal and unit of labor, much greater than was possible in the Cambridge plant, with the same efficiency of management. Yet, in spite of all these advantages, in cost of fuel, distribution, size of plant, and loading, which should have made light considerably cheaper in Boston than in Cambridge, the Boston Company received \$57 more per standard arc than was paid to the Cambridge Company for the same service, according to the commissioners' reports.

The contrast with Brookline is quite as marked. The advantages of loading, cost of fuel, etc., are with the Boston Company as before, and its total business was tenfold that of the Brookline Company. Boston should have had her street arcs for less than Brookline, but even on the Brookline basis Boston paid over \$50,000 too much for her street lights.

* According to the Massachusetts Commissioners' Report of 1890, the Boston Company had 935 street arcs, and 1,210 commercial arcs, all 2,000 candle-power, or 2,145 total—about 1,020 kilowatts. It had also 3,070 incandescents,=about 200 kilowatts, or 1,220 kilowatts total. The Cambridge Company had 137 arcs of 2,000 candle-power, 1,400 incandescents of 16 candle-power, equal altogether to 155 kilowatts. Boston's 1,220 kilowatts were equivalent to 2,540 arcs of 2,000 candle-power, and Cambridge's 155 kilowatts were equivalent to 325 arcs.

The contrast with Salem is more glaring still, for Salem works at a greater disadvantage than Cambridge or Brookline except in respect to the investment. Real estate per unit of business is reported \$35 more in the Boston plant than in Salem (the total investment shows a larger difference, but the rest is Boston water, as I shall show hereafter). This \$35 should make a difference of not more than \$2 in the fixed charges per standard arc unit. The wages of superintendence are higher in Boston, but even this item is less per lamp in Boston than in Salem, because the Boston business is so much larger. The Boston Company would have to pay eight times the superintendent's salary paid by Salem in order to make the cost of superintendence as much per lamp as in Salem. In the loading and the cost of fuel Salem labored at a great disadvantage, and the price per arc should have been much less in Boston than in Salem, instead of \$73 more. The profits of the companies are not reported for the year we are considering; but 3 years later, with still lower prices for light, the Salem company reports 35 per cent of its receipts as profit, and the Cambridge company 38 per cent, so the Boston excess was not needful for reasonable profit.

The price in Springfield should have been somewhat lower than in Brookline or Cambridge, Worcester a little higher, etc. Instead of following further the contrasts included in Table VI., let us glance at the contrasts between it and the preceding tables. The difference in the cost of power-house coal between Auburn and Boston is \$1, which means \$5 a year more in the Boston operating expenses per lamp.* The higher cost of realty would add about \$3 more to the cost of production per lamp. Wages were higher in Boston absolutely, but the labor cost per lamp was less. The Boston company had tenfold to fifteenfold the business of the Auburn and Gloversville companies, with double the density in time and treble the density in space—advantages which according to Buckley's data and those tabulated by this committee later in its report, should not only overcome the difference of wages but lower the cost in fuel, repairs, and fixed charges, \$8 or \$9 a lamp. On the whole it appears reasonable to estimate the Boston equivalent on the Auburn base at about \$86, on the Gloversville base at \$76, and on the average of all the New York bases, about \$81, indicating a difference of \$6 between New York City and Boston, which a direct comparison of the two substantially confirms—coal being 60 cents more in Boston and the density of business somewhat less.

It appears, then, on a study of the census and the Massachusetts Commissioners' Reports, that, allowing for all differences in the conditions of production, Boston has been paying a great deal too much for electric light in comparison with other cities in Massachusetts, and that Boston and all the rest of the Bay State have been paying a tremendous advance on the prices proved to be fairly profitable in the state of New York—the excess in some cases amounting to \$150 a lamp, or $\frac{2}{3}$ of the total charge. So far as this committee is aware, in respect to her light at least, Boston was the worst treated city east of the Rocky Mountains, except

* With plants like those of the Boston Electric Light Company developing 10 pounds of steam to a pound of coal, \$1 per ton of coal means a difference of 20 cents per hour in the cost of 100 pounds of steam (Buckley's engineering tables, p. 13). In a plant where the development was only 8 pounds of steam to one of coal the difference would be 22 cents an hour. In a plant of good size and quality 100 horse of steam will supply the power for 150 full arcs; 20 cents an hour would therefore add $1\frac{1}{2}$ mills per lamp hour, or \$5 a year for all-night service (3,950 hours). Electric plants are usually built with nearly 1 horse power of capacity per full arc, but the capacity does not have to be more than $\frac{2}{3}$ used in such cases. The statistics of electric construction show that 1 horse power for $1\frac{1}{2}$ arcs is sufficient (see Buckley, pp. 87, 257). The plants of Lowell and Worcester are examples of such construction. The actual mechanical equivalent of 1 horse power in the current at its destination is about 2 full arcs, or 900 to 1,000 watts, but there is some loss between the boiler and the lamp in running the engine, overcoming the resistance of the circuit, leakage, etc., so that a horse-power of steam in the boiler does not produce 2 full arc equivalents of energy in the wire, but only $1\frac{1}{2}$ equivalents (in a good plant with 100 horse or more in use), rising toward 2 arc equivalents with the increasing size and perfection of the station.

perhaps Rutland, Vt., which is said (by the *Aegis*, March 3, 1893, p. 169) to have paid \$280 an arc a few years ago, while Boston was paying \$237 and Auburn \$87. Worcester and Springfield were only a little better off than Boston. Indeed the dear old keen-witted Yankee state appears to have lost its senses in the census year. We shall see pretty soon that it has begun to recuperate in spots; but first let us take a wider view of affairs in 1890.

TABLE VII.

Prices paid to Private Companies per Standard Arc per Year.

New York, \$84 to \$182	San Francisco, \$440	Washington . . . \$219
ST. LOUIS, \$75		
Philadelphia . . . 177		Brooklyn 182
	Boston, \$237	
Cambridge 180		Brookline 182
	Springfield, \$218	
Lowell 182		Fall River 180
	Worcester, \$200	

These rates are taken from the eleventh census and the Massachusetts Commissioners' Report of January, 1890. Except in Brooklyn the lamp was an arc of 2,000 candle-power burning all night and every night, or 3,950 to 4,000 hours per year. Brooklyn had all-night arcs of 1,200 candle-power. New York had 28 lamps at \$84 a year, 18 at \$88, 173 at \$92, 169 at \$105, 839 at \$127, 96 at \$164, and 19 at \$182 — all standard arcs.

Here we have St. Louis getting a standard arc for \$75 a year, while Philadelphia was paying \$177, Brooklyn at the rate of \$212 (\$182 for a sub-arc), Boston \$237, and San Francisco \$440—the same service in every case, but what a contrast in the price! Upon what meat doth this Saint Louis feed that he is able to conquer the corporations in such superior style? Or is there some terrible blight on the productivity of Brooklyn and Boston that makes it three times as difficult to harness an engine to a dynamo in Massachusetts or New York as in Missouri?

The committee has carefully examined the facts and cannot discover any such blight. When manufactures come to competitive markets Massachusetts asks no odds of

Missouri or any of her sister states. The committee has not been able to find any reason whatever for the enormous prices in Brooklyn and Boston except that the people who paid the taxes there didn't have much influence in determining what should be paid for the street lights—not so much influence, quite, as the men who were making the light and expected to pocket the pay for it.

"But," some one may say, "the company in St. Louis must surely be losing money." No. Mr. Buckley in his work on "Electric Lighting Plants," pp. 244-45, has tabulated the expenses, fixed charges, and earnings of the St. Louis company, and shows that its earnings were, from the start, considerably in excess of the combined amount of operating expenses and fixed charges (which latter were unusually heavy, as the company built with a large margin for future business), and the second year it paid ten per cent dividend on a million and a half.

"But," says some one again, "a company may light the streets below cost and make it up on commercial lamps." True, it is possible for a company to do this, though probably rare; but it certainly was not the case in St. Louis, for the company was started expressly to light the streets on a \$75 contract, and for a considerable time the street lighting constituted nearly the whole of its business. There was good management, and electricity at a reasonable margin above cost, without water.

"But Boston has to pay more for coal than St. Louis, and there is a difference otherwise in the conditions of production." Yes, but the total difference is only about \$5 to \$6 a year on a lamp for operating expenses, fixed charges, and all, and that will not justify a difference of \$162 a lamp in the charge. In the small print that follows will be found an examination of the conditions of production in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, etc., as compared with St. Louis, together with an effort to determine the eastern equivalents of the St. Louis rate, after which Table VII. is rewritten with the rates as they would be if governed by the St. Louis base; and finally the actual situation at the present time is set forth in Table IX.

We will first compare Philadelphia with St. Louis—Philadelphia with a million people, St. Louis with half a million, and each with about 1,000 miles of street, and nearly the same number of arcs. Bulletin 100 gives St. Louis 3,231 seventy-five-dollar standard arcs at the beginning of 1890, but this is an error—or a prediction of the future, perhaps—for St. Louis had only 2,000 arcs in operation under her contract in May, 1890 (see Buckley, p. 240). Philadelphia has now about 5,000 arcs and St. Louis nearly the same. The business of commercial lighting is a little denser in Philadelphia, and real estate is quoted a little higher. Electrical employees receive substantially identical wages. Superintendents' salaries may differ a little—the St. Louis company

refused to inform this committee on that point — but as it would take a difference of \$15,000 a year to make a difference of \$1 in the cost of production per full arc unit of business, and as the difference, if any, is much less than \$15,000, it may be disregarded without seriously affecting the result. Coal costs the St. Louis company \$2.12½ a ton delivered, and the Philadelphia power-houses pay \$2.75 at the works for a hard coal which is said to be of better quality than the muddy bituminous article used in St. Louis. The difference in the cost of coal represents \$3 difference in the yearly cost per standard arc as we have seen. It is probable that the density of business in Philadelphia more than balances this. In comparing two large cities, the difference due to density of business is not so marked as in a comparison of a large city with a small one, for the reason that in all the large cities the business is sufficient to allow good loading, and the adoption of very favorable units in engines, boilers, and machinery. There is no such contrast as between the continuous load and big units of a great city plant, and the broken load and little units of a small plant. There is always, however, a decided advantage with the larger output and the denser business, especially the latter, when both the plants are of good size. On the whole it is reasonable to suppose that light can be produced as cheaply in Philadelphia as in St. Louis. Even leaving the density item out of account, the Philadelphia price would be only \$3 more than the St. Louis price, or \$78 per arc, instead of \$177 in 1890 and \$160 now.

Philadelphia paid and is paying twice as much as St. Louis for the same service, under substantially equivalent conditions; which is precisely as just as if the people of Philadelphia had to pay two cents each for postal cards that St. Louis could buy for a cent, or four cents for a two-cent stamp which is sold at par in St. Louis.

In Brooklyn the conditions of producing light are substantially identical with those of Philadelphia (though the citizens of the Quaker Belt sometimes have difficulty in believing this when they study the results); \$75 per standard arc, or \$64 per sub-arc, would be the fair Brooklyn correlative to the St. Louis rate.

In New York also the difference is trifling except in respect to the consequences of increased density of population. New York claimed 1,515,000 people and 575 miles of street against St. Louis' 451,770 people and 1,000 miles of street; indicating a density in New York 6 times that of St. Louis and 3 times that of Philadelphia. With equally efficient management this difference in density will certainly balance the \$7 per lamp due to the extra cost of fuel and real estate in New York as compared with St. Louis. The New York equivalent cannot be more than \$84, and there is every reason to suppose it is not more than \$75.* The figures relating to New York at the foot of Table VII. were given me by Mr. McCormick, superintendent of lamps in New York. A reference to them discloses the fact that New York did secure some lamps at pretty fair rates, but the big company that furnished most of the lights charged in proportion to its size and importance.

Coming to Boston, we have already seen that the cost is probably about \$6 more per lamp than in New York or Brooklyn. Comparing Boston directly with Philadelphia and St. Louis, we find at the Hub, 1,850 arcs, 448,477 people and 408 miles of street. For the same bulk of business the density is about the same as in Philadelphia, and twice what it is in St. Louis, but the bulk of the Boston company's business is not more than 7-10 that of the St. Louis company. The advantage is \$2 or \$3 an arc with the Boston company, as compared with St. Louis, but the cost of fuel more than overcomes it. A coal equivalent in steaming power to that which costs \$2.75 a ton in Philadelphia can be had for \$3.60 a ton in Boston. A good grade of Cumberland can be

* It will be noticed that the equivalents just found for New York and Brooklyn on the St. Louis base agree quite closely with the averages in Table V. on the New York bases. They are lower than the equivalents found on the Auburn base and higher than the Gloversville rates, indicating that the Auburn base is higher than the St. Louis base. A comparison of the two directly, with due allowance for the differences in coal (—\$2.50) and real estate (+\$2) and density (—\$5) per lamp, proves that the St. Louis rate is about \$6.50 below the Auburn equivalent, which agrees substantially with the difference in results of the calculations built upon the two bases.

bought on yearly contract for \$3.45 a ton delivered, and the city pays \$3.10 on the boat in the Harbor, but I am informed on high authority — much higher than that of the engineer quoted in a preceding article — that the average cost of the coal used by the power stations in Boston is \$3.60 a ton delivered at the works. The fuel item is therefore \$4.50 more per lamp in Boston than in Philadelphia, and \$7 more than in St. Louis; giving on the whole about \$79.50 to \$81 as the Boston equivalent of the St. Louis rate. Wherefore

Boston was paying nearly three times as much for electric lights as she would have paid with a contract as fair to her under her conditions of production as the St. Louis contract was under St. Louis conditions.

San Francisco labored under such disadvantages in respect to the cost of fuel, labor, materials, and the rate of interest, that, as nearly as the committee can ascertain, about \$25 must be added to the St. Louis base, making the equivalent about \$100, which, large as it is, is yet in striking contrast with the actual charges of \$440 per lamp. Data given me last week by R. H. Walker, chief of the Electrical Bureau of Philadelphia, who has just returned from San Francisco, show that the *present* difference in the cost of production between St. Louis and San Francisco is only about \$15 per standard arc.

Correcting the rest of the rates in Table VII. we have the following result.

TABLE VIII.

Standard Arc Rates Corrected to the St. Louis Base.

San Francisco, \$100		
New York . . .	\$75	Washington . . . \$85
Philadelphia . . .	75	Brooklyn 64
Cambridge	88	Brookline 90
Lowell	90	Fall River 89
	Springfield, \$87	
	Worcester, \$92	

The committee does not pretend that its estimates of equivalence are precise to a cent or even a dollar. The differences due to variations of density, etc., cannot be determined with such a degree of definiteness except by inducing the electric companies in the various cities to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about all the details of their business, revealing every item of expense throughout the year. This the committee has found itself unable to do. It would suggest to your honorable bodies the advisability of conferring upon it the requisite power to secure such disclosure in the future; it might enable us to determine even the effects that are due to differences in the density of business at the city hall. Even without such aid, however, sufficient data are obtainable to make the estimates quite reliable, and the committee believes they are within a few dollars of the truth, and it is willing to prove its confidence in them by taking a contract for lighting any of the cities named at the specified rate. It seems proper to state that the committee was at one time in its history a civil engineer, and does not feel like an alien in the land of figures, but regards them as familiar friends in whom it reposes much confidence. It may also be stated that during the whole of the present investigation, the committee has had the benefit of frequent consultation with a thoroughly competent specialist, an experienced electrician who is the acting superintendent of an electric light station.

It is interesting to note that with the prices of Table VIII. (which under good management would have given ten per cent dividends on the needed investment) the taxpayers of Philadelphia would have saved \$100,000 in the census year, Boston \$125,000, Brooklyn \$177,000, etc., and that the sum total saved to the people in all the cities named would have

been more than half a million dollars. Now let us look at these cities in 1894.

TABLE IX.

Yearly Price per Arc for All-Night Service, 1894. Arcs reported 2,000 c. p. unless otherwise marked.

San Francisco, \$148.

New York . . \$146 to \$182

Washington . . . \$182

ST. LOUIS, \$75.

Philadelphia . . . 160

Brooklyn, 1,200 c. p. 182

Boston, \$139

Cambridge, 1,200 c. p. 115

Brookline . . . 146

SPRINGFIELD, 1,200 c. p. \$75.

Lowell 131

Fall River . . . 160

Worcester, \$127.

Philadelphia pays 39 cents a night where the electric company uses the city conduits for its wires, but it pays 45 to 55 cents a night to companies not using the city lines; the Suburban and Germantown companies each receive 55 cents a night, or \$200 a year, for an arc — quite a contrast with the St. Louis rate. Philadelphia has now 5,300 arcs to pay for, for which she has set aside \$850,000 this year. Boston has about 1,850 arcs — 1,590 from the Boston Electric Light Company which receives \$137 per arc, and the rest from the Charlestown and Brookline companies which receive \$146 per arc. Cambridge has now 461 arcs of 1,200 candle-power in place of the 105 standard arcs reported in 1890. She pays \$115, which is equivalent to \$134 per full arc, or about the Boston rate. The mayor told a person who interviewed him on behalf of this committee that \$75 or \$80 would in his judgment be about the fair thing for the 1,200 candle-power lamps, which leads this committee to think the mayor's judgment very good. The details for New York were kindly furnished by Mr. McCormick, superintendent of lamps, who writes: "New York, April 19, 1895. — The number of arc electric lamps in 1894 was 1,599 at 40 cents a night or \$146 per year; 891 at 45 cents or \$164¼ per year; and 135 at 50 cents a night or \$182½ per year — 2,625 lamps lighted all night and every night. These lamps are commonly called 2,000 candle-power, but actually they are but 1,000 candle-power."

Table IX. looks better than Table VII., except in the case of New York. Philadelphia has gained \$17 a lamp, which is practically nothing in comparison with the distance the rate ought to drop to find a just level. Boston has gained about \$100 a lamp, which is certainly a great step toward justice, and serves to emphasize, by force of admission, the terrific degree of the former injustice. Springfield alone has shown anything like an adequate grasp of the situation. Her rate of \$75 per sub-arc is equal to \$88 per standard arc,

which is substantially identical with the St. Louis equivalent for Springfield.

In spite, however, of the relatively favorable appearance of Table IX., these cities as a whole paid more extortion-money for light in 1894 than they did in 1890. The overcharge per lamp is less, but the number of lamps is so much greater that the total excess is larger than before. Boston taxpayers were overcharged \$100,000 in 1894 as compared with the St. Louis equivalent; New York paid \$330,000 too much; the excess in Philadelphia is \$425,000 a year—more than \$1,000 a day; and the sum of the overcharges in all the cities named is a good deal more than a million dollars—over twice the total of excess for the same cities in 1890.

The examples given in this article by no means exhaust the subject of the chaos of prices. Other illustrations occur later in the report. The body of facts already adduced is sufficient, however, to make it clear that the price of electric light is independent of industrial conditions, and bears no definite relation to the cost of production, being for the most part highest in the largest cities, where the cost of production per lamp is the lowest. The price of electric light is governed by a higher law than any known to economics; it appears to depend chiefly on *political* conditions—the *ratio of intelligent public spirit to the power of monopoly* in the control of the city's affairs.

It would be a fine thing for all our cities if their governments could obtain and manifest as much common sense and public spirit as St. Louis and Springfield have shown on this question of electric light. Yet we shall see hereafter that they could do still better by making their light for themselves, and that even St. Louis herself with a well managed municipal plant could save three hundred th—. I'm almost afraid to tell you how much till the proof has been put before you.

(To be continued.)

SHALL OUR YOUNG MEN STUDY IN PARIS?

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN GIRL AFTER TWO YEARS OF
PARISIAN ART STUDY.

In the minds of our young men students of painting, sculpture, and architecture, peculiarly susceptible as their temperaments are to dreams and fancies, Paris appears as a Mecca towards which some bark will sooner or later be pretty sure to bear them. Arrived in Paris their Mecca is soon converted into the no less fascinating Bohemia, that strange country which lies here, there, and everywhere. If one should ask you, "What is Paris?" you would beyond doubt be well agreed that it is a beautiful city, full of a pleasure-loving people, who live and die like any other, leaving behind them the good or bad fruits of their labors, conspicuous among which are the museums, churches, and what-not of world-wide fame and of world-wide interest. But beyond this you would differ greatly, so that I should be forced to conclude that there are as many cities of Paris as there are people who live in it. The same of Bohemia. To one it is a state of brotherly feeling — good! Of unconventionality — good! Of naturalness — shall I say good? Of unrestraint — stop a bit.

Your boy is in Paris; he is at an impressionable age, of an impressionable nature; what is he doing there? I will say nothing of the wretched ventilation of the studio in which he may work; that is a subject of hygiene. I will not dwell upon the widespread moral filth of which he must needs be aware; that in itself is subject for a voluminous treatise. I will speak only of the immediate and subtle influences which envelop him.

He shows a quality in his work, no doubt, that interests some of his fellow-students; they begin to be friendly and offer him advice. His work is sincere, they tell him, but it is not free enough; it is too self-restrained. Of course he wishes to be free. His drawing has no lusciousness. What a pity! it would give it such a charm. He must lead a natural life, near to nature; and this, in his innocence, he greatly desires to do.

How odd that two people can put such different meanings into the same words! He must have charity. Oh! certainly. He will not be prudish.

How well I know this stage. With what anxiety I have watched more than one young man growing into this state of mind. It has been my fortune to walk hand in hand in a beautiful friendship with one of these. Shall I ever forget the day that the crisis came? The occasion was the students' ball. My friend had heard no end of talk of the coming event; the studio was agog with it. "Oh! you must go," they told him. "You will see such magnificent combinations of color, and for once you will step entirely out of the bonds of conventional life." This sounded very attractive. Echoes of other sides of the story reached his ears, but then they were the biased opinions of people who knew nothing about it; he wished to see with his own eyes. He is most unselfish, our comrade, and would have had my chum and me enjoy the beauties with him. "There is no danger in taking girls with you," the men had told him, "provided you keep always together." We did not like the sound of this assurance, and upon further inquiry decided to remain at home.

Now it so came about that Wagner's Walküre was given at the opera that same night. We were soon to leave for the country and this would be likely to prove our only opportunity of hearing a performance we had long anticipated, so our friend said he could go first with us, then dress and go to the ball after midnight—it would be just the best time. With many misgivings we bade him good-night after the wonderful opera had thrilled and inspired us. What would the morning bring?

It was late when he joined us the following day. We asked no questions; how could we? His face told us as plainly as words that he had lived years in those few hours. I can feel it yet, the reverent touch of his hand on my shoulder, as he said: "I would not have had you go for all the world. I know now what it leads to. I will have charity, God helping me, but it shall be another kind from the charity of yesterday." How could we help being glad that he had gone? Yet it might have been so different!

Your boy will hear it, he will have it rung in his ears day after day, "No matter what you are, your work is the important thing,"—as if you could separate them! I heard one of our young American artists say, not long ago, and it will haunt me forever: "That picture is a work of art. You say its motive is bad, its tendency bad? Bosh! you must not inquire into a man's motive; a creation is fine or not entirely irrespective of its moral influence." We were at a gathering, and a very tal-

ented young fellow who was to spend his first year in Paris was with us. I shuddered to think of his hearing such words from a man to whom he looked up as his superior. It makes my heart ache to tell you that there is a sequel to this anecdote, which if it were a less common consequence I should be more reticent about making public. Several months of Parisian life, led unfortunately in close contact with a man who holds these same views to which my young friend had been introduced, have made so great a change in a face never indicative of great moral strength, that it saddens me beyond measure to meet him. I see him now more and more seldom, and understand that he shuns all those whom he has known. What will be the result unless he will allow himself to come under some other influence I tremble to conjecture.

And yet we must be brave and face this matter squarely. We must investigate the pressure which starts so many of our young men on the path that leads them to destruction. Does it not stun you, when I tell you that not only do young men see, hear, and breathe this moral decay, but that some of the Paris doctors themselves are leagued with men and with devils to drag them down, and that the all-absorbing question for weak and strong alike is how to keep themselves pure in an atmosphere reeking with immorality.

Mothers and fathers, think more than twice before you let your boy enter this Bohemian life, without a sure anchorage in some high-principled man or woman whom he respects and loves and in whom he can confide. Do not allow yourselves to be persuaded that he is strong enough to tread this path alone. Faith is beautiful, but discretion is none the less praiseworthy. You have not the faintest idea of the influences that may be brought to bear upon him. I must and do speak guardedly. I am not a spy. I am enjoying the privileges of a foreign country; in justice to that country I must see what good I can in its institutions, although I do not feel called upon to withhold or hide what I know to be corrupt. What has come to me without any undue investigation I feel bound, for the welfare of my countrymen, to divulge. I make no insinuations; I say openly that I know the majority of the leading studios for men in Paris to be hotbeds of immorality. That this Old World has much to battle against in overthrowing the effects of climate, of inheritance, and of established custom we must not forget; but do we dare imperil our future by too close an intimacy with this frightful quality of Parisian life?

Young men, do not be in too much haste to leave the comparatively pure atmosphere of our American schools. What more do you really need for your growth than a model, a wholesome

work-room, industry, and observation? There is no royal road to knowledge; you must make yourselves. What more do you want for your growth? One thing which cannot be got at home—the wonderful and beautiful historic art and architecture of the Old World. But do not be in a hurry for it; it will not crumble away before you are fully a man, with a man's strength and a man's development. Come and study in the galleries and churches of Europe when the time is ripe for it, but keep in yourselves the purity which I pray it may be America's province to further for the world. What nobler work could a country do for art than to help give the lie to the monstrous idea that art and licentiousness must walk hand in hand, and that self-indulgence is one of the necessities of life?

“To thine own self be true,
And it shall follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

TWO BEASTS.

BY GRACE SHAW DUFF.

And an angel took my hand and said, "Come, I have unseen things to show you."

Then he led me out of the broad way into a narrow path; the men and women, my companions, went on, and I was alone with the angel; but I was not afraid, for a light shone from his eyes that lighted the narrow path.

And I saw small things gleam with light, and I heard small creatures sing in unknown harmonies; and small flowers bloomed, and breathed unknown fragrance, and I said to the angel,

"It is easier to walk in the narrow path than in the broad way."

"Yes," he answered, "with the light."

And his eyes shone on; and in the vista of the path were the small gleaming things, and I heard the music, and I breathed the perfume.

When we came to the end of the path, I looked out and saw a great place, and before the place a man in the dress of a knight. And I said to the guide,

"What is the place, and who is the man?"

And the angel said, "Watch!" And still the light shone from his eyes.

I turned to the place and the man, and then I saw that the place was the Within; and the place stretched so far away, that my eyes could not reach its confines. The intense light that came from its every part did not blind me, because I knew it was the same light that shone from the angel's eyes.

And I heard sounds that were more than sound, but my spirit understood; and yet I turned to the angel and said, "What is the man going to do?"

And the angel said, "Watch!"

Then I looked into the man's mind and read his Thoughts, and into his heart, and knew his Desire; and I saw that the Within held all his Desire, and that it was also the beginning and end of all his Thoughts. And the man

walked toward the Within, and his armor shone with the same sheen that is on the sea in the noontide; and I saw his spirit look out from his eyes, with the same light that gleamed in the small things and in the eyes of the angel, and with the same light that blazed in the Within. And I heard his spirit sing, and it was the same song the small creatures sang. And the Desire in his heart grew big, as the man looked into the Within and saw there all his Desire satisfied.

And he came nearer and nearer to the Within, and the great light from the Within and the light from the spirit that looked out of the man's eyes made one light, and for a moment I could see neither the man nor his Desire.

Then a strange thing came to pass; for where before the Within had been without confine, I saw a high wall stretch between the man and it, and there was a Without; and in the midst of the wall was a portal, and on the right of the portal a beast with open mouth.

And I said to the angel, "Who is the beast?"

And the angel said, "The name of the beast is '*I cannot.*'"

And I said to the angel, "What will the beast do?"

And the angel said, "Watch!" And the light still shone in the angel's eyes.

Then I looked into the man's heart, and I saw the Desire which was before big for birth grown small, and it lay like a thing still-born; and where the spirit had looked out of the man's eyes with a light like the angel's, there was darkness; and the shining armor of the man, that had shone like the sea in the noontide, was dimmed with the sulphurous breath of the beast.

And I saw the mortal sense Fear that was in the man leap out to meet the beast; and the beast and the mortal sense Fear became one and the same beast. And I saw the man totter and fall prone on the sand before the portal of the Within.

And I said to the angel, "Will the man never go in?"

And the angel said, "Watch!" while the light burned brighter in his eyes.

And the man moved and stood upright, and the wall was gone, with the portal and the beast; and there was no more Without, but the glory of the Within shone all about the place, and the spirit looked again out of the man's eyes, and his armor shone with the same sheen that is on the sea in the noontide.

And I looked into the man's mind, and saw Great Thoughts ready for birth; and the man came nearer and

nearer to the Within, and the spirit that looked from his eyes saw that the beginning and the end were the parents of the Thoughts. And the light from the Within and the light from the spirit that looked from the man's eyes was one light, and for one moment I could see neither the man nor his Thoughts.

And then again appeared the high wall making the Without, and the portal with another beast on the left.

And I said to the angel, "Who is this beast?"

And he answered, "The name of this beast is, 'I can.'"

And I said to the angel, "What will this beast do?"

And the angel said, "Watch." And I felt the light from the angel's eyes kindle my own soul.

And I looked into the man's mind. And the Great Thoughts which before had stood firm and pure like white lilies, now drooped like winding sheets upon their barren stalks; and where the spirit of the man had looked out from his eyes with the same glory that shone in the angel's eyes there was now darkness, with the light gone out; and the shining armor of the man that had shone with the sheen that is on the sea at noontide, grew dim with the sulphurous breath of the beast; and I saw the mortal sense Personality that was in the man leap out to meet the beast, and the mortal sense Personality and the beast became one and the same beast.

And the man came a little nearer to the Within, but he tottered and fell prone on the sand before the portal of the Within.

And I asked the angel, "Will the man ever go in?"

"Yes, when the Without becomes as the Within."

And I prayed the angel, "Let me go and tell the man."

"No," said the angel, "he must learn the way from the two beasts."

And then I saw that the light in the angel's eyes was Love.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE COMING REVOLUTION.*

Mr. Call's Survey of the Social and Economic Field — Plutocracy the Product of Special Privilege — The Fallacy of the Survival of the Fittest Theory when Applied to Social Conditions — The Wellsprings of Colossal Fortunes found in Privileges obtained through (1) Inheritance; (2) Monopoly in Land; (3) Monopoly in Money; (4) Monopoly in Transportation; (5) Monopoly in Commodities, or Corporate Control of Industry — The Plea of Privilege — The Fruit of Privilege — The Law of Freedom — A Critical Examination of the Main Factors in the Production of Plutocrat and Proletariat — The New Republic.

In "The Coming Revolution" Mr. Call has made a contribution to social and economic literature of the new time of positive value. It is a work which merits a very wide reading. It might be justly characterized a trumpet call to freemen; but it is more than this — it is a calm, fair, and masterly survey of social conditions as they exist; an investigation of the underlying causes of the widespread poverty and misery of to-day, and a bold but reasonable and statesmanlike presentation of measures, which, if radical, are as conservative as any remedies can be, which in the nature of the case are more than palliatives or temporary makeshifts.

The author is a brilliant lawyer; he has been trained to reason logically and to view questions on all sides, but his education has not blinded him to the fundamental demands of justice. He has a charming style, at once lucid and concise; he makes his meaning perfectly plain, while using few words — an art few writers possess; his style is simple, and he has so thoroughly mastered the subject in hand that he finds no difficulty in making his meaning perfectly plain.

So important is this work at the present crisis that it calls for an extended review. As may be inferred, the author does not agree with the conventional economists who owe their popularity and livelihood to their efficiency as sophists in the unsavory if lucrative role of the paid tools or attorneys for plutocracy, and who are ever anxious to silence the discontent of the industrial millions, who are being pressed slowly but remorselessly toward serfdom, through injustice and the essential anarchy of capitalism. He does not believe that it is the will of a Divine Providence that a million should

* "The Coming Revolution," by Henry L. Call. Pp. 240; price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

suffer that ten may revel in millions of dollars which have been *acquired* by the ten, but *earned* chiefly by the millions.

In his opening chapter on "The Signs of the Times," he says:

There are those who have come to charge the wretchedness and warfare now everywhere existing among men to their institutions, instead of to any wise or beneficent provision for their future; they deny either the necessity or benefit of the hardships the great mass of mankind now suffer, and demand that these hardships be at once remedied.

He points out the general discontent which exists and the various methods proposed for remedying the wrongs which are becoming too grievous to be borne:

The condition of the toiling masses may truly be described as a struggle for existence. Hard and constant toil is necessary for the meagre return which clothes body and affords shelter and food, but it is not the ceaseless grind of work which is chiefly responsible for the discontent which is present among the industrial millions throughout the industrial world. Work is not itself unwelcome, but it is the anxiety, poverty, and wretchedness which are everywhere the lot of labor, that cause men to look with sullen dread and revolt upon this struggle. However meagre their subsistence, this is ever precarious; theirs is a contest for very life in which many fail. Each recurring crisis shows how thin are the walls of chance which ever divide success, in this struggle, from failure. Then it is that the merchant and mechanic fail in business, the farmer loses his farm, and penniless and burdened with debt they together sink into the condition of wage-laborers; meanwhile their ruin has also driven labor out of employment, and the ranks of the unemployed, always full, swollen from these various sources, become now so crowded that all cannot hope to obtain positions; a competition ensues in which some must inevitably fail. However remote the tramp and pauper of society may seem from their more fortunate fellows, they have but failed in the common struggle.

The "Struggle for Existence" Fallacy.

But it is urged that the savage struggle for life is seen among the lower animals, that the weaker are devoured by the stronger, and the fittest survive, therefore this brutal struggle is natural. This argument is fatally weak if examined in a candid and impartial spirit, even though we leave all question of morality out of the discussion. For the conditions are not the same. The freedom which obtains among the lower animals is not present here. The widespread misery to-day is due chiefly to artificial and not natural conditions. On this point Mr. Call is very strong. He shows: (1) That there is no sound reason for the struggle for existence with man because there is wealth enough for all, and under just conditions no man, woman, or child who chose to work need fear poverty. (2) That, under the conditions which exist among the lower animals the colossal fortunes of the present would be impossible. These two points are clearly set forth, and upon the establishment of them the popular plea of the apologists for plutocracy falls. Touching the bounty of nature he observes:

The position of man in the world is far from unfavorable. The world is large enough for all, but everywhere land is unoccupied — withheld from use. It is, too, so bountiful, that if labor is but allowed to exert itself for a brief season, the cry is raised of *over-production*, the markets are glutted, mines must be closed, mills must be shut down, and labor must be turned out of employment because there is no demand for its products. Nor was the labor of man ever more effective than now. Machinery has come to his aid, and with it he can accomplish so much in every branch of production that labor itself is becoming superfluous — a drug on the market; man is crowded out of the field of industry because his labor has become too efficient. Surely, when the world is large enough for all, when its bounty more than suffices for all the wants of man, and when his labor is only too efficient in procuring the satisfaction of his wants — surely, in face of these facts, the position of man in the world cannot be held responsible for his woes; want and wretchedness cannot be preached as the necessary and natural lot of man.

The poor will not believe that their struggle and want are necessary, so long as they see in contrast with their condition the possessions and idleness of the rich. This is not only the age of paupers, it is also the age of the millionaire; the hovel of the poor is under the shadow of the palace of the rich. However stinted and wretched may be the lot of the masses, they see here no evidence of want; all is, instead, the most lavish luxury and display; everything that wealth can procure to satisfy the wants, or pander to the appetite and pride of man, or astonish the gaze of the beholder, belongs to these favorites of fortune. Yet, notwithstanding all their expenditures, the fortunes of the rich are ever swelling into vaster and vaster proportions; the number of the rich, too, is fast increasing. The hoards and the squanderings of these alike show that the world is filled with abundance; they also show the wonderful effectiveness of labor; for labor, either of the past or present, is, after all, the source of all value, and the means by which all wealth is brought into being.

Thus it will be seen that the "*survival*" argument is fatally weak in that it is based on false premises. It necessarily assumes that there is not room enough for all, that some must perish in order that others may survive, and therefore that man has a natural right to prey upon his brother. Not only does this popular plea rest upon false premises, but it assumes that man in civilization is accorded at least as fair a chance in his struggle with his fellowman as the lower animals enjoy, and this assumption is false.

It is not applicable to present conditions, for the reason that the freedom of struggle there [among the lower animals] allowed is here denied. The brute has the free use of all his faculties; to one is given strength, to another cunning, and each, by the kind provision of nature, is adapted to obtain his living in his own way. This is indeed the cause of his survival: the first law of nature, the very instinct of life, is self-preservation; to preserve his life the brute is allowed the use of every faculty given him; where life is at stake every means to preserve it is justified. But it is not so with man's institutions. Man cannot, by his strong arm, help himself to the plenty he sees around him; to do so would be trespass or crime. Cunning is the only faculty in free use, and it is allowed to run riot.

Manly strength is chained helpless, while low cunning, deft-fingered, passes by and filches from it.

Nor is labor allowed in its struggle the freedom of opportunity given the brute. Each brute has free access to the world; man is denied that access by the laws of society, which give the world to the few in each generation and say to all others "keep aloof." These few play the "dog in the manger;" and although they may each have enough to support a thousand such as they, society itself stands watch and ward over their possessions, and turns portionless labor away unless it can purchase the consent of these owners by the wages of servitude. Compared with the lot of labor how free that of the brute! Take the most savage and despicable of these, the wolf and the hyena: they each range the prairie or forest in equal struggle, and do not always feel it necessary to war upon and devour each other; then when they have satisfied their maw from the carcass which they with honest toil have slain, they become almost sociable, and perhaps abandon it to their fellows. If, now, these brutes had reached a high state of civilization, and united into a society giving to some few of them, under the name of property-rights, the whole world now ranged in freedom by all, and compelling all others to come to them in service or beggary for leave to get food and shelter, how like to the institutions of man they would have attained.

No! the doctrine of the struggle for existence — brute doctrine though it be — is altogether too merciful to palliate or justify the institutions with which man has cursed himself; it is too honest a doctrine. These institutions will instead be found to have cloaked themselves under names sacred and revered by man, such as "liberty," "rights of property," and the like, and not to have paraded openly in their true colors under any doctrine however brutal, else would mankind have long ago risen in revolt and made short work of them.

It is not in the working of natural law, but in the operation of artificial and unjust conditions that we find the mainspring of the misery of man throughout the civilized world.

It is not to any lack of wealth in the world, but, instead, to man's institutions which have made this distribution of it, and have given to the few so much, that we must look if we would know why the many have so little.

The author points out the signs of profound discontent everywhere manifested. In our country the violent oscillations of the political pendulum, no less than the desperate struggles of organized labor, are suggestive signs of the times. He shows that a political readjustment must speedily supervene, else will political as well as industrial freedom soon be a thing of the past.

Industrial slavery cannot long coexist with political freedom. Either the spirits of men will be crushed, as under the tyrannies of ancient times, and they will become unfit to remain free even in name, or they will resent the yoke of oppression, whatever its form, and demand with their ballot that they shall be free, not only in name, but also in fact.

The progress of revolutionary ideas is necessarily slow in gaining popular acceptance, especially among phlegmatic people. The atten-

tion must be gained, the reason successfully appealed to, and the people must also be made to see that their interest will be better conserved by the change. Old prejudices have to be overcome, and the influence of opinion-forming organs, which are always largely wedded to conventionalism, have to be neutralized. Frequently the most beneficial reforms are retarded by a false and vicious conservatism which turns alarmist whenever a progressive step is proposed for society. Yet the history of the world's great reformatory measures shows that when evil conditions have reached such a point that a noble discontent is everywhere visible, the light of a better day dawns and increases until the darkness which enslaved the brain and lent wings to fear disappears.

In order to intelligently appreciate the subject, it will be necessary to notice somewhat at length: (1) The condition of society to-day. (2) How that condition has been produced. (3) Whether the producing causes admit of remedy. (4) The nature of the remedy required. (5) The application of the remedy. (6) The effect of the remedy. (7) How the revolution is to be accomplished. It is to these subjects that the author devotes his succeeding pages, which are written in an easy, fluent manner, affording interesting reading even to those who read little, and so lucid that the dullest intellect and those most unused to philosophical reasoning will find no difficulty in following the author in his comprehensive survey of conditions, his searching analysis of popular fallacies, his concise portrayal of major producing factors in present evil social conditions, and his statesmanlike discussion of fundamental reforms which alone can secure equality of opportunity or establish just conditions which can reasonably meet the requirements of society to-day.

Frequently the employer is placed in as trying a condition as the employed, both being virtually slaves to a few who have acquired great landed interests or other form of wealth. The real masters of both employers and employed are the owners of the world's soil and its wealth.

These owners fix the terms not only for the toilers, but for that of their employers also, and rob from both. The dependence of labor does not mean accepting the wages of another; if a man have the choice whether to do so or not, he may accept them and still be free. It is the denial of this choice to both employer and employed—the conditions which give all the footholds and means of life to the few, and enable these to say to dispossessed labor, "This world is ours, and whether ye toil for day's wages or otherwise, ye can have no right to labor, or place or means upon which to labor, except by our leave and upon our terms"—that constitutes the dependence of labor. It is this dependence that makes toil so grinding and existence so precarious, and that makes labor debt-ridden in spite of all its hardships. Were it not for the fact that the debtor is allowed his legal exemptions, and that our laws no longer tolerate imprisonment for debt, at least three-fourths of the race would be even now at the absolute mercy of their creditors.

The Condition of the Wage-earner To-day.

While it is true that the theory of the survival of the fittest when applied to man is fundamentally false as well as inhuman, it is true that owing to unjust conditions, which flow from special privileges, a few are enjoying the fruits of the industry of the millions with the appalling result that the masses to-day are forced into a fierce and pitiless struggle for existence which is at once essentially debasing to the moral nature, enervating to the intellectual faculties, and destructive to free government and enduring progress.

Whether we take the wage-worker, the farmer, the mechanic, or business man, the position of each, and his existence even, are secured only by a fierce and competitive struggle. Not only is that struggle intense, but it is also precarious, as seen in the condition of the wage-laborer when he loses employment, of the farmer when, unable to hold his farm, he loses it under mortgage, or of the mechanic and merchant who fail in business and are ruined.

Very impressive is the extended notice of the dependent condition of the wealth-producers of the world and the bitter struggle, the forlorn battle, which they are waging for the right to earn a little more than a bare livelihood. The toiler looks out upon a bountiful world, but

knows full well that of all this wealth he has no right to so much as a crust of bread to keep from starving, except he earn it by his labor. Nor even to labor has he any right, except by the consent of the owners of this wealth; for upon the soil or its fruits all labor must be exerted; he must have the use of these, and of machinery and tools, and must enter the employ of these owners, who are thus his masters.

Inventions which should have Blessed Humanity are made a Curse to the Millions.

The growth of labor-saving machinery, which should have proved an unalloyed blessing to the race by reducing the time required for manual labor and giving to the children of men ample time for cultivation of brain and soul and for wholesome recreation, has proved a curse rather than a blessing to the toiling millions, putting them ever and ever more completely in the power of the few who are in reality the masters of the millions.

The servant machinery makes the servant man superfluous. That such is the effect of machinery is self-evident, from its labor-saving, labor-dispensing power. That labor shares no part of the gain is certain: and why should it? itself a mere commodity, it has no part in the material, the machine, or the product; it sells its services when it can, and receives its pay, and that is the end so far as it is concerned. That labor, however, loses its employment is no less certain; for if capital have a new servant that cheaply can do so much, what folly it would be to employ the old! let capital now give employment to all the labor that offers itself, and the world's markets are at once glutted. Hence labor is tramping the country vainly for work, and daily losing employment, because no longer required.

The condition of the farmer boy is scarcely less pitiable; and another startling fact which is well worthy of notice, is that with

each recurring panic or financial crisis, those engaged in other lines of industry and in business are being carried with irresistible force toward the condition of the mechanic and the farmer.

We are, it is said, a nation of debtors; and preëminently is this true of the business men of the country. Scarce one in a hundred but is doing business on credit, purchasing on credit, selling on credit. It is impossible for any of them at any time to say what they are worth. When collections are good and they are able to pay their bills, they seem to succeed; but in adverse times, when their debtors cannot pay, they are brought face to face with the fact that ruin ever impends. Many of them fail with almost each recurring crisis, only to again attempt rising to their feet; others, by the most desperate exertions, are barely able to maintain their credit; few, indeed, rise into the ranks of wealth and independence. For one that really succeeds, there are, in all the walks of toil and honest industry, hundreds who fail.

The Privileged Classes.

In a chapter dealing with the privileged classes Mr. Call turns the searchlight upon the dark places of our political and economic system, and reveals root causes of want in a clear, incisive manner, which will prove anything but pleasing to the barnacles of society. If there is anything which an arrogant plutocracy fears, it is a complete unmasking of the real causes which are forcing millions to lives of hopeless drudgery in a land of marvellous wealth, when under just conditions every man and woman who chose to work might soon become the owner of a home, and gain a position where age would not have terrors from possible want, and where the children who came into the home would be properly educated, and would also be able to enter active life with a more pleasing prospect before them than hopeless servitude and perhaps a homeless old age. When the truth that the misery which tens of thousands of industrious people suffer and the ever-present dread which haunts millions of lives are due to monstrous crimes which are entrenched behind partial and cruel *paternalistic laws*, and the refusal on the part of society to accept the great basic truth *that the earth belongs to the people*, and not to a few people; when the slow-thinking masses who for so many weary ages have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by the tools of the privileged classes, awaken to the truth that by uniting at the ballot they can change the current of affairs, and in so changing may bring about, not nihilism or ruin, but a bloodless and glorious revolution which shall help humanity upward as well as onward, and radiate the sunshine of happiness over a heart-heavy world — then will dawn the hour of Humanity's most splendid triumph; the hour which shall entitle man to be called a rational being.

To-day, while the toilers of the world are engaged in a desperate struggle for "a precarious subsistence, they see around them the lavish wealth and idle splendor of the rich"; a spectacle which alone, if they would but stop and think, would effectively set at naught all

the fine-spun fallacies and explanations of the minions of plutocracy. They would also perceive that while "their own desperate exertions furnish them only a scanty living," the favored classes are "vying with each other in a mad race to spend their hoards for vulgar display and for every luxury and indulgence known to man," while, furthermore, their fortunes, despite their reckless waste of unearned wealth, "are growing from year to year. No comparison can be made between the condition of the poor and that of the millionaire; imagination can scarce bridge over the distance between them. Yet in this new world the millionaire is of recent origin."

When it is considered that less than thirty thousand men already own half the entire wealth of this country of some sixty million inhabitants, and that the number and wealth of the enormously rich is fast increasing, the poverty of the masses may be accounted for. The poor and the rich live in the same world; and, however enormous may be the possessions of the one, or meagre the scant earnings of the other, these are alike drawn from the same fund; labor exerted upon the soil or upon the products of the soil is the source of all wealth. If, then, the few have such disproportionate share, there must be little left for the many. Just in proportion as the rich grow relatively richer must the poor grow relatively poorer. When we see the millionaire heaping up his hundreds of millions in the course of a single lifetime, we may and must expect to see labor getting less than its share, and poverty increasing; and this is borne out by the actual facts: in large centres where millionaires most abound, the squalor and poverty of the poor is most general and most extreme. This is, indeed, but the law of simple arithmetic: one-half the nation's wealth or labor's gains, being given to thirty thousand men, there remains but one-half to divide among the sixty million others. It is also the law of organic life: if the vitality be absorbed to plethora by one part of the body, all other parts must be enfeebled thereby.

It is not, then, because the world is too small or too niggard, it is not because nature refuses to yield to man's labor enough wealth for all his needs, that the many poor are living in misery and dying of want.

Mr. Call clearly establishes the important fact that "The oppressed condition of labor is not due to any pressure of population upon subsistence; the world is large enough, but is appropriated and withheld from use." Yet even under such manifestly unjust conditions, when so little of the appropriated earth is actively employed, wealth is created in abundance, but *the distribution of this wealth makes the millionaire and the proletariat*. He next emphasizes the fact that "The rich are exempt from any struggle for existence like that of the poor man," and that it is by exemption from that struggle and through enjoyment of privileges that the colossal fortunes are acquired.

Plutocracy the Product of Privilege.

He observes that a great number of the great fortunes descend to their owners by *inheritance*.

These inherited fortunes grow without effort or exertion of the owners, by interest, by rent, and by profits upon capital. The many

who are disinherited must have the use of this wealth, and they have no recourse but to go to these owners for that privilege; their necessity compels them to pay the price asked, whether this be interest for the use of money, rent for the use of lands, or selling their labor at such prices as to yield capital the great profits of industry. Can it be wondered at, then, that the owners of the world's wealth, to whom it is parcelled out by laws of inheritance, continue to grow richer, standing as they do at the very threshold of life and dictating to the world of labor the terms upon which it shall live? Thus it is that these inherited fortunes grow from age to age, and will continue to do so, until, by the inexorable logic of the present system, the world becomes altogether, as it even now almost is, the world of the rich. *Inheritance is thus a privilege*, in that those who take under it do so without engaging in any struggle for existence, or even for their hoards, which are vastly in excess of the amount required for their subsistence. It is, furthermore, a privilege, in that the fortunes so acquired grow of their own accord, without struggle or exertion on the part of the owners, by the mastery which the monopoly of the world gives.

Many more of these fortunes are acquired by *the monopoly of land*. The poor who invest in the mere equities of land during seasons of speculation, or who endeavor to own their homes under mortgage, may conclude, when they lose these by foreclosure, that land ownership is not desirable; and the conclusion of both may be true when they are compelled to pay interest at present rates upon the mortgages. Yet the fact remains that the real landlord class — not they who hold a mere equity, but they who own the land itself or the mortgage upon incumbered land — although they perform no labor or service upon it, nevertheless grow rich; to them, whether in rent or in interest, comes the wealth acquired by the monopoly of land.

Whether the land thus monopolized be withheld from use for mere purposes of speculation, or rent be charged for its use, in either case the owner of the soil need perform no service upon it; he can sit by in idleness while his hoards grow; the land increases in value with the growth of the community, and rents or interest are paid because of its necessity to the community. Seasons of speculation which lure the laboring classes into purchasing lands, succeeded by periods of crises which compel them to relinquish it; but add to the gains of the real landlord class, who emerge out of each crisis richer than before. There is no loss as a whole; the losses of the land-poor but mean the gains of the land-rich; a mere transfer of wealth has taken place.

The landlord is exempted from labor, by the privilege which the ownership of land gives him to appropriate and turn into his coffers the labor of others.

The monopoly of land carries with it monopoly in mines. Thus the Rockefellers and Flaglers have been able to acquire millions of wealth from obtaining a monopoly in one of Nature's great treasures which should have been enjoyed as the land by the whole people, or subject to rental value.

A third source from which the privileged class reap millions is found in *monopoly in money*. Thus in the republic to-day we have a spectacle which might well excite the amazement of a true republican who believes in a democracy in fact rather than a plutocracy labelled democracy. Here we find that

The government issues the money and charges the bank from one-fourth to one-half of one per cent interest for its use; the bank, in turn, charges the public rates varying from six to twelve per cent, and even upwards; practically, the whole interest charged is thus its profits for the mere distribution of the money. The bank also receives individual deposits, paying no interest thereon; these it lends at the same rates as before, the whole charge again constituting its profits. As almost the entire money circulation of the country passes through the banks, it is not strange that with such exorbitant profits their fortunes should be both large and numerous.

The fortune of the banker is not, any more than those acquired through inheritance or the monopoly of land, accumulated by a struggle like that of the toiling poor. Money is a public necessity, and every laborer and all industry must have its use; trade or exchange, which means so much to industrial society, is impossible without money. The banks which are intrusted with its distribution take advantage of this necessity.

A fourth source of colossal fortunes is found in *Monopoly in Transportation*.

That large fortunes are acquired by this means every one knows, yet so complex are these interests that the exact manner in which these fortunes are acquired is not always known; there is a growing feeling, however, that it is at the expense of society, and the private control of railroads is therefore looked upon with increasing distrust.

This plunder first begins in the building of the roads. They are regarded as public interests, and large public aids are given by land grants and the voting of bonds to encourage and assist in their building; yet, notwithstanding this assistance, the roads when built are often mortgaged far in excess of their actual cost, the public aids, together with the surplus realized from the mortgages above the cost of the roads, going to swell the fortunes of the builders. Stock is then issued upon the road, much as if a farmer who had mortgaged a five-thousand-dollar farm for ten thousand dollars should attempt to dispose of his equity. But the public are not acquainted with the cost of railroads, and these seem to the ordinary imagination the embodiment of wealth; the stock is, therefore, purchased by investors all over the country, and the price received for such investment adds still further to the fortunes of the manipulators.

The road is then launched into operation with a debt-burden far in excess of what it cost to build. The public are charged exorbitant rates for the maintaining of this debt-burden and the paying of dividends to stockholders; labor is paid the lowest wages for the same reason, and is also turned out of employment when business is light, it being well known that applicants will be plentiful enough when again needed. Yet, notwithstanding these exorbitant charges to the public, and this oppression of labor, the debt-burden of the road — bond and stock — cannot be supported; dividends fall behind and interest on bonds is not paid. Here, however, is another great source of profit to the shrewd manipulators, whose power of combination has already done so much for them. The stockholders take fright and sell their stock at any price, and these buy it in. Or if the stock is not worth buying, by reason of the large bonded indebtedness, then the road is foreclosed, and these shrewd heads get it for less than it is worth, effectually defeating the claims of stockholders and other creditors of the road.

It is by these means — in the building, the operation and the wrecking of roads — that in the space of a short lifetime the great railroad

magnates can heap up their hundreds of millions. The railroad, telegraph, and kindred interests, by their nature offer peculiar facilities for such appropriation; so long as they are committed to private control, their very complexity permits manipulation which, in simpler affairs, would at once be seen through and resented. Their necessity to communities compels these to contribute unduly toward the building, and their nature as a monopoly compels the public to pay rates fixed by no competition, but alone by the appetite for plunder of their manipulators; their extensiveness, too, prevents all competition between them as employers of labor, and compels labor to contribute more than its share toward this plunder.

Another fountain-head of gigantic fortunes is found to be *monopoly of commodities*; millions are reaped through systematic plundering of the markets by speculators and trusts. The trust is as yet in its infancy, and "though only just beginning to exult in its newly learned power, it already controls many of the staples of life."

Society must have sugar, salt, and oil, and other like commodities at whatever price: and when the trust has secured entire control, it cannot, of course, get these elsewhere; to the trust it must come. There is thus no limit to what the trust may and will charge. These giant corporations, already capitalized into almost the billions, corrupting legislatures and senates, are piling up untold wealth from the plunder of all society, until by their grip around the sources of life they must throttle it.

Sheltered as they are under alleged freedom of competition and contract, their position toward industrial society is none other, or different, than that of the pirate of the high seas toward the honest merchantman he plunders; and the complexity of industrial society makes it as dangerous to license their occupation, as it would be to license piracy itself. The mere permission to pursue their nefarious business unwhipt of justice, is a privilege from honest toil, and to prey upon the labor and necessities and lives of society.

Many of these fortunes have, as we have seen, been acquired with the assistance of the corporation. The transportation and banking systems are altogether too complex in their nature for individual enterprise, and, as society does not think it safe to manage its own concerns, there remains nothing for it to do but to create corporations and give these concerns into their keeping. These corporations are called quasi-public; public because the business entrusted to them affects vitally the whole of society, and private because it is conducted wholly for private gain. But it is not only these concerns that have been entrusted in this manner to private corporate control. Does a city or any municipal corporation need street-car or telephone facilities, or water, or gas supply, it is not thought fit for itself to provide these, as giving it too much and paternal power; but straightway a franchise is granted to a corporation, and property condemned therefor, and even public aid extended, as we have already seen it done in the building of railroads; the business is, however, conducted wholly for the gain of the private corporation. It is not strange, where these corporations thus control concerns necessary and vital to the whole community, and where their franchise gives absolute monopoly, thus placing the public at their mercy, that they should amass enormous wealth.

Cardinal Sources of the Great Fortunes of To-day.

It will be seen then that a vast majority of the great fortunes found to-day are not due to the patient industry or intellectual capacity of

man, but rather spring from "privileges" which are enjoyed or acquired through (1) *inheritance*; (2) *monopoly in land*; (3) *monopoly in money*; (4) *monopoly in transportation*; (5) *monopoly in commodities, or corporate control of industry*.

There may be large fortunes not so accumulated, and these may, in some instances, be acquired honestly in legitimate enterprise and competition, or they may, more likely, be the result of privilege and vicious legislation. It is not claimed that the privileges here named include all evils of law which need correction; others exist and will grow up, and it is the glory of government, as of intelligent man, to rid itself of these as they arise. But the privileges here mentioned are the most grievous, those most generally recognized, and the ones that account for by far the larger part of the enormous fortunes which concentrate the world's possessions in the hands of the few, and thereby deprive society of their use and oppress it by their power.

Privilege the Creator of Capital.

In a chapter on "The Fruits of Privilege," the legitimate working of the injustice due to privilege is forced home in a manner at once startling and unanswerable. The farmer, the wage-laborer, and those actively engaged in productive work become the victims of the few who hold the earth, the tools of production, the medium of exchange, and the facilities of transportation.

Not only do these privileges thus oppress labor in all its forms, but in another sense, and as deeply, they affect every member of society as a consumer. The wages or profits of all productive labor are determined by two conditions: First, the actual money wages or returns received; and secondly, the cost of living. The object of the whole struggle of the masses is for subsistence—for existence; when the farmer receives so many cents per bushel or per pound for his products, when the manufacturer so much for his goods, the business man so many cents or dollars profits upon his sales, or when the laborer receives his day's wage, the paramount consideration with each is how much of the necessities or comforts of life this money will procure. Now these privileges, while they reduce the actual money reward of productive labor, also, in turn, increase the price of all articles of use to consumers; production alone is not able to bear their burden. Sometimes the burden is greater upon production, sometimes upon consumption; but the candle of living is burnt at both ends. The debt-burden entailed upon production by inheritance, its increase by land monopoly, and the interest upon it due to the banking system, compels production of all kinds to raise the price of its products to support these; it must shift some of these burdens upon the consumer, else it cannot even struggle under their weight. So, too, while exorbitant transportation charges and the plunder of markets reduce the price received by the purchaser, they also enhance the price charged the consumer.

In order to fully understand how greatly and vexatiously prices are affected by these privileges, we must follow the history of each article of consumption and see at how many points and from how many directions even the simplest of these is made to contribute to their extortions. Take the coat on the farmer's or laborer's back; the price of the wool is made higher by the load of debt the grower must incur for the use of wealth in the raising of sheep, the price or

rent of land, the interest charged upon his debt, taxation levied to build railroads, the exorbitant rates demanded by these for carrying the wool to the manufacturer, and the plunder by speculators or trusts on its way. The manufacturer, too, must add to the price of the cloth in order to support the debt he must incur in its manufacture, together with the interest upon that debt, the rent or price of land upon which his factory is situated, exorbitant transportation charged for the bringing of the wool to his factory, and the plunder of speculators and trusts. This same process of addition must be continued by the clothing manufacturer, the jobber, the wholesale merchant and the retail dealer, as the cloth or the finished product passes in turn into the hands of each on its way to the consumer; and the greater the plunder or privilege, the more exorbitant must be the prices charged at each step. The final price paid by the consumer is thus out of all proportion to what it should or would be, were industry not in this manner, at every step, the prey of privilege. Trace any article of food, or clothing, or other use, through its passage from the raw to the final consumable shape, the result will be the same; and it can at once be seen how wide is the field of operation, how fruitful is the field of plunder for privilege.

Can we, then, wonder why labor fails to procure subsistence, or why vast fortunes are mysteriously accumulated in the midst of growing poverty? Privilege stands over all production and robs labor of its money reward; it stands, too, over consumption, and by increasing the cost of living, lessens the value of labor's earnings in procuring subsistence. Thus, and by this means it amasses its fortunes, while labor, with all its grind, is a beggar in the marts of life. The millionaire does not create, but appropriates his millions of wealth. It is, indeed, utterly impossible that any man's services to society, except he be a genius of the rarest order, should procure him a million dollars in a lifetime; much less, then, should the service of those whose sole object is private gain, entitle them to their hundreds of millions. But when these privileges mean to society the ruin of industry and business, the loss of farms and homes under mortgage, and the pauperism of labor, surely the struggling and despoiled masses may be excused for inquiring whether these conditions be necessary and just.

These conditions constitute the tyranny of capital, so much complained of, and before which labor stands shivering and sullen, in dread and in revolt. Privilege is the creator of capital; it takes the wealth of the world from the body of society where it properly belongs, and concentrates this wealth in the hands of the few, depriving labor of its use, thus setting capital and labor in opposing camps, at war with each other — at war in a contest necessarily, inevitably unequal. Capital owns the world, its machinery, and its material; labor, too, it owns, for it owns the means of labor and of life. And the cry of labor everywhere is that this mastery is too absolute, too oppressive, in that it is a power over life and death, dealing death more and more, as capital, selfish and secure, has found a new and more profitable servant in machinery, and can therefore dispense with the commodity, labor, now everywhere tramping and begging for charity, for life.

Our author next considers "The Plea of Privilege." This chapter challenges the attention of all thoughtful people who set truth and justice above prejudice. It very effectively destroys the cardhouse of the apologists for plutocracy, and will probably call down upon

the author a torrent of violent invectives and insulting epithets, as this method is usually employed by the sophists of capitalism when the fallacy of their more or less ingenious theories is mercilessly exposed.

Equally important is the scholarly chapter on "The Law of Freedom," in which Mr. Call proves the inconsistency of our social theories and conditions.

Indeed we are absolutely without any consistent political doctrines. Theory is opposed to practice, and theory to theory. Confusion and antagonism exist upon every political question — so much so, that it is no exaggeration to say that politics as well as society is in a profoundly anarchical condition.

The chapters dealing with the "Signs of the Times," "The Struggle for Existence," "The Fruits of Privilege," "The Plea of Privilege," and "The Law of Freedom," form the groundwork of this work, after which the author devotes a chapter to a calm, clear, and able discussion of each of the great feeders of plutocracy, viz., "The Institution of Inheritance," "The Monopoly of Land," "The Banking System," "The Transportation System," "The Plunder of Trade," and "The Corporate Abuse." I will not attempt to summarize or outline these chapters. They are so strong, clear, and convincing that could they be read by the industrial millions of America, I believe the doom of industrial slavery would be assured and that at an early day.

The New Republic.

Following these thoughtful discussions appears a chapter entitled "The New Republic," in which are discussed the conditions which would prevail if an equality of opportunity was present.

When the world shall be the property of man, and man no longer the subject and servant of property, then will man be at last free, and a new republic will have been ushered in.

This new republic, great and sweeping as must be its benefits, will yet be founded on no other or different principle than that upon which our liberties even now rest. It does not, like nihilism, demand the destruction of all institutions, for it holds that government is necessary to establish and determine the relations of men in society, protect their respective rights, and as a servant to perform services public in their nature. It does not, like military socialism, demand the entire revolution of existing institutions, because it holds these to be a growth as the race itself is, and suited to the ideas and needs of men. Nor does it, on the other hand, like so-called individualism, reduce government to a mere police power, for it recognizes government as the whole people acting through their laws, and that the people themselves must first determine their rights before these can be protected. It holds, too, that these rights must be redetermined with every change of conditions that affect them, and with every advance of society to newer and more just standards of conduct. It holds, furthermore, that where (as in present industrial society) the rights of men so require government should be a servant, and the people as a whole perform functions affecting the whole people.

This New Republic, based upon the principle of self-government, builds upon that principle the completed structure to establish which

that principle has alone ever been contended for. Nor is this structure to be once definitely planned and there remain. It must accommodate society in every condition its progress and environment from time to time require. It is elastic, and extensive, and never to be outgrown, because ever to be changed, even as the practical rules of individual conduct, by the conditions of life and development. All that we can say is that justice now requires, from all the circumstances of existing society, that the privileges here named, which give advantage and produce inequality, be abolished. There may be other privileges arise, there may even now be other adjustments required. But this much, at least, must now be achieved if society would rise from out the conditions into which it is sunk. And this much will establish a republic whose object will be to secure human rights and further the advance of human progress.

The volume closes with a succinct review of the issues involved and a brief discussion of how the problems can be solved, peaceably and speedily, along the line of justice and freedom. In this chapter Mr. Call observes:

As long as a man submits to institutions which beggar and enslave him, his supplications and his protests will alike go up to deaf ears, while power and privilege will, as they have ever done, lord it over him. Any attempt to better his condition or obtain his rights will be a struggle and revolt against law, and all society will be organized against him. The strong arm of the law, it is, that everywhere crushes out all attempts of labor and poverty to obtain their own. If we would expect any real or lasting relief, the law must be ranged on the side of labor and not against it; the poor of society must have the benefit of our institutions and not be placed without the pale of their protection. The remedy must be political; nothing short of this will work any permanent or substantial benefit.

There is what the moralists call "a noble discontent," which, not satisfied with wrong, ever struggles toward higher and better ideals. This spirit it is that gave Greece her glory and Rome her grandeur, and this spirit it is that now centres the hopes of the world upon the Anglo-Saxon race. The absence of that spirit it is that constitutes the dark fatalism of the East, where men regard themselves as the prey of fate, their condition as irremediable and their lot but to endure; the absence of that spirit it is that has blotted Asia and Eastern Europe, once the home of civilization, from the pages of progress, and made the names of once glorious nations forgotten memories.

It is not agitation but passive endurance that is to be feared. But this we have little need now to fear. It is in the nature of political agitation once fairly begun to go on. That they who have once sincerely espoused this new religion of humanity should abandon it, is not to be supposed; rather say that the ranks of the sincere will be recruited, and that adversity will, as it has always done, but strengthen the onward sweep of reform. Never was there a more opportune time than the present; every condition, every indication points to the beginning of the twentieth century as the opening of a new era in human affairs and hopes. The condition of society compels it; the great popular uprising—the upheaval which now rocks society to its base—has prepared the way for it; and the march of mind, which has already enabled man to subdue nature to his bidding, now promises by the same process to enable him to subdue himself to the laws of the moral world. The last and greatest science, that

of society, is but an easy and natural transition from all the other sciences which have gradually and successively rooted themselves in law.

This work ought to become the handbook of the industrial millions in their struggle for their fundamental rights based on justice; it makes the issues so plain that the dullest intellect can grasp them; and when once grasped, the wealth-producers are not likely to forget the real issues involved, for they carry with them justice for the wage-workers, happiness and prosperity not for the industrial millions alone, but for all high-born souls. Earnest men and women should read and circulate this book in every community throughout the republic. It is a trumpet call to free men, and its appearance at the present crisis in the industrial, economic, and political history of the republic is most fortunate; for in spite of the sneers and scoffing of the Benedict Arnolds of this land, there are thoughtful people who are not bound by prejudice and who are able to rise above the sophistry daily instilled into their minds by the organs of capitalistic anarchism. We are to-day engaged in a struggle with the usurer class of Europe far more momentous to humanity and civilization than was the glorious struggle of the Revolution, and I may add also, far more dangerous, because it is the serpent instead of the lion with which we have to contend.

B. O. FLOWER.

SONG BLOSSOMS* — TWO REVIEWS.

I.

A gifted young woman of New England, while suffering from a tedious and painful illness which necessitated her remaining in a darkened room, composed the following touching heart prayer which is found in an exquisite little volume just issued under the title of "Song Blossoms":

Invalided.

Thy pity, Lord, for those who lie
With folded hands and weary eye
And watch their years go fruitless by,
Yet know not why!

Who long, with spirit valiant still,
To work with earnest hand and will, —
Whose souls for action strive and thrill,
Yet must be still!

Who smell in dreams the clover sweet,
And crush the wild fern 'neath their feet,
And seek each well-loved haunt and seat, —
Each old retreat;

And mark again the birds' quick flight,
The river glancing in the light,
The blue hills melting from the sight,
The starry night,

* "Song Blossoms," by Julia Anna Wolcott. Pp. 262; price, extra cloth, \$1.25. The Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

The fields aglow with sun and bloom,
 The cloudless sky, the leafy gloom;
 Then wake to low and darkened room,
 Their world, a tomb!

Dear Lord, forgive! if, as they lie,
 And sadly watch their lives drift by,
 Pain-torn, in anguish sore, they cry,
 "I would know why!"

The religious fervor, the sincerity and intensity of conviction which characterize the above lines, pervade all of Miss Wolcott's poems which deal with the soul life, and this will render the division of this work entitled "In the Sanctuary" very precious to those who feel the presence of the Divine Life, and who believe in the inner voice. It must not be supposed, however, that this is a volume of solemn lines, for few works of similar size betray greater versatility within a limited range. Let me explain. The author possesses a true poetic insight which gives value to her creations. She, however, is not ambitious, and confines her muse to the "simple, heartfelt lays" which have ever been most dear to the people. The very title of the work is peculiarly happy in that it aptly describes the relative character of the poems in the world of poetry. What the ballad is to the grand opera, the conceptions of this author are to the more pretentious poetry of our master minds. Here the range of Miss Wolcott's poetry is circumscribed, but within that range we find a variety of subjects deftly handled and reflecting varying moods. Thus in striking contrast to the lines quoted above, we have this humorous conceit:

The Usurer's Reply.

Herr Blumenthal — a Jew who dwelt
 Beside the pleasant Rhine,
 Whose waters lave the feet of hills
 Crowned by the fruitful vine —

With wealth possessed, and rightful gain,
 Could never be content;
 So rented out his store of gold
 At nine, not six, per cent.

"Herr Blumenthal," said one, "although
 You do our Christ deny,
 You cannot for a moment doubt
 There is a God on high, —

"A God who sees all things you do,
 Down looking from above;
 And can He bless a usurer,
 This God of right and love?"

The Jew on parchment by his side,
 A bony finger laid,
 And muttered, half beneath his breath,
 "Olt Isaac ist not vraidt.

"Mine Got vill never know dot I
 Vor moneys sharge too tear;
 Vor, ven he look from Himmel high,
 Down on dese vigures here"

(And craftier smile ne'er lit the face
 Of Jew beside the Rhine),
 "Dis vill to him appear a 6,
 Dot to our eyes ist 9."

Those who fancy that they fulfil all requirements by observing outward form and ritual, while they ignore the spirit of true religion and the cultivation of pure, high, and uplifting thoughts, are essentially in the position of the usurer; they fancy they are cheating nature and destiny, while in reality they are only deceiving themselves and the shallow conventionalism which punctiliously demands that the outside of the sepulchre be immaculate, but which pays no heed to the death-dealing fetor which emanates from the corrupting contents of the tomb. The usurer of the Rhine is by no means alone in his self-deception.

A strong moral purpose underlies most of Miss Wolcott's poems; a wholesome lesson is subtly impressed without any apparent intention on the part of the author to preach a sermon; and such teaching is often the most effective, as it takes the reader off guard. Sometimes, however, the poet becomes the teacher, as in these delicate lines:

To Woman Who Toileth.

Place a spray in thy belt, or a rose on thy stand
 When thou settest thyself to a commonplace seam;
 Its beauty will brighten the work in thy hand,
 Its fragrance will sweeten each dream.

When life's petty details most burdensome seem,
 Take a book — it may give thee the peace thou hast sought —
 And turn its leaves o'er, till thou catchest the gleam
 Of some gem from the deep mine of thought.

When the task thou performest is irksome and long,
 Or thy brain is perplexed by a doubt or a fear,
 Fling open the window, and let in the song
 God hath taught to the birds for thy cheer.

And lean from the casement a moment, and rest,
 While the winds cool thy cheek, glance thou up at the sky,
 Where the cloud-ships are sailing, like argosies blest,
 Bright-winged and with majesty by.

Then steal a fair picture of mountain or glen —
 A smooth-gliding streamlet, through green meadows sweet;
 Or, if thy lot's cast midst the dwellings of men,
 Of some radiant face in the street.

Then carry it back to thy work, and perchance
 'Twill remind thee of childhood, or sweetly recall
 Some long faded page of thy youthful romance —
 It may be the dearest of all.

Oh, a branch of wild-roses the barrenest ledge
 Maketh fit for a throne; while the blossoming vine
 Will turn to a bower the thorniest hedge;
 So will beauty make stern life divine.

Here is another charming sermon in song:

The Broader Field.

O thou who sighest for a broader field,
 Wherein to sow the seeds of truth and right, —
 Who fain a fuller, nobler power would wield
 O'er human souls that languish for the light, —

Search well the realm that even now is thine!
 Canst not thou in some far-off corner find
 A heart, sin-bound, like tree with sapping vine,
 Waiting for help its burdens to unbind? —

Some human plant, perchance beneath thine eyes,
 Pierced through with hidden thorns of idle fears;
 Or drooping low, for need of light from skies
 Obscured by doubt-clouds, raining poison tears? —

Some bruised soul the balm of love would heal;
 Some timid spirit faith would courage give;
 Or maimed brother, who, though brave and leal,
 Still needeth thee, to rightly walk and live?

Oh! while one soul thou findest, which hath not known
 The fullest help thy soul hath power to give,
 Sigh not for fields still broader than thine own;
 But, steadfast in thine own, more broadly live!

There is little of the aggressive reformer about Miss Wolcott, if we may judge from her poems. Indeed, in the conceit entitled "Up and Down" she comes perilously near placing herself among the dilettante optimists, who would have us close our eyes to the misery of the world, as though it was beyond the remedy of man, and go through life with eyes upturned, and singing merrily. This spirit is not, however, reflected in the majority of the poems, which are characterized for the most part by a wholesome optimism, and in one place at least our author seems to have caught the expansive thought of the present wonderful transition period, else how could she sing these fine thoughts of the new time?

The Old and the New.

Dim grow the shores of the Old,
 Fast do they fade from our view;
 With hearts that are buoyant and bold,
 We steer for the realms of the New.

Though by chains of outworn thought,
Whose links are welded strong
At the forge where selfishness wrought,
We were held to the Old too long;

Though the rocks of prejudice grim
Frowned dark on either hand,
And superstition's whim
Stretched wide its bars of sand;

We are launched on the sea at last,
We are leaving the land of the Old;
By God's help, on its shores we have cast
Our greed for power and gold.

In the waters we're sailing o'er,
The thought of self shall be drowned;
Like a pearl, on the strand before,
The love for mankind shall be found.

Though the hills may still be seen
Where justice was crucified,
No tear for the pain that has been
Shall fall in the billow we ride.

Though the memories, one and all,
Of the false and the cruel and weak,
From our hearts shall swiftly fall,
Where the nymphs play hide and seek;

The thoughts of the sweet and the dear,
The tender, the brave, and the true,
We will bear in our breasts, while we steer
From the land of the Old to the New.

God grant that the holy and strong,
Now freed from mortality's chain,
May swift through the ether throng,
To dwell with us once again,

With presence that soothes like balm,
With guidance that ne'er shall fail;
And when sleeping winds becalm,
May their white wings fan our sail.

Dim grow the shores of the Old,
Fast do they fade from our view;
With hearts that are loving and bold,
We steer for the realms of the New.

Some of Miss Wolcott's best lines deal with nature, and are included in the divisions of the work entitled "Riverside and Meadow," "Among the Hills," and "By the Wayside." This volume ought to prove popular not merely on account of its poetic merit, its quite marked versatility, appealing as it does to lovers of nature, to those of a reminiscent turn of mind, to those who enjoy mild humor,

to the serious and religious, and to the young (for they are liberally remembered in a division of the work entitled "With the Children"), but also because the merit of the volume is matched by the elegance of the mechanical execution in the manufacture of the book; bound in dainty blue and light-green vellum with cover sprinkled with golden flowers, it will appeal to all lovers of artistic excellence in book-making.

B. O. FLOWER.

II.

A noble thought expressed in homely or uncouth language is like a diamond in the rough, but clothed in beautiful language it is a polished gem. And in no way can pure and lofty ideas be more fittingly expressed than through the medium of poetry; for good poetry is not only elevating and uplifting in its influence, but it carries with it a subtle power which soothes the mind and brain, while it bears the soul beyond and above the cares and toils of everyday life. Between the covers of the daintily bound volume entitled "Song Blossoms," by Julia Anna Wolcott, we have a collection of poems which bear the impress of a pure, sincere, high-minded soul. Lovers of poetry and the reading public generally are already acquainted with the charm, freshness, and naturalness of Miss Wolcott's style through such widely circulated periodicals as the ARENA, the *Century*, and other important magazines.

This volume contains Miss Wolcott's collected poems. The author is evidently a great lover of nature, which she studies with the closely observant eye of a Wordsworth, and not the smallest detail in the great open book of God's handiwork escapes her notice. She revels amid the beauties of the fields, wanders by the purling brook, watches the flowers bloom, and listens to the song of the birds; and everything, seen by the inner eye of the poet, suggests to the soul some inspiring thought. Even the lowliest flower is made to teach some helpful lesson or lead the mind upward. Take, for example, the little poem on "The Mayweed":

I am naught but a little mayweed,
By the dusty road I grow;
And the people who pass o'erlook me
I am so small and low.

But God in His might and glory
High up in the heavens so blue,
He sees the little mayweed,
And gives it both sun and dew.

So, child, whom the dear Lord's wisdom
Has placed in a humble cot —
Toiling in common raiment,
O'erlooked in your weary lot, —

Grieve not, though men pass by you!
God sees you, and knows your load, —
As He sees the little mayweed,
That grows by the dusty road.

In the division entitled "With the Children," how beautifully the following verses emphasize the duty of giving of our best to the lives around us, and show how much it is in the power of each of us, individually, to lend brightness to the whole:

Lady Rose, Lady Rose,
 In your fragrant furbelows,
 You give the wind sweet messages,
 Whichever way it blows;
 You send them to the stranger,
 You send them to your friend;
 From out your store of treasure,
 To other lives you lend.

Little Bird, little Bird,
 As you sing upon your bough,
 A hundred hearts are happier
 That you are singing now;
 Though the sun is shining brightly,
 Or is hiding in a cloud,
 You give the world your sweetest songs,
 And sing them brave and loud.

Merry brook, merry brook,
 As you dance upon your way,
 The rose had not the heart to bloom,
 Were you not here to-day,
 Nor could a thirsty birdling trill
 Its songs so sweet and gay;
 Oh, blessings to you, merry brook,
 As you dance upon your way!

Precious girls, precious boys,
 Know you not that you possess —
 More than rose or bird or brook —
 Gifts of cheer and loveliness?
 Thoughts and words and deeds of love,
 Be you always freely giving,
 And the world, with all who know you,
 Will be richer for your living.

To those who enjoy reading poetry, this little volume, so sweet and simple and refreshing, yet abounding in helpful thought, will be very welcome.

MARGARET CONNOLLY.

THE STORY OF A CAÑON.*

This is certainly one of the most individual and forceful pieces of fiction which has appeared even in this decade of extraordinary activity and fine performance in the field of fiction. It is by a new writer—evidently a woman from certain unmistakable touches of insight and style—who signs Beveridge Hill. We do not remember to have seen anything from the same pen before, and so suppose that "The Story of a Cañon" is the writer's first venture into literature—

* "The Story of a Cañon," by Beveridge Hill. Price, cloth \$1.00, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

at least in the difficult form of an extended novel. If this is the case it certainly speaks volumes for the author's great natural abilities, for added to the keen dramatic insight shown in her choice of an unhackneyed theme, she exhibits in her work great dramatic qualities of style and perception, which force the judicious critic to compare her descriptions of humble life to no less a master than George Eliot. This may seem to border upon extravagance to some chary and sceptical critics, but this is the strongest impression one receives after a careful reading of the story from cover to cover, in recalling certain of the most memorable pictures of the silent heroism of the struggle for existence in lowly life; and against uncontrollable and adverse circumstances. Perhaps more readers will find a parallel to the writer's decided genius in this direction in the pictures of New England humble life given us with such fine simplicity by that mistress of quiet pathos, Miss Mary E. Wilkins.

"The Story of a Cañon" is a story of life in the mining regions of Colorado in the Rocky Mountains. It paints the real intimate domestic and daily life of one of these small mining villages nestling on the hillside, and called with characteristic American optimism, "Hopetown." The story centres around one particular family, the Howards, and tells the story and fortunes of a miner and his wife and their children. Incidentally, and with rare and subtle skill, the author suggests the story of every life in the cañon, and the far-reaching effects and injustice of the single gold standard. A great many people cannot appreciate the injustice of any remote and seemingly abstract question unless they have presented to them a concrete case in which injustice has clearly worked. The great importance of fiction when it is written by men and women animated by the highest ideals of truth and justice, "art for truth," is that it sets people thinking of great social truths and principles which had previously been obscure to them in the rush and bustle of everyday life, in which their own occupations, trials, struggles, and hopes absorbed most of their thought. It is precisely this splendid office that "The Story of a Cañon" will perform for a multitude of readers. It will give them the human heart and destiny involved in a great question which has previously appeared to them to be mere "politics" — a very remote and abstract matter, which was needlessly worrying a lot of "cranks" out west.

Unfortunately for the world's peace and happiness, although the majority of people seldom have their wits about them, or at any rate, seldom use them, the newspapers, like the poor, we have always with us. They supply the masses with a goodly number of vicious prejudices and misconceptions, and the conspiracy of wisdom which owns them reaps the benefit in class legislation. The prime service of novelists is that they are more stirred and swayed by their sympathies than the prudential considerations of expediency, and as the sympathies are more eternally true and valid than any of the cheap

worldly wisdom of expediency, which is as catching as the itch and fear and lying, in a cold and gross age which settles all human affairs by an appeal to trade and banking statistics and blue books, we may confidently expect truer statements of fact from the writers of fiction than from the grave scoundrels whose facts are fictitious. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that the thousands of readers who have misunderstood the silver question through an assiduous study of Eastern newspapers belonging to the money-lending conspiracy in London will see the question in a new and broader light after reading "The Story of a Cañon."

The story of one cañon is the story of many, and these vivid pen and ink sketches but illustrate from actual knowledge and observation the way in which the silver question has touched and affected the lives and homes of our mining brothers. The fortunes of the Howard family are the fortunes of thousands throughout the state of Colorado. It is first of all a good interesting story, of love and domestic life, filled with strong character-drawing and sharp, witty, and imperceptibly instructive dialogue. But it is something more than this in the ultimate impression it leaves on the mind of the thoughtful reader whose heart is open to the moral and physical and spiritual needs of his or her fellow-creatures. It leaves a picture bitten into the imagination as it were by acid, etched indelibly upon the memory. It is the psychological history of a great and important class of men and women whose lives and minds have been largely shaped by their physical environment. The story is not one with any startling or complex plot, but depends rather more for its interest on the portrayal of the deeper springs in everyday life and character. In this it belongs distinctively to the new rather than to the old school of fiction; to the simple naturalistic art of Mary E. Wilkins rather than to that of Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade.

The story centres about the humble home of John Howard, a miner, of varied fortunes, of many years' experience. We are taken at once into the heart of the Rockies, where the stupendous wonders of nature seem to lend dignity and wholesomeness to the minds of those who dwell in their midst. The home of the Howards, invitingly and poetically called "Rest-a-While," was an old-fashioned two-story brick house perched on a rocky plateau, a little back from the mountain road, which climbed tortuously through one of the most picturesque cañons of Colorado. In the immediate background terraced mountains tower in rugged grandeur three thousand feet; and in the cañon below nestles the red-roofed village of Hopetown, while all around in changeless majesty and silence sweep the eternal hills, grim sentinels of time, watching the busy to-day with the same indifference as they viewed the silent, sun-filled days of primeval ages. Cup-like hollows, flower-filled, brighten the sombre grandeur to-day, straggling lattice-work of bush and vine soften the wild rifted sides and yawning chasms; but signs of long-ago convul-

sions, and titanic force in tortured writhing, everywhere oppress with speechless wonder and awe.

This is the picture of the surroundings of the Colorado miners, and we know that the physical environment of nature has much to do with the mental and moral and spiritual development of a people. We get many fine pen-pictures of the moods of the mountains in this book. It is a rugged setting for human homes, yet hundreds and thousands of homes are there, and gentle hearts nestle in this mountain eyrie. It is the solace of life that love and happiness, like wild flowers, bloom on the scantiest of soils, making glad the waste places of earth.

It was now some years since the early pioneers had crossed what was then the Great American Desert in their canvas-covered wagons to seek homes and fortune in the land of Canaan that lay beyond their narrow Eastern horizon. Steadily flowed the tide of emigration westward. Wave after wave swept up the wild, lonely cañons, carrying on their bosoms their human freight. On the crest of one of those a few enterprising men were carried into the heart of the hills, and stranded in the land-locked basin where Hopetown stands. Here the valley widens, and a town is a possibility, but only to men of iron will and dauntless courage. The mighty hills rose up on every side like huge ramparts walling them in, seeming to shut out all civilization and the comforts and some of the necessities of life, and even communication with loved ones far away. As the years passed slowly away the prospect-holes had become mines, and the settlement had a firmer hold of life. No beavers ever surpassed the unremitting industry of these human moles burrowing in their dark holes on the mountain side. Many a brave heart grew weary in the long fight against heavy odds, and passed over the range ere his hopes were realized; but still the work went on.

After years of struggle outside capital flowed in, and silver flowed out with increasing freedom; and so with gladness and faith in the future the foundations of Hopetown were laid. The labor and sacrifice of the pioneers were at last rewarded with comparative civilization and prosperity. A railroad winds its time path up the valley. Churches and schoolhouses are built and homes increase in number and comfort. The rough streets are more carefully laid out and lined with trees. Green lawns begin to grow around the houses, and beds of flowers greet the eye to break the grim desolation of surrounding mountains. But with all this, there are thousands of men in the cañons who just get a bare livelihood out of their labor, either working for companies or other men, or prospecting for themselves. Hundreds spend their lives in mining and never make a strike at all. And every day in the mines a man takes his life in his own hands.

The description of Saturday night in Hopetown crystallizes in a vivid picture the one community of interest which holds all the

different characters together. The one overmastering thought of the hour was silver — always silver, its past, present, and future. On that theme endless changes were rung. Side-tracks of conversation on other subjects might be started, and for a few moments there would be some discussion upon them, but the general mind was sure to return to the main question — the silver issue. That meant food and shelter and clothing for themselves and their families, and the fortunes of silver were the fortunes of every man in the cañon. The following little discussion in Saunders' grocery store, which is, no doubt, taken direct from many such stores, will give the cue of what the feeling is in the West on the silver question and why. There was a fellow from New York among those present, one of those know-it-all "dickey-birds" who would be as dumb as a sphinx if the morning newspaper failed to come out; he was sneering at the cheap-money mania of the West, as he called it, and the discussion was about at fever heat. Ethan Allen, a shrewd old Yankee, who had spent many years in the mountains, was all ablaze too.

"Cheap money, dishonest dollar, ye call it, — gol darn ye, who made it cheap and dishonest?"

"Machinery and over-production," was the cool reply.

"No sirree," shouted Ethan. "Legislation done it. Silver never fell in value till 1873, when its money power was taken away and it was made a commodity. Try that trick on gold and see what'll happen."

"The output of the silver mines was so great," retorted the New Yorker calmly, "that in self-defence the financiers of the country demonetized it. They foresaw the financial future — that silver some day would glut the market."

"The output of the silver mines wa'n't half so great as the output of human beings," Ethan answered. "If silver was increasing, so were the people who used it. The added increase didn't keep pace with the added needs. A Solomon's idea to talk of halving the money when the population and business is doubling."

"It's all right for the fellows who've made their pile," suggested John, "only rough on the poor devils who are still grubbing in the dirt for a living."

"Strike down silver," Ethan went on, "and gold'll go kiting sky high in value, like the end of a teeter when one youngster falls off and the balance is lost. That'll suit the banks and capitalists all right, but it'll just down the poor and keep them down."

"Oh, well," sneered the stranger, "talk won't make your fifty-cent dollar worth any more. The intrinsic value will govern that, the old law of supply and demand, you know."

"See here," cried Ralph Ingram, taking out a five-dollar bill from his vest pocket, "what's the intrinsic value of that paper? Not two cents, yet you wouldn't hesitate to take it for its face value. The government's back of it, that's why. For the same reason, as long as the government is back of a silver dollar, it'll be worth a hundred cents. It'll never be dishonest, unless the government of the United States makes it so."

"Got any o' them fifty-cent dollars on you now, stranger?" asked Ethan.

"No, I never carry them," he answered, "they're too heavy."

"Too heavy be they?" retorted Ethan. "Gosh, that's a weight makes me feel light's a feather. Wish to the land I'd such a load to pack home every night. The feel of it would do me good.

"I was going to say," he went on, "if you had a bushel o' them dollars I'd like to give you fifty cents apiece for 'em, make the trade in gold, too."

Evidently not enjoying the spirit of banter creeping into the conversation, the New Yorker said stiffly, "I prefer paper always, and outside of the mining regions everybody else does."

"That ain't so," exclaimed someone in the crowd, "farmers all over like silver better. They usually keep more or less money round the house, and rats and mice can't destroy silver as they can paper. Fire won't burn it up either. Lots of people like it for that reason. It's safer to handle, too, won't carry disease as dirty, greasy paper will."

"In spite of all your arguments," asserted the stranger, confidently, "silver's day as a money is past. The civilized world is a unit on that question."

"The small world of financiers and capitalists," corrected John. "Not the great world of the common people. The masses haven't been heard from yet, and they have as much interest in this subject as the rich have; ay, more, if they only knew it."

"The masses," was the contemptuous reply, "never will be heard from. They don't understand this question, have neither time to study nor brains to comprehend it. Financiers have to think and legislate for them."

"That's something financiers have never done yet," said John quietly, "and never till you get a new breed of men. Financiers think and legislate for themselves, for the privileged classes, never for the masses. Monetary laws in the past, all laws for that matter, have been in favor of the wealth-owners, never of the wealth-producers, the world's workers."

"One thing's sartin," exclaimed Ethan, "working people may not understand political economy, but they feel its effects and mistakes quicker than the rich, and after awhile they'll get mad and strike back. Somebody's bound to get hurt if things ain't equalized more."

"Before things are righted," burst in Joe Dubere, a wild-eyed, anarchistic sort of fellow, in whose veins ran the blood poisoned by centuries of oppression and injustice, "there'll have to be another revolution. We'll have to fight for our rights. I'm ready to shoulder my Winchester to-morrow."

"Oh, go soak that red head of yours, Joe. You'll set fire to somebody yet," muttered Steve Loomis.

"It won't be you, anyhow, Steve," retorted Joe, "you're too green to burn."

"Ballots, not bullets, are Americans' weapons," interrupted John; "such questions can never be settled by mere brute force; they would everlastingly have to be settled over again. Animals and savages fight it out on that line, but the spectacle is hardly worthy of imitation by civilized men. They have outgrown, or ought to have outgrown, such barbarities. This is the age of arbitration, of reason, and the American citizen's battle-field is round the polls."

"That's so," exclaimed Ethan. "If things ain't right in this country the people have themselves to blame. They've been sleeping, an' it's most time they wakened up if they mean to waken at all."

"It's high time the conscience of humanity wakened, at any rate," said John, "especially Christian humanity. Wrongs and injustice to the masses have been tolerated too long. There's something awfully wrong somewhere, and things will never be righted for good until there's a reformation from centre to circumference."

"Over-production, that's what's the matter," began the stranger, "over-production everywhere"—

"Some folks think," interrupted Ethan, bitterly, "that there's over-production of human beings, and that God A'mighty didn't know His business when He planned things. Kind o' seems so, I declare."

"I think myself," continued the other coolly, "there are too many people in the world for their own good—too many poor people, at any rate."

"Can't some of you wiseacres start a missionary society for the 'Scientific Prevention of Over-production?' said John, a sarcastic gleam lighting up his eyes. "It might simplify matters, and would certainly be more humane than starving and misusing the over-production later on."

"Be jabbers," struck in Mike Clifford, "but that would be a foine society for a poor man to belong to. Oi'd jine it mesilf." Mike's large family of eight children was sufficient commentary to make the joke appreciated.

As we climbed the steep ascent homeward, the electric lights of the village gleamed like stars in the cañon below; on either hand in mystery and silence towered the mountains, while above in the fathomless blue of the skyey roof scintillated in starry splendor the far-away worlds of light.

All around brooded "the spirit that dwells among the lonely hills," dulling discordant thought and sound, and unconsciously bearing us to where beyond "earth's fevered voices" there is peace.

"The mining boys on the whole are a pretty contented lot," said John, as we stopped for a moment to take breath and looked down at the clustered homes at our feet. "Their lives are singularly narrow and restricted, and they are conscious of their own narrowness, but they don't grumble much. The Joe Duberes are the exceptions, although the world outside hears most about them."

"Yes," I acquiesced, "their patient contentment has often struck me. In a certain sense they are philosophers, and make the best of everything."

"You bet," answered John, "that's what they do. These mountains are full of philosophers; not talking ones either. The 'boys' couldn't make books about philosophy, I question if they could read them; but they can and do live it day by day. We don't have to go to Greece to hunt up our stoics. Leasers are pretty good substitutes in these parts. I tell you," he went on earnestly, "there's lots of fellows climbing these hills every day who lead lives of quiet desperation. They go about cheery and uncomplaining, with sealed lips, yet underneath their spattered overalls, cares worse than any Spartan fox are eating their very hearts out."

"If we had a modern Plutarch," I suggested, laughingly, "we might have a new edition of 'The Lives.'"

"You may laugh," retorted John, "but there are more heroes living now in this nineteenth century than ever before. The only trouble is, the Plutarchs haven't turned up to see them. We want somebody to come along in these cañons, with eyes not only for the surface world, but with heart and imagination to enter into the every-day lives of the dumb, patient wrestlers who live in them."

"Then," I said, "we too will have our Iliad."

"Maybe," was the reply; "maybe when people get far enough away to see the true significance of the happenings, their real greatness, they'll appreciate them enough to write about them. Meanwhile they're only commonplace and trivial."

"Yet places and experiences," I said, "where characters are

fashioned for eternity through the patient self-sacrifice and discipline of daily toil, are surely more worthy of an epic than are battles fought for conquest or empty glory, more deserving of notice than the conspicuous doings of fashionable society."

"True," he answered, "but possibly we'll have to get to the vantage-ground of the next world before that truth will come home to us, before we'll see things in their true light or estimate them at their proper value."

But all humanity manages to squeeze hope out of life somehow or other, and even from the point of view of the miners themselves it seems that mining has some compensations. In one of the Sunday gatherings in Howard's house, in which he and another old miner are discussing old times and present conditions and so on, Spence, one of the veteran miners of the town, says:

"A miner's a good deal like a sailor. After a sailor's been on a ship two or three years he's no good on shore. After a man's mined for a while, he is no good on earth outside the mountains."

"That's true," answered John; "I've often noticed it. There's a certain fascination about mining that holds a man to it, and which to a certain extent unfits him for anything else."

"What is the fascination?" inquired Mrs. Howard. "It seems such a hard, unnatural life, working all day in a dark hole, and yet men doom themselves to it, and from choice cling to it as long as they live."

"I've often wondered myself what the attraction was," John said thoughtfully. "For one thing it's an independent, manly kind of a life; even day's-pay men here have different feelings from the same class elsewhere."

"Yep," exclaimed Spence, "a miner in this country don't have to take no man's lip. A leaser's his own boss, and if things get out o' whack at the mine, even day's-pay men can fall back on a lease of their own."

"Then," continued John, "the element of hope connected with all mining transactions attracts many men. If the present don't suit a miner, he don't have to live in it; in his mind he always has a future. His 'castles may be in the air,' but their foundations are in the earth, and that makes them seem substantial to him."

"Another thing," I suggested, "no matter how shabby a fellow's clothes get in the mountains, he doesn't lose his self-respect. Everybody knows the reason, or at least tacitly gives him credit for one."

"He's been putting his money in a hole in the ground," laughed John, "instead of on his back, and of course that stands to his credit with his fellowmen. Why not? Makes him feel all right with himself, too—like a landed proprietor if his coat is out at the elbow."

The way the silver question is viewed in the West is a very important matter for eastern readers to ponder and consider if they wish to see the United States continue as a political unity; for there is not the least doubt in the minds of all thinking people, not only in the United States but in Europe, that unless bimetallism is restored there will be a political split in this country, which will not be so easily mended as was the trouble with the Confederate States. This time it would be the whole West against the East, and the gold standard will bring us to this as inevitably as the sun rises in the east, if it continues for many generations. As old Spence said: "Times in this country ain't what they used to be, and I'm afraid they'll be worse before they're better. Ef you're started on an

inclined plane, an' it's steep enough, you're bound to touch bottom some time. The financiers and capitalists tilted this yer plane in '73, an' they may tilt it again." (This was supposed to have been said before the last session of Congress, when the financiers and capitalists did tilt that plane again, and silver was completely demonetized by the repeal of the Sherman Act and by the government's action all through the deal for gold-bugs.)

"They're liable to," John said; "there's as much reason now as at that time. When silver was demonetized in 1873 and reduced to a commodity, it was at a premium, and no political party, or petition from the people, asked for its demonetization. That was done in secret by a handful of men, and solely in the interests of the moneyed classes. Ever since that act not only silver bullion, but everything except gold has been gradually decreasing in value. Wheat and cotton have kept step with silver in her steady decline."

"And yet," exclaimed Spense, "people back East think the silver question is only a local one, a kind of side-show business."

"It's no more local," was John's reply, "than money is local. We simply supply the material for what everybody needs, and needs more, not less of. The Bible says, 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' I sometimes think the want of it is the root of a good deal more. Make gold the sole standard, the only currency, you destroy half the money, and that means contraction, falling prices, paralysis of business from Maine to California."

"Dog-on my buttons ef I don't think some folks are jes' mean enough to want silver kicked outdoors 'cause some other folks happen to make a livin' off it," growled Spense.

"The masses kick their best friend out-of-doors when they let silver go," John said. "It's the people's money — was long before Colorado was known; in fact, Colorado was called into existence to serve the interests of silver, not silver to serve the interests of Colorado."

"What's the reason," asked Mrs. Spense, in her mild, placid fashion, "that anybody objects to free coinage? It wouldn't take anything away from the eastern people, would it? They wouldn't lose their homes or have any less to eat; but it makes a sight of difference to us poor folks who have to live off it. If the miners could take their bit o' ore and turn it into money, they wouldn't shut it up in boxes, they'd spend it; and that would help everybody."

"The East would be more benefited than the West by free coinage," John remarked, "because just as soon as the silver was turned into money by the miners, it would, as you say, be put in circulation, and would then go to build up eastern industries. Another thing," he added, "by encouraging silver mining, the area of country to be supported and improved is constantly being widened, and as a natural consequence the markets for eastern goods are multiplied and prices made better. Instead of building up our industry and section of country at the expense of another, as it is falsely claimed we are trying to do, we are striving to build up our own section for our own benefit, it is true, but also for the benefit of a much larger section. We can't help only ourselves, even if we wanted to, which we don't. If we had 'free coinage' a miner couldn't eat silver and thereby live; he'd have to part with it before it would do him or his any good."

"Financial wisecracks back East," said Mr. Spense, "claim there's too much money in the country."

"Seems so," John answered sarcastically, "when you have to pay ten or twelve per cent for every dollar you borrow. That's the reason too, maybe, so many people all over the world are going hungry,

there's too much bread to be got. A Solomon's explanation that is. I wish I was out of mining," he went on; "outlook's too uncertain these days. To be here as we are, dependent on the output of silver mines, is like living on a volcano that may crack any day. Crust seems pretty thin."

"Oh! well," Mrs. Howard said cheerfully, "government will look after the mining interests. You'll get more favorable legislation soon."

"The government—where do you think the government of the United States is located?" asked John, cynically. "If you suppose it's at Washington, you're mistaken. The centre of the government in this country is Wall Street, New York, and 'the power behind the throne' every time is money."

Mrs. Howard looked puzzled. "I have always supposed," she said doubtfully, "that the government of the United States was 'for the people, and by the people.' That was one of father's favorite quotations."

"It used to be," John answered, "but that idea seems to belong more to past history than present. It's in the constitution, and, theoretically, is the sheet anchor of this form of government; but somehow the flukes of the anchor have been monkeyed with and they don't hold. Consequently America is fast drifting Europe-ward. Money rules, and things are run in the interests and for the protection of the capitalists. They're opposed to free coinage, it's against their interests, and for that reason it will be almost a miracle if we ever get it."

The writer evidently feels the perplexities and troubles that surround the spiritual in life amid the grim necessities of getting food and clothing and shelter. The strange irony which holds all these things within the grip of money is shown in this scrap of dialogue touching the pinching disabilities of poverty.

"America as a nation," I suggested, "has been passing through the utilitarian age; perhaps now that as a result of that age millionaires have become numerous, we'll move up and on to a broader, higher plane. There will be a larger class who have leisure to think of something besides making money, and who will have opportunities and influence to put their philanthropic thoughts into practice."

"If they've got any to put," John added, cynically. "As a rule the philanthropic ideas of that class don't extend very far. If they did there wouldn't be this rapidly widening gulf between the rich and the poor."

"There is too much truth in your accusation, John," Hugh admitted, "an' yet I believe in capitalists. I'm glad to see the number of men increasing who can live on the interest of what they've made or their fathers before them. If they're the right kind of men, they've a grand, God-like mission ahead o' them. If they'll only live wisely an' for others, their influence will be like the great Father's Himself, falling on the just an' onjust alike, uplifting, healing, bringing together the estranged members o' the human household."

"I believe in moneyed men, too," John said. "Possession of money gives leisure and opportunity to cultivate the mind. As Carlyle says, 'Culture renders it possible for a man to become all that God created him capable of becoming.' Working men never can become that, and probably the rank and file of mankind will always have to work, consequently they will not have leisure to cultivate their minds, or training to think as profoundly as those who have more time. We

need trained minds to think for us on all matters, although a large proportion of working men are capable of sitting in judgment on the deliberations of trained minds after they're put on record. The trouble so far has been that the trained minds of this country have not thought for the masses, but for themselves and the privileged few. The people are awakening to that fact and growing rebellious."

"Do you think the masses in this country would ever be satisfied to let any body of men do their thinking for them?" I asked.

"Yes," John answered, "if they were satisfied the men were disinterested thinkers. They would have to be philanthropists though, as well as statesmen, or the people wouldn't trust them long. They've been fooled too often."

"What do you think is the cause of this growing discontent and suspicion," I said, "of this steadily widening breach between the rich and poor, between labor and capital? It seems most unnatural."

"Selfishness is the tap-root of it all," was John's reply. "When a man through the help of his fellow-men piles up an enormous fortune, more than he can possibly make use of, and then from the vantage ground thus gained does nothing to help his brother, but on the contrary takes advantage of his brother's necessities to still further increase his own superfluities, what can be the effect of such an object lesson on the average human heart?"

"Through the coöperation of their fellow-creatures," he continued, "men become millionaires and immediately hedge themselves about with material splendor and exclusiveness, as if they were kings above other men. Last year—ten years ago, perhaps—Tom, Dick, and Harry were all in their shirt-sleeves, working hard in the trenches of life; to-day Tom's on a pedestal in a dress-coat, and expects Dick and Harry to do him homage from a distance. Do you think in their hearts they'll do it?"

"It'll depend on what kind of men they are," I answered; "the less of manhood they possess, of course the more deference they'll pay to him and his outward trappings."

"The coat, the house, is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the man for a' that," said Hugh.

"That's the idea, Mac," John responded, "working at the heart of every true American, whether born in America or not; and whatever injures that feeling is a great wrong to society. It's a knife that cuts both ways, too. Above everything else towers a noble manhood; that's God's patent of nobility. Tom on his gold pedestal is just what he was before, and his airs of superiority only embitter others toward him. Resentment is born because his pretensions have no real reason for being. Any man or woman who expects deference simply because he or she has more material riches or outside show, is a fraud, and no man can acknowledge such a claim without losing his own self-respect and belittling himself in his own estimation."

The antiquity of silver as money and its services to humanity, and to the masses of toilers earning mere wages, is shown in another scrap of dialogue, which reveals the writer's grasp of the whole history and profound importance of this question:

"Often when I look down on Hopetown," said Mrs. Howard, "and see the lights of its many happy homes, my heart aches."

"Why, mamma?" asked Marian.

"Because," answered her mother, "its very existence depends on one thing—silver. If the value of that should be taken away, or fall too low, even, the mines will have to stop working and the happy

homes be deserted. That would mean so much to so many, more than you can realize, my daughter."

"Ya', that's right, Mary," John said; "it means a whole lot. These homes that so many miners own are all they have to show for years of hard work, the only savings-bank they've been putting their earnings into."

"If the Sherman law is ever repealed, I remarked, "and no better substitute given, we'll be in a bad fix in these cañons."

"More than these cañons will be in a bad fix," was John's reply. "Unconditional repeal of the Sherman act, miserable makeshift as that is, means dropping to the gold standard, and the miseries involved will be beyond computation."

"What do you suppose the local effect would be?" Mrs. Howard inquired.

"No one could tell that," her husband replied; "it would all depend on the effect it had on the price of silver, but I'm afraid it would be disastrous to our national prosperity. Of course the silver industry wouldn't die in a month or a year, there's too much vigorous life in it for that; but deprived of all money value, it would be only a question of time when silver mining would cease to be a paying investment. People who have property in these silver cañons, and have invested their all of time and strength, as well as money, would cling to the old life in any event, like sailors to a sinking ship."

"Poor fellows!" I said. "They would probably feel that no boat could ever come to take them to a new land of promise and fresh beginnings elsewhere."

"Even if actual starvation and desolation did not follow," John went on, "the brightness of living would be destroyed. Life would degenerate to a hard scratch and scramble for bare existence. Under certain limited conditions a man may keep soul and body together, but would life then be worth living? I bet the fellows back East and in London who talk so glibly about the advantages of a gold standard wouldn't think so. When people are wrapped up in the cider-down of comfort and luxury themselves, it's easy to theorize about the pleasures of winter."

"Hasn't silver been used as a money from time immemorial?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"Yes," replied Hugh, "very early in the history of the human race we read in the Bible that Abraham was very rich in cattle and in silver and gold, also that he bought a piece of land from Ephron, the Hittite, for four hundred shekels of silver, current money wⁱ the merchant."

"From that time," John continued, "all through the ages, wherever civilization has existed, the two metals have been linked together and used as money. History, both sacred and profane, attests this."

"It would seem as if God Himself created them for this purpose," McLean suggested, "stored them in the same treasure-house and directed mankind by divine intuition how to use them."

"Silver has always been the people's money," interrupted John, "and under the reign of free coinage the nation prospered. Had the people but known it, their best financial friend was stabbed when silver was demonetized in 1873."

"They did not comprehend the far-reaching nature of that measure then," I suggested, "nor the upas-like effect it was to have on after years. Many financial seers assert that the poisonous shadow is creeping over the land and slowly paralyzing every energy, to-day."

"The trouble is," John said, "the very classes who are most affected by this great question are the ones who take the least interest in it."

"That's so," responded Hugh. "Ignorance has always been the worst enemy of the poor, blindin' them to their own best interests till too late — makin' them convenient steppin' stones upon which their shrewder and more unscrupulous brothers could climb to still greater riches and power."

"Well," continued Mac, "we were speakin' of the existence of silver as money from the dawn of history till now. In 1873, when discussing the restoration of the white metal to its old time-honored position, Blaine stated in Congress that 'silver had been money anterior to the American constitution.'"

"The founders of that constitution never questioned its right in the financial system of this country," John said. "They looked on gold and silver as the warp and woof of the monetary fabric, inextricably woven together."

"Abraham Lincoln," Mac resumed, "greatest of Americans, divine almost in the greatness and simplicity of his character, sent a special message of encouragement to the miners of the West by Mr. Colfax in 1865. I quote from memory, but there is a copy of the message at my cabin, and I know this is pretty nearly word for word. 'Tell them,' he said, 'I am going to encourage the mining of gold and silver in every possible way.' Evidently in his mind there was no discrimination against silver. 'We shall have hundreds of thousands of disbanded soldiers to care for, and I am going to try to attract them to the hidden wealth of our mountain ranges where there is room enough for all. Immigration, which even the war has not stopped, will land upon our shores hundreds of thousands more per year from over-crowded Europe. I intend to point them to the gold and silver that waits them in the West. Tell the miners for me that I shall promote their interests to the best of my ability, *because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation*, and we shall prove in a very few years that we are indeed the treasury of the world.'"

"Abraham Lincoln didn't have any interest in silver mines then or ever," John said, "so that statement was certainly disinterested. The prosperity of the miners was sectional, but their cause was not, and he realized that. That cause is as much national now as it was then."

"Little did Honest Abe dream of the conspiracy, English born and bred, that was soon to ripen in this country — a conspiracy to lock up half of these treasure-houses, thereby robbing the people of half their birthright. Had he done so he would never have invited the disbanded soldiers, in the name of the government, to invest their time and strength, their little all, in property which a few years later the same government would legislate to destroy."

"Ay, and on what a plea," said John — "over-production. Surely a manufactured pretext like that is too thin to hold logic or wear long."

"What do you think of the argument of some of the monometal-lists," asked Mac, "that silver has no more right to be protected than wheat?"

"It seems the veriest nonsense to me," was John's reply. "Same objection of course can be applied to gold."

The result in the Colorado cañons of the closing of the Indian mints and the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act was immediate and disastrous. The author paints the picture in a few telling words. Those to whom this was the great political regeneration of American finance have never pondered what it meant to American citizens who

had developed America's silver mines under the pledges and assurances of the American government. Cleveland broke the faith of the United States with the veterans of the Civil War when he put the Rothschilds' screws upon our incorruptible legislators.

That day I had occasion to ride down the cañon ten or twelve miles on business, and on my way home passed long processions of miners returning from work. Bad news travels fast, and already the telegram and its probable consequences were on every lip. Each face wore an anxious, troubled look, and a nameless foreboding of still further disaster filled each heart. This was the beginning; the end who could foresee? One of the blizzards of life was upon us, we were but entering into the storm on the outskirts of its fury. God alone could tell what the outcome might be. To these miners trudging down from countless holes in every mountain-side all through the mining regions, this injury to silver was a serious affair. The preservation of their homes, their happiness and comfort, almost their very existence was involved. No wonder that the usual joking banter was absent, and that singly or in groups silent, preoccupied men trudged wearily homeward.

As I rode through the streets of Hoptown the same change was visible. At the corner where the road turns to go up the hill, a knot of excited men were discussing the situation.

The next morning I returned to the mine, and for a couple of days heard nothing of outside matters. The end of the month was always a busy time and kept me fully occupied. Friday afternoon, however, there came by telephone fresh news of the outside world, news as startling as the closing of the Indian mints, and in its immediate effects far more distressing. The leading bank of Hoptown had closed its doors. It seemed hardly credible. For many years this bank had stood to the miners a very embodiment of sound business principles and strength, one of the corner-stones almost of the county. We had come to believe in its stability as we believed in the immovable mountains, and its collapse was not only a financial but a personal loss, a shock to the moral sense of the community. Yet the explanation of its failure was simple; it was only an effect. Tuesday's news pondered over, reasoned out, had produced Friday's calamity. It was the natural, perhaps inevitable outcome of great underlying causes existing in a distant land and beyond local control.

The view of the situation, and of the rights of the miners to be considered by the United States government in precedence to all demands of usurer conspiracies and foreign governments, is shown in the rough, simple opinion of Sam Banks, one of the old soldiers of the war, and an old miner.

"I don't feel as if we'd been fairly treated; that's what cuts deepest. After the war we came West to them mining states because they wus silver states, and because the government and President Lincoln had made certain promises. That's why we came. We exiled ourselves to a very hell of a place, dug and burrowed like gophers in them blasted rocks to get a start. All the capital we had — time, strength, money — we invested right in them cañons an' thought we had a dead sure thing."

"Now look at us! We've got our homes, our property here all right, but what are they worth? You couldn't give a silver mine away. Everything's just naturally collapsed, shrunk like a child's bubble, and nothing has any value. We're middle-aged paupers, and yet for

a quarter of a century we've grubbed in them holes till we don't know nothin' else."

"Ay, an' the hardest of all is," exclaimed Dan Miller, "our poverty doesn't come from natural causes, from shiftlessness, but from legislation made in the interests of those who already have more money than they need, an' the legislation's made at the say-so of England! The whole country needs what we've got, but to boost the rich folk higher, double the value of their gold, our silver is made of no account. I feel as if we'd been robbed simply because we were not strong enough to help it, but might ain't right by a long shot."

To thousands of readers the pages of this book will bring a panorama of what the drama of actual life really is in the Rockies and what the silver question really means to our own kith and kin here in America, for the aggrandizement of the usurer class who have already Europe under their thumb—a gigantic revenge for all the abuses that have been heaped upon those unlovely and unlovable tribes. It should help in the growth of a new patriotism of America for the Americans, and should rally the forces allied for money for humanity instead of money for conscienceless speculators and usurers.

JONATHAN PENN.

YOUNG WEST.*

Edward Bellamy's inspired book, "Looking Backward," seems in its turn to have been an inspiration to many writers upon social questions, as well as a foundation for nationalistic, socialistic, and perhaps other istic organizations looking to the betterment of the present existing conditions. Doctor Schindler's book, "Young West," is a capital sequel to that of Mr. Bellamy, depicting with clearness and in detail the state of things which must be expected to exist in a country like that in which the hero of "Looking Backward" awoke after his nap of a hundred years, during which time "all things had become new."

Since the time that he had gone to sleep, all social conditions had changed in such a marvellous manner that he failed to understand them. His age had been one of intense competitive strife, now he beheld society forming a brotherhood indeed, in which all worked for one and one for all. He could not understand how money should have ceased to be the stimulus for all individual efforts; he wondered that people were found willing to work without being paid for their labor; he could not see how all could live in affluence, nor could he grasp the idea of economic equality. After a short time, however, he became not only reconciled to our social arrangements, but began to acknowledge their superiority over the conditions that prevailed in his time. He now wondered that his contemporaries could have been so blind as not to see the true remedy for all the evils of which they complained so much. He remembered now that at his time already some such ideas of economic equality had been troubling the minds of a few individuals, and how the socialists—so these people had been called—were scorned and ridiculed as visionaries, yea, even persecuted as enemies of society.

*"Young West, a Sequel to 'Looking Backward,'" by Solomon Schindler. Price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

Young West, son of the sleeper of 2001, introduces himself to the reader of Dr. Schindler's book, as at the age of three years, he "awoke to consciousness" of life in one of the national nurseries in the city of Atlantis, known in the nineteenth century as Boston, and continues his autobiography through a long and memorable life during which he served his country and "ran through the whole scale of social and public ambition," from the nursery to the presidency and ex-presidency, which in the wonderful country of which he writes was most honorable of all, since, instead of being shelved for the rest of his life, an ex-president became a member of the World's Court of Arbitration and so of much importance still.

The story of "Young West," as he continues to be called to the last, affords an opportunity for the author to bring out and enlarge upon the ideas of nationalization of pretty nearly everything, which readers of the ARENA have found in most of Dr. Schindler's papers in this review; but while this makes the book interesting to thoughtful persons who are looking into the subject of social reforms, it does not detract from the interest of a general reader who desires only that a book shall serve to while away a leisure hour. There are no dull pages, and although the reader's views of many things may differ widely from those of the author, and his utterly material way of treating things that can be only spiritually discerned may cause a slight shock to some hyper-sensitive souls, there is really less self-assertiveness and want of toleration than is often found in books which claim to be very spiritual.

Altogether, then, the book is well worth reading either as a study or as pastime, even though perhaps, at the end one may feel that the gist of it all is in the few pages where "Young West," now an old man full of honor and success, finds the confession of his strangely resuscitated father and reads:

"With all its advantages over my previous life, my present existence does not satisfy me. I miss too many conditions that were by force of habit dear to me. The very absence of worry, of care, oppresses me, as a calm on the ocean oppresses the sailor. I do not live — I vegetate. Not only is it easy to be good, not only has virtue ceased to be the result of strife, it is difficult, nay, impossible, to go wrong. What glory, therefore, in goodness? I miss the shadow that relieves the dazzling light of virtue. Moreover, in whatever relation I am placed to others, I find myself the diminutive, insignificant part of a whole. After I have done my best, I am no more than is my neighbor, who also has done his best according to his abilities. There are no distinguishing lines between man and man; I am placed on a dead level with the rest; I am lost in the crowd."

"Almost all of man's personal responsibilities have been taken from his shoulders, except the one inclusive responsibility of serving to the best of his abilities the Commonwealth. The parent is no longer responsible for the proper bringing up of his offspring; the husband is not held to protect his wife, neither is the child asked to assist the originators of his existence in their declining age. Wherever I turn, I confront the selfsame spectral, abstract idea of the

commonwealth. The commonwealth is the parent, the commonwealth is the child, the commonwealth is the God, who carries all and is worshipped by all."

Well, there is certainly no danger or likelihood of those now on earth suffering as the elder West did from this cause — want of adjustment to an *improved* state of things. We and our children and theirs after them may be able to do something toward bringing about such a state, and uncouthed millions may rejoice in the fulfilment of our altruistic hopes, but unless we view it from some higher sphere, we shall not know. As "Young West" says:

Alas, we move not in leaps and bounds. The transformation of conditions progresses too slowly to be observed, so that after a change has become noticeable the creatures of a former stage have become unfit to live in the new world. We cannot jump into a new social order, but must grow into it. I am sure that we could not live happily in the time to come, say, one hundred years from now, after society will again have changed its forms. Wise and beneficent is nature, therefore, that it removes us from the stage when a new play, for which we have not rehearsed, is to be enacted. . . . The social reformer must be unselfishness personified. He must never expect to derive any benefit for himself; he must never hope to enter the land into which he is leading others; he must never try to hasten the natural and rational development of conditions. He may show the way; he may prophesy what will happen.

The book is written in Dr. Schindler's well-known style. It is sometimes verbose, not always quite smooth English, since no doubt he thinks in German and writes in English, but it is interesting from start to finish.

JULIA A. DAWLEY.

ENEMIES IN THE REAR.*

I.

Those of us who are old enough to have heard the talk about "black-snakes and copperheads," as the different factions of Northern sympathizers with or opponents of the civil war of 1861-65 were called, will find in Mr. Hoover's book a vivid portrayal of the state of feeling existing all over the northern states in the darkest years of our history, 1863-64, when the "Sons of Liberty, or Knights of the Golden Circle," the "Enemies in the Rear," were using all the means in their power to harass and defeat the measures used by the government at Washington. As a part of the history of those days, then, even aside from its real interest as a picture of life among the Pennsylvania Dutch at that time, the book is of decided value.

It is really an unusually entertaining novel, full of dramatic situations, and the action is well sustained and never flags. A capital drama might be made of it, with scenes from the old Mill, the quaint houses of the sturdy Dutch farmers, the lonely cabin of the witch-woman, and the comical lodge room. There are no battlefields nor

*"Enemies in the Rear; or, A Golden Circle Squared," by Francis T. Hoover. Price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

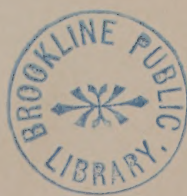
harrowing scenes, but plenty of hairbreadth escapes and detective work to delight the younger generation of readers, very cleverly told. A vein of quiet humor runs all through the story, which is very well worth reading and preserving, too, as a truthful picture of the times and of a sturdy, thrifty race still living in the old ways in some parts of the land, although their descendants are scattered over the country and forgetting or leaving the quaint customs so graphically described. It is to be heartily recommended to old and young.

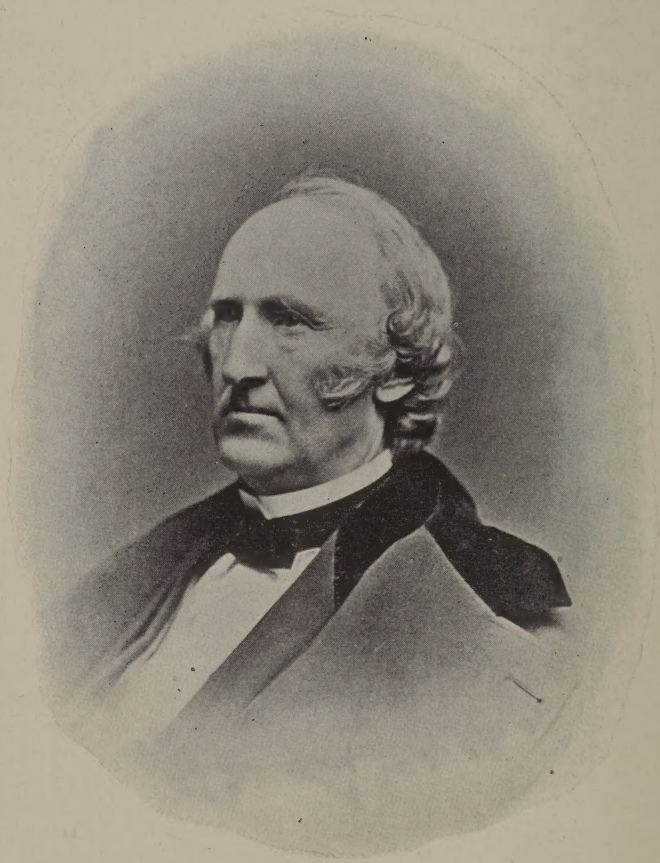
J. A. DAWLEY.

HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE.

Mr. J. N. Larned's "History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading" has already an assured place in the front rank of the great literary works of this century, although the fifth volume, completing the set, is barely off the press. The accomplished compiler is the ex-president of the American Library Association and the working superintendent of the Buffalo public library. His practical acquaintance with the needs of the widest range of readers induced him to undertake his comprehensive work, and his thorough scholarship has executed it in a way to win the warmest praise from the most competent judges—historians, scholars, and teachers such as Dr. John Fiske, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, Henry Brooks Adams, Dr. Albert Shaw, and Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. No brief notice can possibly convey the comprehension of the scope and usefulness of this work. It distils a full historical library into a retort charged with the spirit of many thousand authors. It makes instant reference possible to the noteworthy events, facts, and personages of the world's history, and gives the luminous comments on them of the master minds of all ages down to our latest day.

Its maps are no less remarkable than the text. It is a cyclopædia of historic geography, altogether more complete than is furnished in any other publication. In the smallest library it absolutely demands a place, and it is certain of inclusion in the largest libraries as an almost indispensable guide-book. The C. A. Nichols Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.





Wendell Phillips.



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HUDSON'S DUALITY OF MIND DISPROVED.

BY T. E. ALLEN.

IN his book, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," further described as "a working hypothesis for the systematic study of hypnotism, spiritism, mental therapeutics, etc.," Mr. Thomson Jay Hudson has made an interesting contribution to psychical literature. Considering his work as a storehouse of facts, he is open to criticism for admitting the genuineness of some species of phenomena, spirit photography and materialization for example, upon what, from the standpoint of the "higher criticism" in the psychical field, would be called insufficient evidence. Nevertheless, as his primary object is to show the application of his hypothesis to a wide range of subject-matter, I feel that, with the passing recognition of the fact pointed out, we may well deal leniently with the author upon this score.

Mr. Hudson claims to have formulated an hypothesis that grants practically all of the facts alleged by hypnotists, mesmerists, mental healers of the various schools, and modern spiritualists. He says:

The general propositions applicable to all phases of psychological phenomena are here only briefly stated, leaving the minor or subsidiary propositions necessary for the elucidation of particular classes and sub-classes of phenomena to be stated under their appropriate heads.

The first proposition relates to the dual character of man's mental organization. That is to say, man has, or appears to have, two minds, each endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers; each capable, under certain conditions, of independent action. It should be clearly understood at the outset that for the purpose of arriving at a correct conclusion it is a matter of indifference whether we consider that man is endowed with two distinct minds, or that his one mind possesses certain attributes and powers under some conditions, and certain other attributes and powers under other conditions. It is sufficient to know that everything happens just as though he were endowed with a dual mental organization. Under the rules of correct

reasoning, therefore, I have a right to assume that MAN HAS TWO MINDS ; and the assumption is so stated, in its broadest terms, as the first proposition of my hypothesis. For convenience I shall designate the one as the *objective* mind, and the other as the *subjective* mind. . . .

The second proposition is, that THE SUBJECTIVE MIND IS CONSTANTLY AMENABLE TO CONTROL BY SUGGESTION.

The third, or subsidiary, proposition is, that THE SUBJECTIVE MIND IS INCAPABLE OF INDUCTIVE REASONING (pp. 25, 26).

With the aid of these propositions and a few others dependent upon them, Mr. Hudson undertakes to explain spiritistic phenomena, to give us modern spiritualism with the spirits (excarate at least) left out! He assumes the genuineness of the "leading phenomena of spiritism," however (p. 206). Now, I am satisfied that Mr. Hudson's hypothesis, plausible though it appears to some, does not explain the phenomena of spiritism, and, if the arguments contained herein are sound, it cannot furnish that master-key to hypnotism and mental therapeutics which this thinker believes himself to have discovered. Mr. Hudson says: "The three propositions together [those just quoted] furnish the key to the whole science of psychology" (p. 323). It is the purpose of this article to show that Mr. Hudson has not proved the duality of the mind, whence it must follow that the whole of his main hypothesis is untenable.

As the point at issue is whether, on the one hand, the objective and subjective minds already mentioned are so distinct, the one from the other, as to force us to conclude that the mind is dual, or whether, on the other, the relation between them is of a kind that compels us to assert that *as defined* they must be regarded as parts of a single whole, it is necessary to lay down the conditions which determine, respectively, duality and unity. We say of two men that they are independent of each other because each is capable of manifesting his characteristics without the aid of the other. The conditions of duality are, therefore, that A shall be independent of B, and B independent of A.

Homogeneity of structure is not a condition of unity. We look upon the body of man as a unit, yet the structure of the hand is vastly different from that of the eye or heart. The real unity lies in the interdependence between each part and every other part. This can be, first, reciprocal or complete, or second, partial. The relation of the heart to the body is a case of the former. For the heart cannot perform its function without the body, and the body cannot perform its functions without the heart. In other words, the condition of *complete* unity is that A shall be dependent upon B, and that B shall be dependent upon A. The hand illustrates a partial unity. Its movements are obviously dependent upon the coöperation of the other parts of the body. Cut it off and it can no longer fulfil its function. It is this de-

pendence that constitutes the true unity of the parts mentioned. It is true that the body continues to live without the hand, but its efficiency is impaired so that this partial independence does not justify us in claiming a duality. The condition of *partial* unity is, then, that A shall be dependent upon B, and that B shall be independent of A.

If Mr. Hudson is right, therefore, in claiming the duality of the mind, we must find as the result of our analysis that his minds fulfil the conditions of duality, or that: 1. The objective mind is capable of manifesting itself without the coöperation of the subjective mind; and that, 2. *Vice versa*, the subjective mind is capable of manifesting itself without the coöperation of the objective mind. There can be no duality unless *both* of these conditions are fulfilled.

We come next to a statement of the powers of the two minds so far as it is necessary for us to consider them.

The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world. Its media of observation are the five physical senses. . . . Its highest function is that of reasoning (p. 29). . . . [It] is merely the function of the physical brain (p. 30). . . . The objective mind . . . possesses no powers whatever independently of the physical organization . . . [and] dies with it (p. 325). . . . Its distinctive functions pertain solely to physical existence. It has the power of independent inductive reasoning . . . [which] pertains wholly to our physical existence (p. 326.) . . . The objective mind is capable of reasoning by all methods, — inductive and deductive, analytic and synthetic (p. 33).

As we are analyzing the main propositions only of Mr. Hudson's hypothesis, as it is unnecessary to consider the subsidiary propositions invoked by him to explain the manifestations falling under the several grand divisions of psychical phenomena, and as, according to the conditions of duality just laid down, the two alleged minds must each be capable of independent action — for these reasons, it will be sufficient to show that the objective mind is incapable of action without the coöperation of the subjective mind. Of the many statements made, therefore, relative to the powers of the latter, I shall quote but a few, confining myself entirely to those in antithesis to the claims relating to the objective mind and to others that will throw light upon our arguments

The subjective mind takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition. It is the seat of emotions, and the storehouse of memory. It performs its highest functions when the objective senses are in abeyance. In a word, it is that intelligence which makes itself manifest in a hypnotic subject when he is in a state of somnambulism. In this state many of the most wonderful feats of the subjective mind are performed. . . . It is the subjective mind that possesses what is popularly designated as clairvoyant power and the ability to apprehend the thoughts of others without the aid of the ordinary objective means of communication. . . . [It]

is a distinct entity, possessing independent powers and functions; having a mental organization of its own, and being capable of sustaining an existence independently of the body. In other words, it is the soul (pp. 29, 30). . . . The subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning. . . . This proposition refers to the powers and functions of the purely subjective mind, as exhibited in the mental operations of persons in a state of profound hypnotism, or trance. . . . Given a general principle to start with, it [the subjective mind] will reason deductively from that down to all legitimate inferences, with a marvellous cogency and power (pp. 33, 34). . . . Inductive reasoning . . . would be as useless to the spirit in an existence [after death] where all truth is perceived by intuition, as a tallow dip in the blaze of a noonday sun (p. 326).

Before analyzing the above statements relative to the two minds to find out whether or not a real duality exists, it will be necessary to consider some of Mr. Hudson's claims respecting memory. After considering several cases where, during sickness, the patients, amongst other things, repeated passages in foreign languages which they could not have reproduced after recovery, thus showing an extraordinary activity or exaltation of memory, he says:

The reader will not fail to observe that in all these cases the subjects reproduced simply what they had seen, heard, or read. The impressions upon the objective mind, particularly in the case related by Coleridge, must have been superficial to the last degree; but the result demonstrated that the record upon the tablets of the subjective mind was ineffaceable. These are not isolated cases. Thousands of similar phenomena have been recorded by the most trustworthy of observers. . . . The reader should distinctly bear in mind that there is a wide distinction between objective and subjective memory. The former is one of the functions of the brain, and, as has been shown by recent investigations, has an absolute localization in the cerebral cortex; and the different varieties of memory, such as visual memory, auditory memory, memory of speech, etc., can be destroyed by localized disease or by a surgical operation. Subjective memory, on the other hand, appears to be an inherent power, and free from anatomical relations; or at least, it does not appear to depend upon the healthy condition of the brain for its power of manifestation. . . . All the facts of hypnotism show that the more quiescent the objective faculties become, or, in other words, the more perfectly the functions of the brain are suspended, the more exalted are the manifestations of the subjective mind. Indeed, the whole history of subjective phenomena goes to show that the nearer the body approaches the condition of death, the stronger become the demonstrations of the powers of the soul. The irresistible inference is that when the soul is freed entirely from its trammels of the flesh, its powers will attain perfection, its memory will be absolute. . . . Subjective memory appears to be the only kind or quality of memory which deserves that appellation; it is the only memory which is absolute. The memory of the objective mind, comparatively speaking, is more properly designated as recollection (pp. 45-7).

It might increase the plausibility of Mr. Hudson's theory were it true that "there is a wide distinction between objective and subjective memory"; but I assert that, on the contrary, while a certain difference, which I shall point out later, may

reasonably be insisted upon, it is neither so great as he affirms nor of the kind he represents. He tells us that the former is dependent upon anatomical structure and that the latter is either independent or partially independent of it. The subjects mentioned reproduced, he says, "what they had seen, heard, or read," or in other words, the matter quoted got into memory by virtue of "anatomical relations" between the brain and that faculty. How did it get out again so as to furnish the data that led Mr. Hudson to believe that the subjective memory is "perfect"? Through "anatomical relations" that enabled memory to at least partially reveal itself through the organs of speech or by writing! He does not cite a particle of evidence that does not come through the subject's brain! Of course, it goes without saying that if memory persists after death, as we both believe, it then manifests itself without the physical brain. To justify his distinction between the two memories it would be necessary to show, for one thing, that when a memory centre had been impaired or destroyed by disease or a surgical operation so that it no longer permitted the manifestation of the corresponding kind of memory (auditory, for example), that *then*, this kind of memory, though suffering eclipse under normal conditions, is nevertheless able to reveal itself in consciousness under other conditions or when the subject is in the "subjective" state. The cases cited by Mr. Hudson do not prove this. It is not claimed that the patients suffering with fever or other disorders had any of their memory centres impaired.

The distinction between the two alleged memories does not lie, then, in the genesis of their contents nor in the manner in which the latter are revealed in consciousness. I conclude, therefore, that man has *one* memory and not two. The mere fact that its manifestation is more perfect at one time than at another, or when a subject is in one state rather than in another, does not justify the claim that memory is dual. Further, Mr. Hudson cannot affirm a true duality of memory without being led into inconsistency. For the objective mind, including the objective memory, dies with the body (p. 325). We are told, also, that consciousness and memory persist after death and that "if either is lost, identity is lost" (p. 401). The following passage will help to complete a link in my argument:

The phenomena alluded to [consciousness and memory] which bear upon the question [of retention of identity] relate to the perfect memory of the subjective mind, or soul. This faculty of subjective memory is implanted in the human soul for some purpose. It certainly does not pertain to this life, for, as we have seen, it is only under abnormal conditions that the phenomenon is observable. It must, therefore, be a part of the Divine economy pertaining to the future existence of the soul. It has no use here, for objective recollection is

all-sufficient for objective existence and purposes. The conclusion is irresistible that it is for the purpose, among other things, of enabling the soul to retain its identity. [In reference to] its bearing upon the question of future rewards and punishments . . . it is obvious that if the soul did not retain a conscious memory of its earthly life, no adequate or just reward or punishment could be meted out to it. Even human justice would revolt against, and human laws would prevent, the infliction of the penalty for a capital crime, if it were clearly proved that the criminal had so far lost his mind as to have no recollection of the events of his past life, or, in other words, had lost conscious identity. Besides, it must not be forgotten that the soul is the seat of the emotions, as well as the storehouse of memory. It is obvious that it is only through the emotions and the memory that rewards can be conferred or punishments inflicted upon the immaterial soul (p. 402).

Our author is in a dilemma. If he maintains the duality of memory, then he must concede that the blotting out of that "objective recollection" which is "all-sufficient for objective existence and purposes," carries with it the extinction of at least *the most important part* of that section of memory which must persist in order to make possible that recollection of past events in one's life, *the retention of identity*, and the conferring of rewards and punishments which would satisfy Mr. Hudson's conception of justice. If, on the other hand, he admits the unity of memory, that concession militates against his hypothesis.

Enough has been said to show that while Mr. Hudson's objective memory is, practically without exception in the life of the embodied soul, but a *part* of the whole memory capable of revealing itself under proper conditions, yet, nevertheless, the unity and not the duality of memory must be affirmed when we take into account the facts and the chief implications of the two conceptions.

Further, in declaring the unity of memory we are at the same time compelled, in the interest of accurate thinking, to cast out the terms "objective recollection," "objective memory," and "subjective memory," as unreal and therefore so entirely destitute of precision as to unfit them for our purpose. There is no insuperable objection to employing them loosely to distinguish that part of memory ordinarily capable of manifesting itself in consciousness from the whole of memory, though even for this purpose other terms might better be used, as they would be less likely to mislead. We can return now to the discussion of our main question, Has Mr. Hudson proved the duality of the mind? The principal reasons for answering this in the negative are as follows:

1. His first claim is that "the objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world," that "its media of observation are the five physical senses." Now, what does "cognizance of the objective world" or "observation" involve? What kind of a

mental act? Two terms used by psychologists, "sensation" and "perception," need to be considered to answer this question. Of these Prof. William James says in his "Principles of Psychology":

Pure sensations can only be realized in the earliest days of life. They are all but impossible to adults with memories and stores of associations acquired. (Vol. ii, p. 7). . . . A pure sensation we saw above . . . to be an abstraction never realized in adult life. Any quality of a thing which affects our sense-organs does also more than that: it arouses processes in the hemispheres which are due to the organization of that organ by past experiences, and the results of which in consciousness are commonly described as ideas which the sensation suggests. The first of these ideas is that of the thing to which the sensible quality belongs. The consciousness of particular material things present to sense is nowadays called perception. The consciousness of such things may be more or less complete; it may be of the mere name of the thing and its other essential attributes, or it may be of the thing's various remoter relations. It is impossible to draw any sharp line of distinction between the barer and the richer consciousness, because the moment we get beyond the first crude sensation all our consciousness is a matter of suggestion, and the various suggestions shade gradually into each other, being one and all products of the psychological machinery of association. . . . Perception thus differs from sensation by the consciousness of farther facts associated with the object of the sensation. . . . Sensational and reproductive brain-processes combined, then, are what give us the content of our perceptions. . . . I hear a sound, and say 'a horse-car'; but the sound is not the horse-car, it is one of the horse-car's least important manifestations. The real horse-car is a feelable, or at most a feeble and visible, thing which in my imagination the sound calls up. . . . Reproduced sights and contacts tied together with the present sensation in the unity of a thing with a name, these are the complex objective stuff out of which my actually perceived table is made. Infants must go through a long education of the eye and ear before they can perceive the realities which adults perceive (pp. 76-8). . . . All the intellectual value for us of a state of mind depends on our after-memory of it. Only then is it combined in a system and knowingly made to contribute to a result. Only then does it count for us. So that the effective consciousness we have of our states is the after consciousness [which is impossible without memory]; and the more of this there is, the more influence does the original state have, and the more permanent a factor is it of our world (Vol. i, p. 644).

It is clear from the above quotations that perceptions are impossible without the coöperation of memory. I have shown, also, the futility of Mr. Hudson's attempt to divide memory between his "objective" and "subjective" minds. It is further evident that the terms of his hypothesis force him to regard memory as one of the most important characteristics of the subjective mind. Since, therefore, perceptions, observations, cognitions "of the objective world" are impossible without the aid of his subjective mind, it follows that *the objective mind is incapable of independent action so far as the use of the physical senses is concerned.*

2. Mr. Hudson's second claim is that the "highest function" of the objective mind is reasoning, and he lays special emphasis

upon the claim that inductive reasoning is exclusively the function of this mind. It will be evident, with a little consideration, that the reasoning process is impossible without memory. From what other source can the premises needed for deductive reasoning be drawn? Even ignoring the inability of the unaided objective mind to supply us with perceptions, and assuming that we come by one legitimately, this must be supplemented by a drawing upon memory for the results of other observations before an induction can be made! Or, setting this aside, and granting that our inference can be made from a single perception, where shall the objective mind go to find the principle of the uniformity of nature to which it must now appeal? It is clear, then, that *the objective mind cannot perform its "highest function" of reasoning without the aid of the subjective mind, or, in other words, it is not capable of independent action in this respect.* Therefore, after considering the two principal claims made for his objective mind and finding that in neither particular is it capable of that independent action which alone can justify his assertion that the human mind is dual in its organization, I conclude that he has failed to prove the duality which he affirms as the basic proposition of his hypothesis, and that his failure to prove this and my demonstration of the impossibility of such a duality disrupt and destroy his whole hypothesis and, as a consequence, throw it out of court as an explanation of psychical phenomena that cannot explain.

I am aware that in one place in his book (the passage first quoted in this article) Mr. Hudson does offer the alternative of *one* mind which "possesses certain attributes and powers under some conditions, and certain other attributes and powers under other conditions," but not only does he proceed in the next paragraph (included in quotation just cited) to reaffirm two minds *without any qualification*, but the conception of duality is deeply embedded in his text throughout. Farther, he says explicitly (p. 29) that "it is a fact, nevertheless, that the line of demarcation between the two [minds] is clearly defined; that their functions are essentially unlike; that each is endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers; and that each is capable, under certain conditions and limitations, of independent action." Since, also, the unreality of his division of the mind into objective and subjective has been demonstrated, his second and third propositions — namely, "that the subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion," and "that the subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning" — both of which involve the subjective mind, no longer have any meaning whatever and fall to the ground with the first. Here I rest my case. In a future article I shall criticise Mr. Hudson's treatment of spiritism.

THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

BY A. TAYLOR.

THAT the forces for good are everywhere to organize themselves on a common basis for the well-being of all, is settled.

The attempts which have thus far been made to realize the ideal of such unified action seem to be of two classes: (1) those which seek to unify Christians on a religious basis common to Christians; (2) those which seek to unify, on a secular basis, the elements which discard the name Christian. Those of the first class fail of universality as to *membership*, because whole nations, as well as many earnest individuals in Christian countries, will refuse to enroll themselves under the name Christian. Those of the second class fail of universality as to *aim*, because there is no direct recognition of the religious nature of the individual.

Now surely the organization which is to be efficient and permanent must be universal both as to membership and as to aim. It must base itself upon a vital truth acknowledged by all earnest people of whatever race or religion; and allegiance to that truth must lead to the one end which will include all other worthy ends. If the new organization would remind the churches that "three-thirds and not one-third of a man must be saved," it must itself remember that three-thirds and not *two-thirds* of a man must be saved. "The union of all who love for the service of all who suffer" is a high ideal, and we must rejoice to live in an age when it can begin to find realization. Yet is it not possible to go one step farther *at once*, and base the new organization upon that principle which will secure this social ideal and at the same time direct each to the guide for the individual life?

There is a true life for each. The religious nature should have positive recognition. The religion which is at the heart of all religions is as universal as the attraction of gravitation which binds us every one to the earth. Religion, by the etymology of the word, "binds" us to something. Though one may not acknowledge as authority any organization, any man, or any established conception of a God, yet he cannot escape the commanding influence of love, of truth, of beauty. All men seek imagined or real good. This pursuit is the object of life. That which each believes will lead to the desired good becomes his creed. Since every one seeks something, every one believes

something — every one has a creed. A man without a conviction, without an “I believe,” would be a useless, lifeless creature. He would never act. The *I believe*, as well as the *I love*, is ever essential to the *I will*. And all that is sought to be attained by the wider organization of the forces for good must be gained through action; that action must result from conviction; that conviction, in order to have power to unite the efforts of all earnest people of every race and faith, must be a conviction which all earnest people share — it must be a creed which is common to all.

To find this common basis for organization, those elements of belief which are not held in common must be passed by. No statement must be made for or against the truth of any creed not held by all. Since some believe it and some do not, each must be free to believe or not. Even the very widespread belief in the existence of a God cannot be stated, because some earnest, helpful people are not able to subscribe to that article. However precious to some of us may be the trust in an Over-Consciousness from which we derive that by which we say, “I know God and am known of Him,” however precious may be the moments of communion when we feel ourselves one with an All-enfolding Love to which our little loves are but as the drop to the ocean; still, while there remains one earnest soul living on and living well, disclaiming any such consciousness or feeling, we must not, as equal men and women, presume to assert as essential that which will shut out such a one and deny the earnestness of his life. We may cherish our own faith if we will, but for a ground of union with him, we must look yet deeper, until we find the creed by which he lives and to which we, also, can subscribe. So with other widely accepted but not universal faiths. In the language of an eminent minister of our country, “With or without Christ, with or without God, with or without immortality,” we must live with regard to “love, truth, and righteousness.”

Yes, herein is a common creed. Love, truth, and beauty — this trinity is one, and includes all that exists. We all acknowledge ourselves bound to the universe and subject to its laws. The whole must be master of the part; the part must take its place in the whole. Acceptance of this obligation is the essence of religion. In every moment of conscious life, each individual perceives his relation to that which is outside himself, as matter, mind, or spirit. Through his threefold nature the universe touches him — through emotion, as love; through intelligence, as truth; through sensation, as beauty.

And consciousness of relation involves perception of duty. Religion is the recognition of obligation. It fruits in conduct.

But one may not act according to the perceptions of sensation alone, or of intelligence alone, or of emotion alone. It is the knowledge of relation resulting from the combined use of all one's powers of perception—it is *con-science*—that can lead each individual to take his true place in the whole at each moment. And to live as we ought here and now is the important thing. One need not know the right for a future time, because this guide will remain with him. And one need not know the right for another, because that other also has his guide.

It is the same with regard to our relation to social institutions and influences. These appeal to mankind as authority, as instruction, or as inspiration. Not one kind of appeal only, but all, must be heeded. It is by the knowledge resulting from the combined influence of all these that we know what the past and present ages can teach us, and what the present social conditions demand of us. Here, too, it is *con-science* which we should follow. This guide will point the straight and narrow way for each in the conduct of his individual and his social life. It will correct every tendency to wander this way or that in a too exclusive attention to one kind of consciousness. Christian, Hebrew, Mohammed, Buddhist, atheist, all agree in the duty of a man to do the right he knows. Even those who trust and love a being they call God, or by some equivalent name, agree that at times when the consciousness of that presence is lost and one gropes in doubt and darkness, there still remains the duty to go on doing the right. Indeed it is a tenet of the religion of such that it is just by going on doing the right, patiently, though it may be in suffering, that the blessed consciousness is regained.

So, in the words of Mr. Ehrich, "The bond of union will not be believing, but doing." Faith and love are of value in the work of the world because they create the energy which brings things to pass. They issue in *will*.

"For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments."

"The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if you do them."

"If our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched

But to fine issues."

"The revelation of God to man is in his own consciousness of that which is right and true and good; higher than this can no man attain—to 'live to the level of his highest thought.'"

"Walk up to that you know, in obedience to God; then you shall not be condemned for that you know not, but for that you know and do not obey."

"We should always act upon the ideal; it is the only safe ground of action."

"God, by kindling in the heart the sanctuary lamp of conscience, has imposed upon each the duty of walking by its light."

These quotations express a universal principle. There is no thinking person on the face of the earth whose genuine creed does not contain this truth, whether his professed creed states it or not. This is the pole-star for the guidance of every life. This is the "primitive cell" of true religion, when we have found which, says Amiel, "we shall have reached our goal." Obedience to conscience is simply the motion of one's whole being in response to the total influence of the love, the truth, and the beauty to which one has conscious relation. When the individual thus assumes his true place in the whole, the life of the whole flows through his being, and he *lives*, and grows capable of greater power, wider thought, and deeper love. The truth is a vital one — obedience to conscience leads to life.

In this universal creed is secured the first element of universality in the basis of organization, that of possible membership. And this creed is not superfluous. The building of churches "without creed or doctrine" is reaction. Nothing permanent can be founded on negation. No less than earnest allegiance to the right so far as it is known is required to make each person a helpful member in the organization. The man who can stand alone is the man who can be a friend. An organization made up of earnest, helpful people will be an earnest, helpful organization. It is true, of course, that many persons, believing other things essential, will feel it their duty to testify to those other things even to the extent of withholding their support from any organization, however helpful, which does not affirm them. But this need be no cause for regret. Such will go on in their special lines of work, and these are still needed. The essential thing is to plant the new, all-enclosing temple upon the foundation rock which lies so deep that it must forever underlie all other foundations. Then the organization will indeed be universal and permanent.

The second element of universality which the organization must have — an aim which shall include all other worthy aims — grows of necessity out of the universal creed. When the individual finds the way to his own well-being, the social instinct, that is, the love of his fellows, inspires him to work for the well-being of others. The unifying power of the whole, Love, voices itself in his conscience, and he cannot escape the impulse to labor for others. The collective effort, then, must be toward securing the well-being of all mankind, in all relations of life. No less than this can fulfil the conditions of a universal object. In

whatever way it may be stated, the first and great commandment is eternally, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy *heart*, and with all thy *strength*, and with all thy *mind*"; and the second will ever be "like unto it — Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Right living, including service of the neighbor, is the basis of the church universal. Recognizing the threefold nature of the universe, it will recognize also the corresponding threefold nature of man, and will minister to his well-being in all the relations arising therefrom. Always essential to the well-being of man is his own right attitude toward that to which he bears conscious relation, and all the service that can be rendered him by others is help to gain that attitude. But the ways in which this help may be given are manifold. In a thousand ways he may be inspired to hope, may be taught the truth, or may be given the helping hand in the removal of hindrances. The organization which would be universal in aim must work along all these lines. Letting go none of the good work of the past, it will simply take a broader sweep of service, ministering to the whole life of man. It will seek, through inspiration, teaching, and service, to lead to the "love of the beautiful, the pursuit of truth, and the practice of goodness."

Mr. Ehrich, in advocating a unifying organization, said: "The name importeth little. We seek the substance of love as fruiting in loving work. We must be *doing*."

It is the universal church — so let it be called. As has been said, the one essential good is the harmony between the one and the all. The work of helping each to find this harmony in all relations is the work proposed by this organization. But through all ages, in all nations, under whatever name, this has been the aim of the religious organizations. However blind or partial may have been their efforts, they have tried to point out the way of life; and, however hindered by the imperfection of their agents, they have sought to help men come into that way. Any organization which seeks to do this is essentially a religious organization. Religion "binds"; but as in the bondage to the earth through its attractive power our bodies find their perfect freedom, so in the religion which establishes the bondage to love, truth, and beauty, is the perfect liberty of our whole being. "The last lesson of life, the choral song which rises from all elements and all angels, is a voluntary obedience, a necessitated freedom."

The reign of love, truth, and beauty is the reign of life itself. Life — more life — is the one need of all. This draws us with irresistible power; this is the end of all our strivings; this is the master which commands us. The word *church* signifies *the*

master's house, the Lord's house. The church universal is the "house of life." All are children of the family dwelling in that home. It already exists in ideal, and the term is well understood. Although sometimes employed in a limited sense, it cannot be correctly so used, because the phrase *universal church* must mean the house of the master whom *all* acknowledge. "The church . . . rightly understood, is but the home of the universal family, calling upon the free in every portion of the universe to unite beneath the eternal law of Intellect and Love."

The time has come when the universal church may take outward form and set to work in its own high capacity. Then, from a standpoint overlooking the world, it can reach out to the farthest corners of the earth and help the humblest creature; it can call into united activity the powers of every man, woman, and child to the measure of ability, wisdom, and love; recognizing the sanctity of all helpful work, and adopting it as part of the business of the church, it can bring into coöperation all organizations laboring for any good cause; it can bring the nations into fraternal interchange in the work of humanity by causing them to meet upon a common ground, realizing that all their temples are parts of the one great temple founded upon the one rock of truth that underlies the whole.

So I plead for the embodiment of the universal church *now*, in forming this broader organization of the powers for good. Within existing churches is much of the active, clear-seeing goodness of the time, and this goodness is of the same nature as that which is outside the churches. There should be no line drawn between church and non-church, Christian and non-Christian, for all belong to the universal church. The line should be drawn at earnestness in the individual life and helpfulness in the social life.

Prophecy points to the coming of such an organization. Mazzini says:

I have often dreamed of a state of things . . . when every loving, devoted soul, convinced of the necessity of a creed of fusion . . . should act upon the duties imposed by such a conviction. Instead of all these associations organized for one special branch of teaching or of activity, and which are now separate, strangers to each other, not only in different countries, but in the bosom of the same country—often even of the same town—there should be one great philosophical—I might say religious—association to which all these secondary associations should be united as branches to the parent stem, each bringing to the centre the results of its labors, of its discoveries, of its views for the future.

Emerson prophesies:

There will be a new church, founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in the manger again, the algebra and mathematics of

ethical law, the church of men to come, without shawms or psaltery or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters, science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty and music, picture and poetry. Was never stoicism so stern and exigent as this will be. It shall send man home to his central solitude, shame these social, supplicating manners, and make him know that much of his time he must have himself to his friend. He shall expect no coöperation; he shall walk with no companion; the nameless Thought, the nameless Power, the superpersonal Heart, he shall repose alone on That.

The Universal Church thus organized would carry on a three-fold work:

1. In civic and parish churches, through the association of large-minded, sympathetic *workers* from the various helpful organizations within a city, town, or rural community, it would deal with all matters relating to the well-being of the people, and through its members would secure the coöperation in practical work of all the organizations represented. By the union of these churches into larger and larger bodies, up to the national and international church, the needs of larger districts could be met. (The first part of this work has already been commenced by the Unions for Practical Progress, the Civic Churches, and other like societies lately organized.)

2. In local churches the people would meet upon the simple basis of this organization, for the mutual advancement of their religious, educational, and social life. Here the individual life would be developed through the church association which is so valuable. (The value of this work has been recognized to some extent in the supplementary clubs for people not connected with any existing church.)

3. Through a board of ministry, a representative body with advisory powers, plans of work would be devised; the work of organization would be extended; needs would be studied; programmes for public meetings and lessons for character schools would be prepared and furnished to churches desiring such aid, so that the best teaching of the time could be supplied at a small cost and given in hundreds of little local meeting-rooms or churches in small towns, and at various places in cities, or in union or "travelling" congregations.

If a few should be turned away by prejudice against the name *church* and the idea of *religion*, that effect will be only temporary; and, on the other hand, by a distinct recognition of the religious nature and an appeal to it in a rational way, a need will be met that is being more and more felt. An evangelism of "sweet reasonableness," with one motive—love, one message—truth, one watchword—duty, shall lead the multitudes; it shall "speak with tongues," for all can understand its language.

THE CENTURY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

SIXTH PAPER, THE SPANISH PENINSULA.

THE same cause or combination of causes may awaken widely different sentiments in different individuals, even appealing to entirely different planes of being in their organisms. And this fact is equally true of nations and civilizations. What may appeal to the scientific spirit or the ethical and religious impulses of a sturdy, sincere, and simple people, may find a response in the artistic and æsthetic sentiments of a nation older in its civilization and somewhat enervated by great wealth; while a third people may receive the same great thought-waves and come in touch with the same moving causes with the result that an inordinate desire for wealth follows—a desire for gain which can give power and the gratification of the sense perceptions.

It is a noteworthy fact that the causes which led to the Renaissance in a way awakened these widely different impulses and desires. Thus, as we have seen, north of the Alps, especially among the German and English peoples, ethical, religious, and philosophical sentiments were awakened. "All for spiritual and scientific truth, or the eternal verities of the Universe," became the watchword. South of the Alps a passion for art predominated. "All for Beauty" was the keynote of Italian thought; and in Florence, Rome, Venice, Milan, Parma, and other cities of the peninsula, painting, sculpture, and architecture blossomed as never before.

To the westward the physical ideal seems to have exerted a predominating influence. Riches, the gold of the Indies—this was the magnet which furnished the money for Columbus and nerved the Portuguese to weather the Cape of Good Hope. Discovery for possession and commerce, for the power and gratification which gold could yield—these thoughts filled the horizon of many minds. Wealth meant splendid homes, magnificent villas, the gratification of appetites, the mastery of man, and, through this, further license. Another side of man's nature which blazed forth more balefully on the Spanish Peninsula than

anywhere else during this period was the spirit of savage brutality born of greed for gain, mingled with a low and degrading conception of religion. The conquest of Granada, the overthrow of one of the most remarkable civilizations the world has known, and the reduction of vast acres of highly cultivated gardens to arid plains was the glorious (?) task which won the title of "the Catholic" for Ferdinand and Isabella.

But it was not until the reestablishment of the Inquisition under their reign that Europe had that example of the triumphant tiger in man, which by its contagion infected Western civilization, and turned more than one Christian nation into a slaughter-pen. There is nothing so dangerous as a dogmatic religion in the hands of a savage and brutal people. It crushes out all the divine impulses; it overthrows reason and freezes the sweet humanitarian impulses which link civilized man to man; it awakens in human beings the hyena, the tiger, and the serpent. It anæsthetizes the soul; it fills the mind with the conviction that the belief the fanatic holds is the truth, and being the truth, that all persons holding different views should be—convinced by reason? Oh! no, the religious bigot has a horror of reason. The rack, the stake, the dungeon—this method of dealing with an opponent is much more convenient. When the majority of the people of a community believe the tenets of a dogmatic creed, and their education has been along the lines of physical and intellectual attainments rather than moral excellence, the man who has a sublime mission is pretty certain to meet a tragic end. Socrates is given hemlock; Joan of Arc is sent to the stake; Galileo is committed to the dungeon; Bruno is doomed to the flames; Harvey suffers professional ostracism; Roger Williams is banished. Now it was during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that, for the riches to be gained by confiscation and murder, and for the glory of the Roman Church, the dial of civilization was turned backward and the church entered upon a campaign of merciless torture and savage slaughter which eclipsed the persecution of all other religions in the history of civilization. Of the opening act of this appalling tragedy, Mr. Symonds observes:

The Inquisition was established in Spain in 1478 for the extermination of Jews, Moors, and Christians with a taint of heresy. During the next four years two thousand victims were burned in the Province of Castile. In Seville a plot of ground called the Quemadero, or place of burning—a new Aceldama—was set apart for executions; and here in one year two hundred heretics were committed to the flames, while seventy-nine were condemned to perpetual imprisonment and seventeen thousand to lighter punishments of various kinds. In Andalusia alone five thousand houses were at once abandoned by their inhabitants. Then followed, in 1492, the celebrated edict against the Jews. Before four months had expired the whole Jewish population were bidden to

leave Spain, carrying with them nothing in the shape of gold or silver. To convert their property into bills of exchange and movables was their only resource. The market speedily was glutted: a house was given for an ass, a vineyard for a suit of clothes. Vainly did the persecuted race endeavor to purchase a remission of the sentence by the payment of an exorbitant ransom. Torquemada appeared before Ferdinand and his consort, raising the crucifix, and crying, "Judas sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver; sell ye Him for a larger sum, and account for the same to God!"

The exodus began. Eight hundred thousand Jews left Spain,—some for the coast of Africa, where the Arabs ripped their bodies up in search for gems or gold they might have swallowed, and deflowered their women; some for Portugal, where they bought the right to exist for a large head-tax, and where they saw their sons and daughters dragged away to baptism before their eyes. Others were sold as slaves, or had to satisfy the rapacity of their persecutors with the bodies of their children. Many flung themselves into the wells, and sought to bury despair in suicide. The Mediterranean was covered with famine-stricken and plague-breeding fleets of exiles. Putting into the port of Genoa, they were refused leave to reside in the city, and died by hundreds in the harbor. Their festering bodies bred a pestilence along the whole Italian seaboard, of which at Naples alone twenty thousand persons died. Flitting from shore to shore, these forlorn spectres, the victims of bigotry and avarice, everywhere pillaged and everywhere rejected, dwindled away and disappeared. Meanwhile the orthodox rejoiced. Pico della Mirandola, who spent his life in reconciling Plato with the Cabala, finds nothing more to say than this: "The sufferings of the Jews, in which the glory of the Divine justice delighted, were so extreme as to fill us Christians with commiseration." With these words we may compare the following passage from Senarega: "The matter at first sight seemed praiseworthy, as regarding the honor done to our religion; yet it involved some amount of cruelty, if we look upon them, not as beasts, but as men, the handiwork of God." Thus Spain began to devour and depopulate herself. The curse which fell upon the Jew and Moor descended next upon philosopher and patriot. The very life of the nation, in its commerce, its industry, its free thought, its energy of character, was deliberately and steadily throttled.*

The savagery of the Inquisition, or the wholesale slaughter which at this time began the enactment of the supreme tragedy of Western civilization, whereby "Europe opened a vein and let out her best blood," belongs to man on the physical and animal plane. The blind fanaticism which actuated it is on a par with the fanaticism of the worshipper of Moloch and the cruel religious rites of some of the more savage tribes. The spirit is essentially the spirit of the pit; it extinguishes reason and drugs conscience; and when we find a soul thus debased, it is all one whether we call him Nero or Sixtus VI., † whether we call him Domitian or Ferdinand. Moreover, man is not sufficiently civilized to render it safe for him to gaze upon blood; in him as in the lion it awakens a sanguinary thirst; and the memories of all that he has been flying from for ages come before him so vividly

* "Age of Despots," by J. Addington Symonds.

† Sixtus VI. authorized the reëstablishing of the Inquisition in Spain in 1478.

that he turns from reason and philosophy, and, drowning the finer and diviner voices of his being, becomes a persecutor and a possible murderer. It is doubly sad to remember that such degradation of manhood is usually accomplished under the name of religion.*

While Spain was making preparations to commit hara-kiri at a time when, had she been less brutal and avaricious, she might have become the leader of the world's civilization and the most powerful nation on earth, Portugal was forging to the front as a nation of great importance; she had become the Phœnicia of the age. The stars of Venice and Genoa were setting; that of Lisbon was rising resplendent in glory. This city had become a commercial metropolis. The Mediterranean was no longer large enough for man; besides, the Ottoman conquests had paralyzed the Eastern commerce of the Western states. Portugal dreamed of reaching India by an untrod path. She had founded trading posts in Africa; her capital city had become a metropolis for barter; she had established schools for seamanship; her people gazed upon the Atlantic, and great thoughts, hopes, and dreams beat tumultuous in their breasts.

To Lisbon came Columbus, as naturally as a great artist of that age would have gone to Florence, or a religious enthusiast to Rome. Lisbon looked out upon the West, upon immensity, mystery, and the future. Columbus appealed to Don John II. Had he been less grasping, it is probable he would have been heeded, but avariciousness and lust for power were two weaknesses of Don John, and Columbus demanded rich rewards in treasure and great power in return for what he proposed to do for the king. The king was covetous and greedy; he was, moreover, jealous of the royal prerogative. It was not in accordance with his policy to bestow either wealth or power upon his servants. He declined the offer, and Columbus departed for the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, where he was compelled to wait until Granada, the stronghold of the Moors, flanked by more than a thousand towers, and containing a population of over two hundred thousand people, surrendered. At length Columbus won his suit. The islands of the new world were discovered Oct. 11, 1492, and Columbus returned triumphant.

The discoverer Columbus was followed by the soldier Cortez, who emphasized the savage spirit always possible when man

* We must not flatter ourselves with the vain belief that we have outgrown the savage impulse. Those who belong to the American Sabbath Union, and others who are busily engaged in its absurd attempt to resurrect the Puritan Sabbath, are in spirit the legitimate successors of Torquemada and Alva. These fanatics have recently had high-minded and sincere men and women, who find a warrant in their Bible to worship God on Saturday and not on Sunday, imprisoned for keeping the Sabbath instead of Sunday as a religious day; and in numerous ways they are displaying the same savage spirit which marked the early shadows of the night which put out the day of the Renaissance.

dwells on the animal plane. His atrocities form one of the darkest pages in history. In 1513 Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama and looked upon the mirror-like surface of the Pacific. In 1519 Magellan, a Portuguese mariner in the employ of the Spanish crown, attempted the circumnavigation of the world. Oct. 21, 1520, he sailed through the strait which bears his name. Six months later he approached the Philippine Islands, where he perished in combat with the natives. His squadron, however, continued its course under the command of Magellan's lieutenant, arriving in Spain after having circumnavigated the globe in eleven hundred twenty-six days.

While Spain was acquiring a new world Portugal had reached the treasure house of India, and was reaping a rich commercial harvest such as Venice and Genoa in the days of their supremacy had enjoyed. On the 8th of July, 1497, Vasco de Gama put out from Lisbon with four frail barks in quest of the Indies; he sailed around Cape of Good Hope, landing at Mozambique and Monbaga. Thence he crossed the Indian Ocean, reaching the city of Calicut May 20, 1498. He returned to Portugal to confirm in part the wonderful stories of the East long before related by Marco Polo. He pointed out the supreme opportunity of Portugal to acquire a trade of immense importance, a fact which the government appreciated and acted upon with that vigor and celerity which contributed so largely toward making this little nation the commercial queen of this age.

D'Almeida was despatched to India as viceroy, and after earning a great victory and establishing by brute force and cunning the claims of Portugal, he was supplanted in his office by Albuquerque, the most illustrious of Portuguese warriors. By the capture of Socotra and Ormuz he closed the routes to India of the Venetians and Mussulmen. To the demand made by the shah of Persia for indemnity for closing the route by way of Ormuz, Albuquerque led the envoy to a heap of bullets, pointing to which he made the bold reply, "That is the kind of money with which the king of Portugal pays his tribute." Hearing that a Venetian fleet had been taken to pieces at Cairo and transported by camels across the desert, he made haste to destroy the vessels before the owners had an opportunity of reaching the Indian Ocean.

Albuquerque conquered Goa and made it the capital of Portuguese India. Next he subdued Malacca, after which he gained for Portugal an entrance to Oceanica. His brain was filled with vast schemes for the advancement of his native land, one being the turning of Egypt into a desert by draining the Nile into the Red Sea. He also desired to destroy Mecca and Medina in retaliation for the taking of Jerusalem and Constantinople by

the Mohammedans. It will be observed that in this so-called Christian age retaliation and brute force seemed to completely obscure the teachings of the founder of Christianity; but, in justice to Albuquerque be it said, he was one of the few conquerors of this age who was respected and loved by the conquered; long after his death the East Indians were wont to go to his tomb and pray for protection against the cruelty and inhumanity of his successors.

He was too great a man not to inspire the jealousy and apprehension of his king; hence it is not surprising that he died poor and in disgrace. There is something very pathetic in the spectacle of this colossal figure, who had given Portugal one of the most splendid empires of the world, crying out in the midst of his poverty, neglect, and disgrace, "To the tomb, worn-out old man; to the tomb!" He died in the year 1515 at the age of seventy-two. After Albuquerque, Soarès made several important conquests, Ceylon being among the number.

In speaking of the wonderful achievements of Portugal during this period, Jean Victor Duruy observes:

It is difficult to conceive how in less than half a century a people so small, in spite of so furious and numerous oppositions, could cover with its factories or dominate by its fortresses a coast-line of four thousand leagues. But we must realize to what degree the love of lucre was excited by this commercial revolution, and what patriotic and religious heroism animated the first colonists of India. Gama, Cabral, Albuquerque, and John de Castro believed themselves the armed apostles of civilization and faith.

It will be seen that at the time when Italy was giving the world the most glorious art treasures humanity had ever beheld; while her sons were enjoying the ideals and poetry and philosophy of ancient Greece; while the wonder-stories of Marco Polo were stimulating the imagination rather than the hands; while the mysticism of India and of the ancient church were subtly permeating the thought of some of her metaphysical thinkers; and while north of the Alps the moral, religious, and scientific spirit was wonderfully active; at the time when the influence of the printing-press was beginning to be felt; when Copernicus was formulating his theory; when Erasmus, Colet, and More were dreaming of a purified church; when Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin were unconsciously preparing to buckle on their arms for the greatest religious reformation Christian Europe had known; and when More was penning his vision of a truer civilization, the Spanish Peninsula had awakened on the side of material prosperity, and had accomplished the greatest commercial revolution in the history of the race. Spain had given to Europe a new world of undreamed extent, and her ships had circumnavigated

the globe. Portugal after dotting the coast of Africa with factories, trading-posts, and fortresses, had opened as never before the door of Asia to the commerce of Western civilization, and had established communication between Lisbon and the coast nations, by way of Cape of Good Hope, to Japan.

Very marked and interesting is the threefold awakening of this century. Thus, as has been observed, the multitudinous voices of the time appealed irresistibly to the æsthetic and artistic impulses of the Italians, to the moral and scientific spirit of the more sturdy people north of the Alps, while among the energetic, intense, but cruel and selfish people of the Spanish Peninsula, the lust for power and greed for gold, mingled with a devotion to dogmatic theology, as savage as it was blind, as intense as it was unreasoning, furnished the motor power for the wonderful and, in many instances, terrible deeds which shed glory and gloom over the Spain and Portugal of this century.

OUTLINE OF A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF MONEY.

BY ANSON J. WEBB.

I. Introductory.

It must be understood by the reader that the following discussion is a limited discussion. In compressing the subject to the dimensions required by the space at command I can only hope to carry the logical faculty through the heart of the theme. It is like a hasty trip on an express train. You catch a passing glimpse of what lies along the line of the railway, but of the country through which you are passing you get but a faint impression. My subject properly demands the larger freedom of treatment which a volume would render possible. Understanding this limitation, the reader will not expect too much. If questions arise that are not answered, and if I appear to overlook this or that point, the limitation is presumably the reason.

I would also have it understood that I am speaking not to imagination, but to the logical powers of my reader. We have had a surfeit, it seems to me, of fancy pictures of the "new order" just about to dawn. The rising sun of social reform has cast many queer shadows across the landscape for which you will search in vain later in the day. I believe firmly that this "dreaming" mood ought to stop before long. The dream stage is just between waking and sleeping, and ought to be a brief one. We shall not be fully awake till we get down from this exalted mood of fancy and "prophecy" to the cold, rigid processes of logic. It is fact, not fiction; stern, philosophic logic, not vague longing and transcendental enthusiasm, that will in the end reveal to our feet the path of social progress. We shall walk into the "new order" on our lame and limping logical feet; we shall *not* fly on the wings of fantasy nor on the "wings of the morning." I therefore wish my reader to assume a logical attitude, not a fantastic mood. I shall give him reasons, not pictures; concepts, not objective visions.

II. The Point of Departure.

I shall not attempt to systematize my thought. I am not to formulate my theorems into a systematic science, but rather to

treat my subject in the somewhat looser method of a philosophical argument. I therefore wish to begin at the practical end of the theme.

This practical end is the existing usury system. I start from the mathematical proposition that the law of usury involves the "geometrical series." Let me put the proposition in formal shape. Let M be any variable body of capital. Let r be the rate of interest. (This may also be a variable.) Let e represent

the expenses (net) of the capitalist. As this element of the problem only varies within certain limits usually we may let e be a constant. This will simplify the formula somewhat. The interest we will represent by x . Since x is a function of r and M , i. e., since $x = rM$, we see that x is also a variable. Now let us analyze.

If e is greater than x , then M is diminished by the differential $e - x$. If this continues M will vary toward zero, and in passing through zero of course vanishes. The fortune M is then said to be dissipated. But as x is a variable there must be some value, as x' , at which $e - x' = 0$; and as x continues to vary to a

third value, as x'' , our differential becomes positive in its relation to M .

Then M ceases to diminish and begins to increase by the differential $x'' - e$. These conditions can be made to appear by causing either M or r to vary. If M remains a constant and r increases, it causes x to increase, and for some value of r , as r' , x will be greater than e .

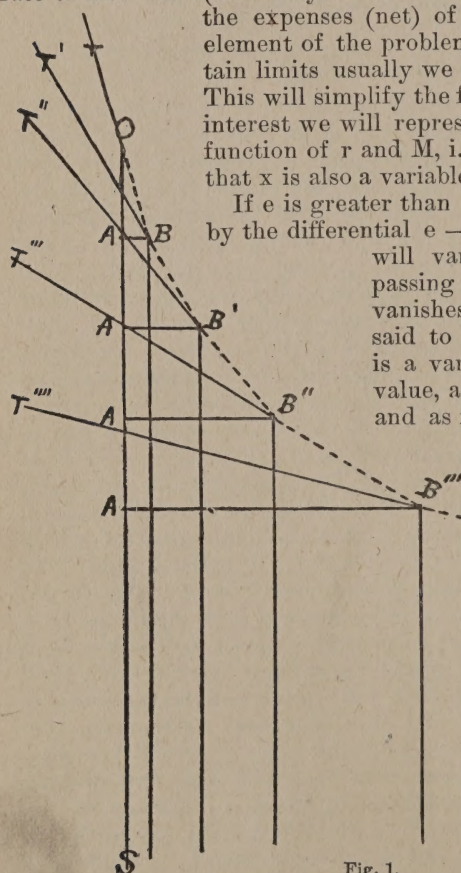


Fig. 1.

Or making r constant and causing M to vary, we get the same result, viz., that x must become greater than e .

This analysis shows that it makes no difference what the rate of interest may be. For any rate assignable the conditions may be made such that M increases thereafter by no other cause save

the constant addition of the differential $x - e$ to M . When this occurs we have fallen under the range of the law known as the "geometrical series."* We can no more escape from these conditions, *when once they become established*, than a tree that has fallen to the earth can rise again. The n th term of an interest series may be made greater than any assigned finite quantity, and as the total wealth of the world must always be finite, it is mathematically certain that the capitalist must ultimately "gain the whole world."† This fact, which the mathematical analysis I have just given takes forever out of the field of debate, is the point of departure in the practical study of the money problem. The first leap of our logic is out from this merciless decree of Fate. No one cares to argue with Fate. And yet I know a man who prides himself upon his mathematical acumen, who scoffs at the idea of a plutocracy. Such are the logical miracles of human thought! Fate here speaks to human reason. Here is a riddle from the Sphinx. Solve it or be devoured. Take your choice!

* An interest series is always an implicit geometrical series, for by taking the unit of time large enough we can always make the conditions at any assigned rate such that whenever the interest falls due it will be found that the interest just equals the principal. E. g., suppose the rate is ten per cent and we make the interest fall due once in ten years. The interest at date of maturity will then always just equal the principal, and we fall into a geometrical series, with the ratio two and ten years as the time-unit. Of course by compounding at shorter intervals a more rapid increase results: i. e., *the smaller the time-unit, the more rapidly divergent is the series.* (See also the following note.) But perhaps the real meaning of a geometrical series can be most vividly shown by a geometrical diagram. See previous page.

In Fig. 1, $2AB = AB'$, $2AB' = AB''$, etc., i. e., the lines AB , AB' , AB'' , etc., are in geometrical progression, with the ratio 2. Draw the dotted lines OB , OB' , OB'' , etc., and produce them to T , T' , T'' , etc., respectively. It will be observed that the lines OT , OT' , OT'' , etc., tend to assume a position that is at right angles to OS . It will also be discerned that it makes but little difference what our initial angle of divergence (AOB) may be, the dotted line very soon finds a position perpendicular to OS . This simply shows that the *rate* of interest is of but little consequence; *the law* is everything. This *law* is a veritable tiger let loose among men; his stomach doubles its capacity every night and his appetite is potentially infinite. The wonder of the world is that human greed can keep pace with this wild beast!

† As the mathematical proof of this theorem offers an interesting example of algebraic logic, I subjoin an analysis of the reasoning. It appears that e , being a constant and not a variable, is not an essential factor in the *logic* of the problem. We therefore reject it. The terms of our series will then be developed as follows: 1st term = M . 2d term = $M + rM$, i. e., $M(1 + r)$. The 3d term will be in the form $M'(1 + r)$, it being understood that $M' =$ the 2d term; i. e., $M(1 + r)$. Hence 3d term = $M(1 + r)(1 + r)$. The 4th term will be in the form $M''(1 + r)$ and M'' will = the 3d term; i. e., 4th term = $M(1 + r)(1 + r)(1 + r)$.

The law of the series is now apparent and will be clear if we rewrite the formulas as follows: 1st term = M . 2d term = $M(1 + r)$. 3d term = $M(1 + r)^2$. 4th term = $M(1 + r)^3$. The n th term will be = $M(1 + r)^{n-1}$.

If now we expand these expressions by the Binomial Theorem we shall find that M is always multiplied by $1 + ar$ + other terms involving higher powers of r . The value of a will always be one less than the number of the term of the series; i. e., in the n th term we have M multiplied by $[1 + (n - 1)r + \text{other terms involving higher powers of } r]$. If r be less than unity, then the higher powers of r will at some point begin to represent a diminishing series. But as no power of r can be as small as zero, it is clear that *no negative element can ever enter the series.* Let us therefore neglect all that follows $(n - 1)r$. If we consider this one term alone it is clear that the multiplier of M can be made as large as we may elect by choosing n large enough, as the coefficient of r , i. e. $(n - 1)$, can be made as large as we please and no negative term can ever follow it. *The n th term of the interest series can therefore be made greater than any assigned quantity, if we take n large enough, q. e. d.*

III. Relation of the Usury System to the Money Supply.

We must always remember Kant's pet question, "*How is it possible?*" How is the usury system possible? What does interest-taking postulate? What are the conditions under which interest-taking becomes possible? Right here our ship's prow cleaves its way through the first incoming billow. What conditions *must* exist in order that usury may be a *natural* possibility? Consider well the answer to this question, for right here is the jutting rock upon which every existing philosophy of money must go to the bottom of the sea, never to be resurrected. *The usury system is built upon the fact that the money supply is less than the money demand.* It is only thus that interest becomes possible. *The usury system is founded upon the idea of money value; and money value is founded upon the law of supply and demand.* That is an important proposition; read it again.

How does money get its "value"? "Value" here means "market value," and it is the function of supply and demand. "Value" here represents the differential of supply and demand. *Value = Demand - Supply.* Unless supply falls short of demand there is no "value." Value is here exactly analogous to steam pressure in the engine. The working pressure is the differential of the absolute steam pressure minus the atmospheric pressure. If the absolute pressure is forty-five pounds and the atmospheric pressure is fifteen pounds, then your working pressure is $45 - 15 = 30$ lbs. If the absolute pressure is fifteen pounds and the atmosphere is fifteen pounds, then your working energy is $15 - 15 = 0$. The engine will do no work. If the money supply falls short of the money demand, then money has "working energy" and will command interest. If the money supply equals the money demand then money will have no "working energy," and will command no interest.

Now in heaven's name I entreat you, do not confuse thought here. One dizzy whirl of the brain and you are lost. Does money part with its functions when it reaches this status? Answer this question right, for heretofore it has been answered wrong. My fiat friend affirms that an unlimited money is a "worthless" money. Money becomes "worthless" when supply = demand. It then ceases to have "value," that is, it ceases to command interest. It is right here that the whole discussion of the money problem has gone under the waves. We have been fooled by this mirage called "value." We have overlooked the fact that "value" and "utility" are two distinct matters. When the money supply equals the money demand money loses its "value"; *it does not lose its utility.* Until this is understood it is useless to proceed another inch. The air we breathe has no commercial "value." Is it therefore useless? Does a thing

cease to be good because it becomes great? Is God of no account because He is infinite? Is the sea nothing to us because it is mighty? Are the galaxies of the night contemptible because they are grand? Is a thing ugly because it is beautiful? A queer philosophy it is that has taken possession of our political economy! Your horse is valuable in proportion to his appetite. Starvation is the making of him! Reduce him to skin and bones and he will be priceless. Make him fat and sleek, fill his muscular tissue with subtle chemical energies, and he is worthless. Funny, isn't it? An intellectual miracle is modern economics! Its intellectual acumen is on a par with its ethical status. The intellect and soul of the hog are well mated! The logic and the moral heart of this generation match well together. Does money lose its function when it loses "commercial value"? This question must now have its answer.

IV. *The Definition of Money.*

What is money? Let us first analyze another question. What is air? It is one of the elements upon which life depends. Now let me picture to you the present economic philosophy by means of an allegory. Air is the basis of life. A man will do much in order to get breath. There is a "demand" for air. Yonder is an air-tight chamber in which I see a vast multitude of human beings; and not only human beings but the beasts of the field. I look again and on the roof of this air-tight chamber I behold a strange device. My interpreting angel tells me that it is an air-pump. What purpose does it serve? You shall see. I look through the window plates and I behold an engine. Men are standing about the machine and marvelling at its wonderful mechanism. An engineer stands at the lever and the engine begins to move its mighty piston. What is all this for? *To work the air-pump.* Why do these men wish to work that air-pump? *In order that there may arise within a "demand" for air.* They believe in the law of "supply and demand." Air must have "value." They propose to give it "value"; so the mighty piston continues to work. But men are gasping for breath! Even the beasts of the field are seized by panic, and run to and fro with gaping jaws. Out upon such a dastardly scheme! What good can come from it? You shall see. It is a glorious invention. Wait till you see it all. The gasping increases as the mighty piston moves backwards and forwards, and the poor wretches begin to cry out for air. They run to and fro seeking to "borrow." But can anyone lend them air to breathe? Oh, yes! You have not seen the whole plan yet. Look in through this window and behold for yourself. You see those compartments? Well, in those you will find certain ones called "capitalists." They lend to the

gasping multitude and take "mortgages." But where do they get the air that they lend? Do they let it in from without? No. Look again. I tell you this is ingenious. What a noble creature is man! How godlike — or devil-like — in invention! In those dark-chambered compartments you will find smaller engines and smaller air-pumps. *The "capitalist" pumps his air out of the larger chamber.* Then he "lets out" the air "at interest," and takes a mortgage on the carcass of the poor wretch to whom he lends. And so the damnable process goes on.

You shout to the engineer of the great engine and demand that he stop the machine.

He answers you in the language of the modern economist: "My dear sir, you do not understand economic laws. If I stop this engine the air from without will rush in and we shall have an 'unlimited supply.' There will then cease to be any 'economic demand.' The 'capitalist' will perish. Air must have 'value'; and in order that it may have value, there must be a 'limit' put upon the supply. We cannot let the supply equal the demand. The instant this is done these wretches will stop gasping for breath and our whole noble science of 'economics' will go flat to the ground. I advise you to apply for admission to some lunatic asylum. Do not question the wisdom of the ages. This method is as old as man. It has been the law of the world ever since the serpent entered the bowers of paradise. Our science is as old as human greed. Go and be cured of your lunacy and do not question the institutions of history."

Now let us have the question. What is the true concept of money? Has this concept anything to do with the law of supply and demand? Would air cease to be air if that engine should stop working? Would the chemical constitution of the atmosphere change if the supply should be free? We are told that universal ruin would come to society if the money supply should once become equal to the demand. If this trait of "value" should depart from money it would bring on the judgment day in a jiffy. Well, do you believe it? If the air supply should become free would men cease to breathe? If the money supply should become free would men cease to buy and sell? Do not insult your own intelligence. You know better. You know that "value" as used in modern economics is an artificial product. *There could never be any "value" if there were not the prior fact of utility.* This artificial "value" assumes a natural demand. *The men in our exhausted receiver gasp for breath because the habit of breathing was preëstablished.* If breathing existed before the engine began to work, it will probably persist after the engine stops. This assumption that money will lose its utility when it loses the qualification denoted by the technical

term "value" contradicts its own premises. The proposition is too silly to be contemptible.

What, then, is the fact? Just this: This dogma of supply and demand has obscured the true nature of money. We have been looking at money from a false point of view. We have been construing our money theories from the standpoint of *dynamics*. This is where our mistake has been, and it has been a fatal one. Money has nothing at all to do with dynamics. It has been subjected to dynamic conditions simply because an artificial problem has been raised by depressing supply below demand. The instant that supply rises to a level with demand this artificial problem vanishes and the philosophy of money escapes like a freed bird in the heavens. The philosophy of money will then rise out of the mudhole of materialism into the pure atmosphere of ethics. *Money must be studied from the standpoint of ethics, not from the standpoint of mechanics. Money is an ethical fact.*

Money is evidence. If I possess money, it argues that I have parted with wealth in some form, *and my money is simply a proof that I have the ethical right to regain my wealth.* My money is my witness to what I have done. When I present money I present evidence. Money is evidence; it is proof; it witnesseth.

From this point of view how absurd is the dynamic concept of money which makes it depend on the law of supply and demand. Our present philosophers say that money is valuable in proportion to its scarcity. Is evidence valuable in proportion to its scarcity? Can you prove more with one witness than you can with forty? No, no. The value of proof depends not on its quantity but on its quality. It is not how much but how good is your evidence. The test of evidence is *truth*. The test of money is truth. Does my money witness a truth or does it witness a lie? That is the question, and the only question. The counterfeit dollar is a liar. It bears false witness. What it witnesses to never happened. It arose out of no exchange. It is "fiat" and therefore absolutely worthless and morally vicious.

My definition destroys both the philosophy of the metallist and the philosophy of the fiat theorist. Money is not metal; it is not material. It is an ethical fact, not a commodity. It is not fiat. It arises out of a real transaction; it is the record of the transaction. It is not fiat any more than history is fiat. Money is truth. The fiat dollar is a lie; the material dollar is a thing. Any money that tells the truth is good. Its quantity is of no account. One truth is not weakened by another truth. All that is essential to good money is, therefore, that it arise out of a real exchange. If it does not spring from a real ex-

change it is a liar and must meet the damnation that awaits all liars. Money is a part of ethics, and dynamic laws have nothing at all to do with its philosophy. The philosophy of money must emerge from its stage of materialism and advance to the realm of ethics. Till this is done there will be, there can be, no reformation in society. Money is the key. If the key be lost you will not get through the door. A true philosophy of money is therefore the next step in social reform.

V. *The Mechanism of a Free Money Supply.*

Again Kant's question confronts us: *How is it possible?* How is a free money supply possible? By what mechanism shall an infinite money system be achieved?

First of all I direct attention to the fact that there must be a mechanism. The dollar is not an orphan; it is born of parents; it grows out of something. It is the product of a mechanism. What is that mechanism? Is that point clear in your mind?

I beg my reader also to note that the problem I am now raising is not a philosophical one. The philosophy of money is stated when we have stated the nature of the money concept. I have demonstrated my philosophical concept and now I have to show by what mechanism this concept can be realized.

It is a common postulate that the state is the money-issuing power. As a loose and careless way of stating an uncritical fact I have no objection to that proposition. But we must analyze the proposition. Is the state the sole agent in issuing money? The state makes money. A flour mill makes flour. But the flour mill does not make flour out of nothing. It must have wheat to grind or there is no flour. The state makes money, but it does not make money out of nothing. The state must have something to put in the hopper or no money will come out of the mill. *The state must have material to grind.* Where does this material come from? The state issues a paper indenture called a silver certificate. The silver was put into the hopper and the certificate came out of the mill. Where did the silver come from? *Some one brought it to the mint.* Now this "some one" is one of the agencies in the issue of money. The state is merely a machine. It will make no money unless some intelligent and free being *chooses* to put the silver bullion into the hopper. The *free* agent in this transaction is that "intelligent and free being" who brings the grist to mill. There is no freedom in the mill. The mill is so much inanimate machinery. The state is a party to the issue of money, but it is not a voluntary party. It acts as any mechanism acts. It makes money just as yonder engine draws the train. There is an intelligent and free agent in the problem, but it is not the state. The state

knows nothing and wills nothing; it simply acts as an automaton acts. The wood-pile tumbles down, and you cry out, "There is a nigger in that wood-pile." Now it is this "nigger" that we are after. We want him because he is the *moral factor* in that wood-pile. The question is, *Is this nigger a free nigger?*

Here is the whole question of "free coinage." *Free coinage asserts that it is a free nigger.* Now that is the whole sum and substance of my proposition for a free money supply. *A free money supply means a free nigger in the wood-pile.* The wood-pile is the state and the nigger is the individual.

But what does a free nigger mean? Does it mean free coinage of gold bullion? Yes; but it also means more. Your nigger is not very much of a free nigger if he can only have the right to stir the particles of gold that may be in the wood-pile. He must not only be free as regards gold but he must be free as regards silver, too. He is not much of a free nigger if he has no option in regard to silver. To free coinage of gold must be added free coinage of silver. Is that all? Have you now got a free nigger? Hardly!

Well, when will your nigger really become free? I will give the answer in one word: *When the right of free coinage is extended to all forms of wealth.* When the right exists to convert any form of wealth into cash through the mechanism of the state, then, and not till then, will the nigger go free. When that happens the mechanism of exchange will have become the function of the state, and the slave will have burst at last his fetters. The money supply, therefore, becomes free when exchange becomes a function of the state. Oh, "nationalism," is it? That is it exactly — *nationalism!*

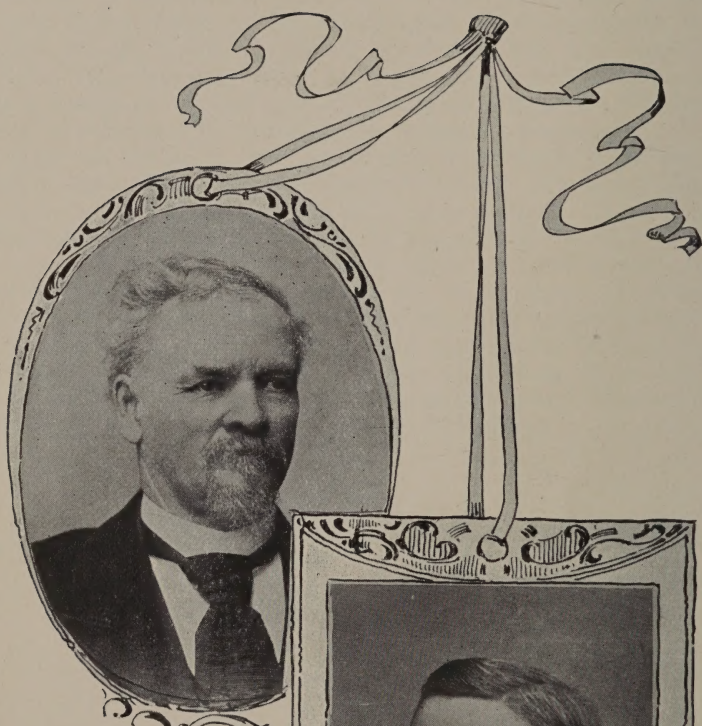
This, then, is my proposition: The nationalization of exchange is the solution of the money problem. It renders the money supply free and removes from money all restriction as regards quantity. This at one stroke delivers money from its bondage to the law of supply and demand. The money supply would at once spring to the level of the money demand. The fulcrum of the usurer's lever would then have vanished, and the system of usury would fall of its own weight.

The nationalization of exchange involves the nationalization of the mechanism of exchange. The mechanism of exchange involves the railway and telegraph systems, the storage and retail distribution of wealth, and a nationalistic banking system.

Then see how apt becomes our concept of money. I deliver my wealth (so much of it as I please) to the state, and the state issues to me a certificate of deposit. That certificate is my evidence. It is my witness. It is the state's testimony to my act. That testimony is good, for the witness of the state no one will

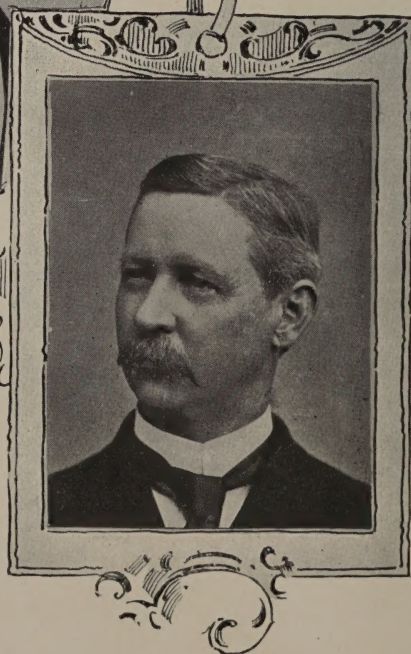
gainsay. Furthermore the state is pledged to redeem its testimony by delivering up my wealth again or its equivalent. The state simply holds my wealth in trust. The true nature of money then becomes apparent in practice as well as in theory. It is clearly an ethical fact. Truth is its only test. The question of volume of the currency has no import whatever.

Can you solve the problem in any other way? I can see no other way. There is no other way in which the money supply can be raised to the level of the money demand. You cannot increase the money supply without you extend the idea of free coinage to other forms of wealth than gold and silver. And unless you increase the money supply till it equals the demand you cannot overthrow the usury system; and unless the system of usury is uprooted and cast into hell mathematics tells you what you may look for. There is but one solution to this riddle of the Sphinx, and that is a free money supply, which involves the mechanism of a nationalized system of exchange.



HON. J. E. ROWEN,
Senator of Iowa.

HON. W. H. LYON,
*State Representative
of Kentucky.*



OPPOSING VIEWS BY LEGISLATORS ON THE AGE OF CONSENT.—A SYMPOSIUM.

Last January, the editor of the ARENA printed a symposium on what are usually called the age-of-consent laws, a title the meaning of which would be better understood if changed to the age-of-protection laws. One of these articles requested any and all legislators in the United States, who approve of this age being less than eighteen years, to write his or their reasons for such belief, or for having voted to make the age of protection for girls in his state lower than the age at which the laws of that state held that she had sufficient knowledge and judgment and experience to marry, make a will or deed, or transact any other important matter in which a knowledge of the contents and force of a contract were necessary.

A constituent of each of the nearly 9,000 legislators wrote a private letter to his member, urging him to respond. The result was simply tremendous. The ARENA office was deluged with replies from every state. But, significantly enough, most of the law-makers hastened to say that they were wholly opposed to the laws fixing the low ages then in force in the majority of states, and that they would do all in their power to protect the girl children of their respective states until they were eighteen years of age, and could be assumed to possess sufficient knowledge and experience to judge for and guide themselves. Many of the letters were long and well written and full of purpose. There were, however, a number of legislators in each state who were wholly silent—who made no reply at all; but there were only two in the whole United States who responded with a defence of the low age. One of these was Representative A. C. Tompkins, of Owensboro, Ky.; the other was Representative C. H. Robinson, of Iowa. These two are absolutely the only law-makers, out of nearly 9,000 appealed to, who were willing to sign their names to an argument upon this side and let their constituents know it. The others who voted that way were simply silent. Since these two states will be given unenviable prominence in this matter, it is only fair to them to say that a large number of letters and articles on the other side came from these states also. And since Kentucky and Iowa furnish the only law-makers who are willing to go before the

public and the women of their states with a printed public defence in favor of holding a child of twelve or thirteen years equally guilty of her own social and physical destruction with her companion, although he might be forty years of age, it is deemed fair to these two states that in this same issue one of the articles submitted in favor of a higher age be printed also. Thus we have given absolutely all the arguments in favor of a low age which have been sent by law-makers, while it would be impossible, even if a half year of the ARENA were devoted to this alone, to print all the papers submitted by legislators who believe that the age of majority should be also the age of protection.

Meantime, the legislatures of thirty-two states have been in session during the winter and spring. In most of these the bill to make the age of protection eighteen years has been introduced and argued. In some it has failed of passage; in some it is still pending; in two—California and New Hampshire—it passed and was vetoed by the governor; and in a number it has become a law.

The empire state of New York has led the world in its bill and in the action taken by its men of science. The two State Medical Societies (Allopathic and Homœopathic) passed resolutions demanding this legislation *in the interest of public health and future generations*. The legislature passed it with but one dissenting vote (Representative John P. Madden) on the final ballot, and the governor signed the bill April 27. It is in some regards the most stringent bill presented by any state.

The claim that "You can't legislate morality into people," and that "This is a mere question of morals, with which law should not meddle," etc., will be effectively met by the medical arguments to be presented later on, when all the reports are in, and the final record and remodelled "Black List" are made. It is a noticeable feature that in several instances associated-press dispatches were sent out stating that the bill had passed in a given state, and the record was sent to this office with marked copy of the dispatch, but that afterward the bill would be recalled, resubmitted, and defeated. Evidently the desire was to get the credit for what was not done. No state feels proud of a low position in the "Black List." It is but just to add that one physician in California (not a legislator), a provision-dealer in Louisiana, a woman in Kansas, and some person signing "A mother of boys and girls" also sent what they believed to be arguments in favor of a low age. *This is absolutely all*. To give two (the entire number submitted by legislators) of these six is more than a fair hearing to that side. It would be

impossible to give one-third of those received which favored protecting youth against its own ignorance or folly until it shall have arrived at an age when maturity of judgment enables the lawmakers to say :

"From this date you must depend upon your own judgment, and if you wreck your chances of happiness, health, and success in life by your own deliberate choice, you must bear the consequences and the penalties which will fall. Until now we guarded not only you, but society, against your ignorance, for society cannot afford to be swamped by diseased men and women whose life-blood was polluted before they understood."

HELEN H. GARDENER.

IOWA.

THE AGE OF CONSENT, SO-CALLED.

In the January number of the ARENA there appeared a series of articles under the title, "The Shame of America — The Age of Consent Laws in the United States." The good ladies, ministers, and physicians who wrote the articles have neglected to quote a single line from any of the statutes which they so sweepingly condemn as being contrary to the interests of morality and chastity, and enacted for the special benefit of the moral lepers who prowl through the world devouring the young and the innocent; and I am satisfied, from the lack of knowledge of statutes displayed in the said articles, the writers have never even read the statutes against which they declaim so violently. The fact is, they have with one accord accepted the theory that the laws of most of the states permit the violator of female virtue to go scot free and unwhipped of justice, if his victim is over the so-called age of consent and he is able to show that she consented to the act. Their favorite expression is, that by reason of these laws "a young girl may legally consent to her own ruin."

One contributor says :

The age-of-consent legislation is so entirely foreign to Christianity, so inconsistent with Christian civilization, that we are compelled to wonder whence it came. It violates every principle of purity which Christ laid down in His interpretation of the seventh commandment. The follies of society and the fires of lust are not sufficient to create such an outrage on womanhood. It must be a heritage from some dark past.

He then proceeds, *ad nauseam*, with the unsavory details of sex worship as practised by the Syrians, Babylonians, Greeks, and other pagan nations of antiquity, and closes with a fiery peroration in which he demands that all age-of-consent laws be

erased. The whole article shows the writer's utter ignorance of the so-called age-of-consent laws.

Another contributor says :

"Such legislation is directly in the interest of vice. The line is drawn just where those interested in vice would have it. It is certainly as illogical as cruel, that at an age when a girl's consent is not held sufficient for legal marriage, it should be held sufficient to justify her destruction. A man may not legally marry the minor daughter of another without his consent, but he is legally free to seduce her if he can.

Another says :

Thus unchastity is criminal up to the age of consent; after that it is immoral, but not criminal.

No such a state of affairs exists as is depicted by these writers. There is no state in the Union in which a marriage is illegal simply because the bride is a minor and has married without the consent of her guardian. The statutes simply punish those who aid and abet such a marriage, but the marriage itself is legal. Neither is there any state in which a man is free to seduce a minor if he can; and as to unchastity being criminal up to the age of consent and only immoral but not criminal thereafter, I doubt if the writer can himself explain his meaning after he shall have read one or more of the statutes against which he is indulging in so much invective.

I do not question the sincerity of the writers of these articles. Each one evidently believes that each of the states, except Kansas and Montana, has upon its statute-book a law authorizing and legalizing the seduction of all females over the so-called age of consent.

A careful examination of these statutes will satisfy these reformers that I am right when I say there are no age-of-consent laws such as they are fighting; in fact, there are no age-of-consent laws at all. The expression is one coined by attorneys and courts for convenience in speaking of certain features in the law for the punishment of rape, by which its severe penalties, death in several of the states, and imprisonment for life in the others, are extended to a class of offenders who would otherwise escape the severest punishment. These laws, then, instead of being in the interest of vice, and for the purpose of permitting the escape of lecherous scoundrels who prey upon the ignorance of young girls, are for the very opposite purpose of protecting virtue and chastity, and of meting out to those same lecherous scoundrels the severest punishments known to the law; and any reputable judge or attorney will bear me out in the statement that such is not only their purpose, but also their effect.

Most if not all those who are so urgently advocating the raising of the age of consent, so-called, to eighteen, have confounded in their own minds the two crimes of rape and seduction. Rape is the carnal knowledge of a woman forcibly and against her will; but if it appears that she has consented to the intercourse, it cannot be punished as rape, but it may still be punished as seduction if it appears from the evidence that her consent was secured by means of false promises, flattery, pretended courtship, promise of marriage, or other seductive arts.

The law-makers of the several states, however, for the purpose of visiting condign punishment upon the inhuman brutes who would take advantage of the ignorance and innocence of very young girls by procuring their consent to an act of the nature of which they could know but little, have engrafted upon the statute for the punishment of rape a clause which makes sexual intercourse alone with these very young girls, rape, and punishable as such; and the villain is not permitted to have his punishment mitigated by showing that his victim consented to the act. This legislation is based upon the proposition that a very young girl can have no such sufficient knowledge of the act or its consequences as to give any intelligent consent.*

Criminal homicide is the unlawful killing of a human being, and yet the law visits the highest penalty only upon the man who is found guilty of murder in the first degree; but how unfair it would be to say that a murderer was allowed to go scot free, simply because the circumstances in that particular case were such that the homicide was punishable in a different manner than by death or imprisonment for life. To determine whether the laws of any state fairly protect life, as far as the law may be a protection, all the laws of the state for the punishment of homicide and felonious assault must be examined; and to determine whether the laws of a state fairly protect virtue, in so far as the law may be a protection, all the statutes of the state punishing the violation of female chastity or attempts against it must be considered.

The space into which such an article must be condensed will not admit of a synopsis of the laws of each state, but as they are all substantially the same I shall quote from the statutes of Iowa.

Section 3861 of our Code provides :

If any person ravish and carnally know any female of the age of thirteen or more, *by force and against her will*, or carnally know and abuse any female child under the age of thirteen years, he shall be

*This paragraph explains and answers itself. All we claim is that until a girl is eighteen, she is *entitled* to this latter protection, and that it is rape up to that time, even if she consents.

H. H. G.

punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for life or any term of years.

Is there anything in that statute repugnant to the teachings of Christianity? Is there anything there which is so horrible that it must be a heritage from some dark past? And yet this is one of the offensive laws which the so-called reformers are crying down as a disgrace to civilization and a shame to America.*

Section 3863 provides:

If any person unlawfully have carnal knowledge of any female by administering to her any substance, or by any other means producing such stupor, or such imbecility of mind or weakness of body, as to prevent effectual resistance, or have such carnal knowledge of any idiot or any female naturally of such imbecility of mind or weakness of body as to prevent effectual resistance, he shall upon conviction be punished as provided in the section relating to ravishment (3861).

Our supreme court, in construing what shall be considered as amounting to consent, has held that even where the female is over the age of thirteen, if she be still very young, with a mind not enlightened to the nature of the act to which it is claimed she consented, the jury should demand much more clear and convincing evidence of consent than if she were older, better informed, and more intelligent; for while consent implies submission, submission does not necessarily imply consent; and the mere submission of a young and uninformed female in the hands of a strong man cannot be taken to show consent.†

There are other laws upon our statute books for the protection of chastity.

Section 3865 of the Code provides:

If any person take or entice away any unmarried female under the age of eighteen years from her father, mother, guardian, or other person having the legal charge of her person, for the purpose of prostitution, he shall upon conviction be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not more than three years, or by fine of not more than one thousand dollars and imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year.‡

* This is the one law with which we are dealing. We simply object to limiting the age to thirteen. The italics are mine. We insist that the state should hold that until a girl is eighteen it is rape whether she consents or not, because she is not of age to comprehend the results to herself when she is under that age, and hence cannot "consent" so as to make a mere civil wrong out of that which is in fact a crime *against her and against the state* by reason of the results unappreciated by her because of her immatured judgment. H. H. G.

† Which merely proves our case, and that the supreme court recognizes that she is incompetent to consent at thirteen, and the law should so state. This is our whole claim. We are glad to know that it has been so held by the Iowa supreme court. It remains only, then, for the legislature to stand by its own highest court to pass the law we ask. H. H. G.

‡ The fatal little "or" in this law makes it a finable offence, which allows to escape the very ones who are the most guilty, or reduces a possible term of imprisonment to a jail term of only one year. H. H. G.

In construing this statute our supreme court has held that even though the defendant believed and had good reason to believe that the female was more than eighteen years of age, it should be no defence if the fact was otherwise.

Our statute for the punishment of seduction, section 3867 of the Code, provides:

If any person seduce and debauch any unmarried woman of previously chaste character, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not more than five years, or by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars and imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year.

Does that section license the seduction of any female of whatever age?

All the courts of this country in passing upon questions raised in seduction cases have construed the laws most liberally for the protection of virtue and most stringently against its destroyer. It has been held in this state that a representation by the defendant that the act was in itself innocent, and promising presents in a particular case, was sufficient to sustain a conviction; and in numerous cases it has been held that any artifice, promise, flattery, deception, or the like will be sufficient to sustain a conviction.

Section 3873 provides that, for an assault with intent to commit rape, the defendant may be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for twenty years.*

Section 4008 provides that adultery may be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for three years or by fine and imprisonment in the county jail; and the keeper of a house of ill-fame, or anyone, who entices a woman of previously chaste character to enter such a house may also be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary; and heavy fines and imprisonments are provided for the punishment of those who are guilty of indecent exposure and other acts of lewdness.

The advocates of a change in the law raising the age of consent, so-called, to eighteen years, always contemplate that the victim is of previous chaste character; *and yet it is a fact as true as it is deplorable, that the majority of the inmates of houses of ill-fame have fallen long before they have arrived at that age.*† The reason why the law will not permit a defendant charged with the ravishment of a child under the age of thirteen to plead

* All good so far as they go, but the one point aimed at is not met by these laws. No one denies that these are good. We simply ask that the legislature of Iowa do what Mr. Robinson says the supreme court does, namely, hold that even if the child is over thirteen (up to eighteen) she is too immature to be (legally) competent to give "consent," and therefore all such relation with her is punishable as rape.

H. H. G.

† Which proves all the more the necessity of protecting the girls under eighteen.

H. H. G.

consent as a defence, is because it holds the presumption to be conclusive that on account of her ignorance of the act and its consequences she can give no intelligent consent. But it is evident that this presumption can no longer obtain in the case of one who has been deflowered; then to change the words thirteen to eighteen in said section 3861 of our statute would render a man or boy liable to imprisonment for life for yielding to the solicitation of a prostitute who had long before been despoiled of her virginity, if she happened to be under eighteen years of age, a punishment so enormous as compared with the offence that it needs no argument to condemn it.

It seems strange to us that not one of the advocates of the theory that the so-called age-of-consent laws are in the interest of vice has had the fairness to quote bodily the statutes to which they object, so that your readers may have the opportunity to see for themselves whether they will bear the construction put upon them by the writers in your January number. After a careful reading of all those articles I am forced to the conclusion that the writers have never read the statutes under discussion, or that if they have it has not been with any clear understanding of their purpose and effect, and in connection with the other laws of the state for the protection of virtue and the punishment of vice.

I would therefore suggest to those writers that if they desire to be fair, and I hope they do, they should read carefully the statutes above mentioned, and then talk with some reputable lawyer having an experience in criminal practice, or some judge of a trial court, in regard to the object and effect of the so-called age-of-consent laws, and they will then be prepared to write articles on the subject without wasting so much invective against laws which do not exist, and so much energy in pounding straw men of their own creation.

C. H. ROBINSON [Democrat].

Des Moines, Iowa.

It appears that the "respectable judges and lawyers" of the *Iowa Supreme Court* do not agree with Representative Robinson, nor do the writers in the ARENA, several of whom have been very familiar not only with all the laws quoted, but with the practical workings of "finable" offences of this nature, as well as with the pitiful results of the awful fact that "the majority of inmates of houses of ill-fame became so" when too young to realize what the life and death, both social and physical, could mean. It is to prevent just this state of things that we ask this law. We trust that Iowa may respond as unmistakably as have New York, Arizona, Idaho, Colorado, and a number of other states whose records will soon be given.

H. H. G.

PROTECTION FOR IMMATURE GIRLHOOD.

To every worker in the field of moral reform it is very encouraging to have a magazine like the ARENA helping fight the battles on this line. As a legislator interested not only in the material welfare of Iowa, but also in the things which "make for righteousness," this article is written.

The writer made an attempt to pass a bill in the Iowa legislature fixing the age of consent at eighteen, but finding it impossible he compromised on fifteen, a raise of two years, and was successful in the senate, but the bill failed in the house-sifting committee, whose chairman was a deadly enemy of the measure. Next session I shall again present the bill, with the age fixed at eighteen, with good prospects for success.

The diagram presented in the January ARENA ought to bring the blush of shame to the face of every lover of humanity in the state of Iowa. Its effect on the writer was to intensify his determination that as long as his fellow-citizens intrusted him with the responsible position of state senator he would labor to efface this dark blot from the statute-books of the state. Nineteenth-century civilization, with its Christlike humanitarianism, demands that this be done. In the name of all that is pure and holy, what shall law protect if not innocent girlhood? A girl's material interests are protected by law. If she has no parent a guardian is appointed, but while in this the law says that her mind is not matured sufficiently to care for her material interests, the same law says in Iowa that from the age of thirteen she is competent to barter or to give away the priceless jewel of her womanly virtue, and consent to her own moral ruin.

As the ARENA is read in Iowa by men and women who think, I appeal to them to wake up to the dishonor of our state in this matter.

In legislative work regarding raising the age of consent the only argument with seeming plausibility given me by the opponents of the bill was the danger of scheming females of low character getting boys into trouble. Facts show that it is not boys who ruin immature girls; it is lecherous scoundrels who are mature in sensuality and lust. To prove this as an *Iowa* fact, one has but to enter the Benedict Home in the city of Des Moines and he will find it is but seldom that one of its inmates was ruined by a man under the age of twenty-one.

Ye citizens of Iowa who dwell in comfortable homes, ye who have surrounded your children with the protective environments of the Christian home, will you not hearken to an appeal for legal protection for the girls of the poor, for the girls who

have lost a mother's watchful eye and protecting care, for the girls who are in part or wholly homeless, for the girls who are the prey of the sleek, suave, mature debauchee? Every principle of philanthropic humanity calls for this.

Legislators of the state of Iowa, as your fellow-worker, as one who believes you intend to make the law of right your action in legislation, I pray you to give this matter thought, and I am certain on investigation that the only objection raised at the last session will vanish — that is, protection for the boys. You will find it is mature vice which, with its insinuating devilry, thus assails immature girlhood.

Would a father in dying leave a material inheritance to the control of a girl under the age of eighteen? No. It is a recognized principle that society is under obligation to protect the helpless and immature: *in every other direction than this the protection is given.* Let this relic of the dark days of the past, when woman was a vassal, when the world was watered by her tears wrung from her heart by brute force, be blotted out. Morality is the basis of solid government; female chastity is one of its bulwarks. The work of the mature scoundrel, at whom this legislation is aimed, is to destroy female morality.

The law now permits a scoundrel matured in crime to rob a mere child of her virtue, of that which is to her of priceless value, and by setting up the plea of "consent" he escapes the punishment which every principle of equity would inflict upon him! He goes free. What of his victim? *Her life is ruined.* If it had been a matter of transfer of property, the law would have given her protection.

J. E. ROWEN [Senator, Republican].

Iowa.

RAISE THE AGE OF CONSENT.

The January number of the ARENA contains a "symposium on the Age-of-Consent Laws in the United States." I am asked for an expression of my views. My answer is easily made: I favor most heartily this move, and am willing to do all that I can for it. If we are to have a law of this character at all, let us have a proper one, for whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. If the female is to reach her majority at the age of eighteen years, and is a legal "infant" under that age, as in Iowa (being unable to contract marriage except by consent of parent or guardian, and by marriage she as all minors attains majority), why not place the age of consent and of valid marriage at one and the same age? The evident intent of the law

is to protect her property interests during that period. Then why not protect her virtue, her person, as against brutes?

I regret the necessity of such a law; we all regret that higher civilization has not rendered such laws unnecessary; but it has not as yet. No, the fact remains that we are confronted with a "condition," not a "theory," and some one has said "that evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse"; and if criminal statistics are to be relied upon, I fear the prediction may be uncomfortably true in our own day.

Both "force" and "resistance" are considered in determining crime where a female is thirteen years of age or upwards. The finding of the court is: "The force necessary on the one hand, and the resistance required on the other, to constitute the crime, depend upon the relative mental and physical strength of the parties and the circumstances surrounding them" (*State vs. Tarr*, 28 Iowa, 397). But when the female is under thirteen years of age, "criminal knowledge and abuse of," *is a crime*, and, like the other, punishable "by imprisonment in the penitentiary for life or any term of years." In this last case both "force" and "resistance" are left out, neither being considered essential to establish crime. Also "The fact that defendant does not know that the child is under that age will be immaterial" (*State vs. Newton*, 44 Iowa, 45).

This is a good law and requires but little changing to make it a better. There seems to be quite an extensive agreement that thirteen years is entirely too low, and yet a fear that eighteen years may be too high. And here allow me to present the opinion of some of our best judicial and legal minds, to wit:

"I am in favor of raising the age of consent, but think that eighteen years is rather an extreme view of the question; but if it were a question of leaving it where it is or of raising it even to eighteen years, I would be in favor of the latter, because I think that would be a less evil, less inconsistent, and less dangerous than our present law. The difficulty and danger of raising it above sixteen years is to open the field for blackmailing and designing females, who will inveigle unsuspecting and susceptible youth into situations in which a yielding to an almost irresistible temptation will place them within the power of the female; and this question as to what age it would be safest and best for the law, in protection to both female and male, is one really of practical judgment. My judgment would be sixteen years as practically the safest age at which the age of consent could be fixed. Thirteen years is ridiculously too low; eighteen years would be perhaps practically too high. This is a question of judgment, in my opinion, of experience, of knowledge of

men and women, and is physiological also, as well as sociological, and has many sides to its consideration."

Will the mothers say whether it shall be sixteen years or eighteen years? As all legislation is the result of compromise, the writer, desiring such a law as will tend to promote the general good, will accept sixteen or eighteen years, being heartily in favor of the move.*

Pleasanton, Iowa.

Z. H. GURLEY.

[Representative, Republican.]

KENTUCKY.

THE AGE OF CONSENT FROM A PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL STANDPOINT.

When we wish to determine the age at which the human female becomes cognizant of the carnal qualifications and attributes of sex, and is thus enabled to understand and appreciate the effects of cohabitation as an act between herself and the human male, in which a supreme function of nature occurs, we must dismiss from our minds all emotional sentiment, and regard the question with the calm, dispassionate scrutiny of scientific observation, in which the feelings have no place.

In the pages of a magazine like the ARENA one must avoid giving offence, hence the discussion of this question from the standpoint which I have chosen (and which I regard as the true one, i. e., the physio-psychological) must be carried on through the agency of generalities — *arma logicorum* that are neither very effective nor very desirable. Wherever, therefore, in this paper there appears an assertion unsupported by the necessary proofs of its absolute veracity and scientific accuracy, the reader may rest assured that these necessary proofs are in my possession, and are only withheld from my argument by the force of those circumstances and surroundings amid which this essay appears.

Sully, in his remarkable papers on the psychology of children, states that children become self-conscious at the beginning of the third year. I am inclined to believe, however, that a conscious recognition of self begins, most frequently, at an earlier age, say about the twenty-eighth month. As soon as a consciousness of self is born, the child ceases to be a mere animal and enters a higher plane of existence, an existence in which it is capable of experiencing abstract ideation; and as soon as abstract ideation is inaugurated, the faculty of appreciating ethical

* Space forbids giving others from Iowa, which are on this side.

H. H. G.

deductions and conclusions is, to a certain extent, created in the psychical organism.

While ethics are, to a large extent, undoubtedly acquired, the *capability* of appreciating morals is, unquestionably, the result of inherited experiences; hence children of white ancestors, when placed amid moral surroundings, quickly appreciate and acquire moral habitudes of thought, so that children of nine and ten years fully understand and recognize actions which evince moral obliquity. It will be observed that I here particularize, designating the children of *white* ancestors. My reasons for so doing will become obvious further along in this paper.

In these days of enlightenment and civilization, religious instruction and moral training enter very largely into the lives of children, thereby evoking an early knowledge of good and evil; hence it most frequently happens that, when the first dawns of sexual appetite make their appearance, this natural desire is, under proper instructions, changed in character and becomes an acquired psychical habitude—religious emotion. For it is a fact, and one capable of easy demonstration, that there is a close relationship between religious emotion and sexual desire—the natural desire and the acquired emotion taking the places of one another, on occasions unconsciously and without volitional effort on the part of the subjects in whom the transformation takes place.

A writer in one of the recent magazines* attributes this relationship to psychical atavism, tracing it back to its origin in the worship of Priapus. Be its cause whatever it may, Providence makes an effective use of this relationship in order to check undue and promiscuous sexual intercourse. The girl of twelve years (the age of consent in this state, Kentucky) who has received moral instruction and training, is abundantly qualified to protect her honor. In point of fact, the white girl of twelve anywhere throughout the civilized world, unless she is degenerate and imbecile, is abundantly qualified, so far as intellect is concerned, to protect her virginity if she so desires. Ignorance cannot be advanced in extenuation of any lapse from virtue in girls of this age, for their physical development precludes any such plea. When backed by good moral training I regard the twelve-year-old girl as being as capable of resisting the wiles of the seducer as any older woman.† So far as I can ascertain, the logical faculty is more highly developed in girls of twelve

* Dr. James Weir, Jr.: "An Example of Psychic Atavism," *Journal of Mental and Nervous Diseases*, October, 1894.

† It can hardly be necessary for a serious reply to be made to such a statement as this. Simply apply the same reasoning to her general mental capacity, her knowledge of the value of property, her experience in the relations of cause and effect, her grasp of life and its meanings, and it becomes plain that a statement like this is so far from true as to be absurd on the face of it.

H. H. G.

years than it is in girls of sixteen or seventeen. After pubescence, the emotional nature of woman becomes highly developed, which, in a measure, obtunds the ratiocinative faculty, so that the non-menstruating girl of twelve evinces a logical prowess which surpasses that of the girl of sixteen or seventeen.

Again, it is a well-known fact that the human female, as a rule, up to the time of menstruation surpasses the male in point of mental acumen. This is also noticeable in females throughout the entire mammalian kingdom. The young bitch, before ovulation, is invariably chosen by dog-fanciers for her superior intelligence, especially if she is to be taught any branch of work in the hunting-field which requires extraordinary intelligence. So well known are these facts that ovariectomy is frequently performed on female dogs before the establishment of ovulation, in order that this high degree of mental acuteness may be preserved. The non-menstruating girl of twelve who has ordinary intelligence backed by moral training is better able to withstand the arts of the seducer than her older sister in whom *vita sexualis* has been fully established. In the non-ovulating girl of twelve, *libido*, a powerful and very often overwhelming incentive toward *coitus*, is either entirely absent or, at least, felt only in a vague and feeble manner; while in the ovulating female it reaches its acme.

The framers of the law which fixed the age of consent at twelve years in this state were fully aware of these physiopsychological facts; they were not blinded by false sentiment, and, while giving the young girl that measure of protection which she deserves, also took into consideration the male member of society, who is also worthy of protection. Sexual desire belongs equally to the male and female human being, and the law-makers of this state were then, and are now, unwilling to inflict the heaviest penalty of the law on the male when there is a possibility that the female is also to blame.

The penalty for rape on an infant under twelve in this state is death or confinement in the penitentiary for life, and statistics will show that the law, in this respect, is carried out to its fullest extent. *Finally, the experience of the entire world shows that no amount of legislation can command sexual morality.* The great and, in my opinion, the only safeguard against social impurity is to be found in moral instruction by virtuous fathers and mothers. When *vita sexualis* is established at or near puberty, this moral training will bear fruit, and the young girl, yearning for she knows not what, will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred find perfect satisfaction in religious emotion.

There is one other objection, and that too a vital one, to any

interference with the law as to consent in this state, as it now stands. The laws of the United States place the negro female on the same plane with the white female, declaring them identical in every particular. Natural law, however, declares that, psychologically and functionally, they are widely differing individuals. The menstrual function becomes established in the white Kentucky girl usually at about the fourteenth year, while in negro girls ovulation occurs about the eleventh year. Frequently it occurs as early as the tenth year. I am informed by Dr. Stimson Lambert, of Owensboro, Ky., a painstaking and accurate observer, that seventy-five per cent of negro girls menstruate at the eleventh year. Dr. Lambert also assures me that he has now under his care a negro girl who is in her twelfth year and who is pregnant. Negroes, in a natural state, are not given to undue sensuality; they are like the lower mammalia in this respect. As soon, however, as they fall under the influence of civilization they become inordinately sensual. The negro is rarely accused of committing rape on the females of his own race. "The reason for this is the natural complaisance of the females of his own race, the male being able to easily satisfy his desire without violence."

We see at once what a terrible weapon for evil the elevating of the age of consent would be when placed in the hands of a lecherous, sensual negro woman, who for the sake of blackmail or revenge would not hesitate to bring criminal action even though she had been a prostitute since her eleventh year! Anyone acquainted with the American negro, a semi-civilized savage, will understand at once what bearing this has on the question without further enlightenment on my part. Taking the facts above cited into consideration, it would be manifestly unjust to tamper with the law as it now stands.

A. C. TOMPKINS [Representative].

Owensboro, Ky.

LET THE AGE OF MAJORITY BE THE AGE OF CONSENT.

In common, no doubt, with many others who have never had their attention called directly to the subject, I had supposed that the laws of all states had fixed some age at which a female was incapable of consenting to her own ruin by one of the opposite sex, some age at which her "consent" could not be pleaded as a bar to punishment for crime, and had supposed that the wisdom of legislative bodies had ascertained the proper age (if there is such a thing as a proper age, which I doubt) when a woman's consent could reduce the grade of crime on the part of the man.

In the fall of 1893 I was elected to the legislature. Shortly afterward I was called on by a lady whom I had long known as one of the best women of our section. She came to solicit my vote on a bill that was to be introduced in the legislature to raise the age of consent; she gave me some documents and promised to call again. A few days later she came to see me again. I told her I would vote for the bill with some modification. She wished the age made eighteen; I thought sixteen a better age. I had not given the matter much attention, and used what I thought were arguments to sustain my position. She quietly answered: "We shall thank you for your vote for sixteen, but it ought not to be less than eighteen. I shall see you again at Frankfort"; and she bade me good day.

When the legislature assembled, the ladies were on hand and the bill was introduced in the senate. I was a member of the house, but as I expected the bill to come to us later I concluded to "post up" on the matter. Then to my surprise I learned that there were three states in this Union where a child of ten years of age could surrender herself to the lust of a male brute of human species, and that he could plead her "consent" in his defense—that at an age when her notions of ordinary right and wrong were but partly developed she could give consent to her moral and physical ruin. I also learned that four other great states, including my own, had fixed the age at twelve years; and then I wondered if those who had fixed this age had sisters and daughters, and if so if they were willing to let them depend upon such laws as this for protection.

I also found that many of the members, like myself, had not known what the law was; and I had no doubt of the speedy passage of the bill by the senate, and that as soon as it came to the house its passage would be the merest formality. To my utter surprise the bill was so mangled and altered in the senate as to be worthless. It was too late to introduce another bill in the house and send it to the senate, and the old law still disgraces us.

During the progress of the debate in the senate I was surprised at the arguments (?) introduced in opposition to the bill. One gentleman wanted the boys protected against the evil-minded girls. He thought that such a bill as this, if passed, would expose the boys to all sorts of blackmail from cunning sirens of less than sixteen years of age; that it would fill our penitentiaries with young boys. I had a better opinion of Kentucky boys than to believe him. The more arguments I heard against the bill the more I became convinced of the necessity for its passage. That it did not pass is a stain upon our state which I hope will be speedily wiped out.

I have read attentively the articles in your January number on this subject, and feel that in directing public attention to this matter you have performed a service which cannot be overestimated, and which must result in raising the age of consent everywhere.

I presume that many of those who are most earnest in this matter do not appreciate the great temptation to which children are exposed. A statement that was once made to me may serve to horrify and enlighten them. While I was in one of the largest cities in the country, a few years ago, I made the acquaintance of a "man about town" who frequently dropped into our office. We were discussing some of the wealthy men of the city. One was mentioned whom he at once spoke of as a scoundrel. On asking in what his evil deeds lay, I was informed that he had a suite of rooms in charge of a woman whose business it was to provide for the satisfaction of his lust, and that only young girls were in demand, and virgins were preferred. I have no doubt that this estimable gentleman would object to raising the "age of consent" for fear that it might result in some siren entrapping some innocent youth.

The discussion of this question has settled the matter in my mind, that no woman is fit to dispose of her person at an earlier age than she is of her property. If she must attain her majority before she can sell a piece of property, she certainly should not be permitted to sell herself to perdition at an earlier age. If one who sells to or buys from a minor is punished by the loss of the goods he sells or the money he pays, and is debarred from saying that the minor agreed to it, shall he be permitted to say that "consent" will permit him to ruin a child at an age when her doll is her most valued possession?

My term as a member of the Kentucky legislature has expired. I shall, however, be a candidate again this fall, and if elected I shall use every effort in my power to take Kentucky from the black list of states where children can consent to their own ruin, and shall not be satisfied with any age less than that at which a woman can dispose of her property; and if there are in my district any gentlemen (?) of lecherous propensities I would suggest to them that it may be to their interest to see that I am not reelected.

WILL H. LYONS [Representative].

Covington, Ky. .

WENDELL PHILLIPS: A REMINISCENT STUDY.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

A youthful Englishman but three years resident in the land of an earnest adoption, I found myself for the first time in Boston on the day before Anthony Burns was arrested as a fugitive slave. Having devoured in my boyhood all the books relating to the United States that had fallen in my way, the revolutionary scenes in and around Boston, with their names and associations, had grown more familiar even than the distant scenes of my earlier years.

I was full of delight then in being at the "Hub." My first day was spent at Bunker Hill and in Cambridge. My second day, however, was devoted to cursing the Fugitive Slave Law, and trying to realize how hideous a farce a republic might sometimes be. I had already taken out my first papers, and felt, I must confess, a good deal like tearing them up on the 25th of May, 1854, when Charles F. Suttle of Virginia applied to Edward G. Loring, as United States commissioner, for the rendition to him of a fugitive slave by the name of Anthony Burns. The first weapon I ever owned was in my possession that night—an old-fashioned Allen's revolver—a "pepper-box" as we afterward and scornfully termed them a couple of years later when, in Kansas, Northern men began to understand the need and use of weapons. I had some six years before learned my "facings" and how to handle and load a musket in the ranks of a seditious company of "physical-force" Chartists, just before Feargus O'Connor led us all to folly and disaster; so there was but little compunction on my part in essaying to be again a "rebel" for "liberty"—even though it was only for that of a "niggah."

I recall all this because it marks to me a striking incident, for on the evening of the 26th I first heard Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker speak at a Faneuil Hall meeting, which punctuated the history of that period with oratory fit for Attic philosophers and agitation eloquent with the pas-

sion and power of a grand epoch. Their words marched on as "armed battalia." Jean Paul Richter said of Martin Luther that his speech was a "half-battle." Speeches like those of Phillips and Parker were as the shock of armies. The earth throbbed as it were with passionate onsets. The air was alive with the inspiration fires of noble conflict. I looked that night into the yawning gulf of American strife and helped a little in the making of history.

I was not unmindful of the significance of such weighty speech and personality, recalling with delight after all these years, the fine figure of Phillips, the quaint scorn of Dr. Howe, and the stately fierceness of Theodore Parker. But Wendell Phillips held me then and afterward with an increasing glory. The golden bees that kissed the lips of the baby Plato must have swarmed again from old Hymettus when the summer winds rocked the cradle of our New England orator.

Anti-slavery speech that night was hot indeed. What fine sneers would nowadays be flung at the speakers as "cranks," and Loring, Lunt, Cushing, and Hillard missed much in not being able to fling the terrible significance of the taunting accusation against them of being "Anarchists!" Dr. Howe declared that "God wills that all men should be free, and we will as God wills." Theodore Parker evoked a storm of angry denials when he said "The people of Massachusetts are the vassals of Virginia," and that "Boston is but a northern suburb of Alexandria." I thought of that utterance the night when Ellsworth fell by the stairway of the Marshall House. My place as a newspaper correspondent was quite near that fatal shot. But I am recalling this meeting only to bring back the presence of Wendell Phillips and my own introduction into that anti-slavery agitation wherein thereafter I bore a humble if active part.

There was something electric in the air. A perfect stranger, having been separated from my friend, I still fell into communion with those about me. Afterwards I knew many of them and learned that I had drifted into the very midst of a body of men determined to attempt a rescue of Burns. He was confined in the granite-built courthouse near by, in a room of the second floor near the Court Street entrance, which with the square was guarded by United States deputy marshals. Most of the group were from Worcester. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Martin Stowell were its leaders. Simon Hanscomb, a well known newspaper man, was one of the party. Years afterwards in Washington we compared notes. Somehow I felt sure

that action was intended. Those who knew the plans told me afterwards that they miscarried because of the hasty effort, made without much concert.

Anyhow, while the meeting still roared and surged, I found myself out on the street and hurrying with others to the courthouse. I recall only the confusion and stir, the set faces and gleaming eyes of those about me; the seizure of a great piece of timber and the sudden surge forward towards the courthouse door, which went in at once. I was on one side of the battering-ram. I saw the dark and stern face of a colored man, filled with a set, reticent, fierce, but intelligent fury. Before me, a short distance, was the stern, cool visage of one I afterward knew as Martin Stowell, for I marched alongside of it two years later, when we together led a little company of Free State men into Kansas, over six hundred miles of Iowa and Nebraska prairie land.

There was a fierce shout as the door fell in, a surging forward and slight falling back as, from a dark group of huddling men, leaped a few flashes of fire, and the sharp crackle of pistol-shots sang in our ears. It was all over in a few minutes; but not so swiftly but I saw and heard two shots fired on our side—one by Martin Stowell and the other from close beside me. The pistol was held in a dark-skinned fist, and the face above it has remained forever engraved on my memory. It was that of a colored man; his shot it was that killed Batchelder. Stowell was taken prisoner and charged with firing, but that was not proved. Hanscomb smuggled Stowell's still hot pistol away when the arrested man was in the station near by. Possibly, as Simon thought, the police were human and sympathies dulled their eyes for a moment. Stowell was soon discharged. No one that I knew ever mentioned the colored man's name in connection with the shot, though many must have had a moral certainty thereof. Lewis Hayden, now dead, and for many years the custodian of the State House, was an active participant at the storming of the Boston courthouse.

Leaving Boston next day for New York, I did not see Wendell Phillips again until the yearly meeting at the Meionan Hall in January, 1856, of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. That was an event to me also, for I was permitted to speak in that famous company and to that wonderful audience. It is not on account of that crude, if impassioned speech of mine that I linger, but because of a later incident which gave me an opportunity of knowing how that wonderful art—that almost supreme skill of the orator, that interblended scholarship which seemed but the woven

thread of his brain, and that matchless rhetoric—was inwrought and made to do the lofty service it rendered the anti-slavery cause and national chivalry.

My personal relation with Wendell Phillips began at this time, and continued unbroken until his death. My removal to California in 1876 was the cause for a break in its activity and closeness, but not in its depth of feeling or sincerity. In the year just preceding the civil war, and those that followed its close, commonly called the reconstruction period, our intimacy was often quite confidential. This feeling grew out of the spirit of mob violence that attended the advent of armed strife and reached Boston in vigorous expression, or from the inside view of Washington affairs I was able to give him from being then a "special" correspondent.

My first personal introduction occurred in the early weeks of 1856. Theodore Parker, who knew me as a constant attendant on his Music-Hall services, gave me a note of introduction. The period was one of intense anti-slavery feeling, and I was a zealot on that side. The "personal-liberty" legislation was a live issue. With Mr. Parker's letter then, I wended my way to 24 Essex Street, the old-fashioned, modest three-storied brick dwelling that, facing Harrison Avenue, sheltered Wendell and Ann Copley Phillips. They lived therein for forty years and until the long-delayed city improvements of that quarter compelled their removal but a brief period before the death of Mr. Phillips in 1884.

The immediate cause of my call was due to the fact that I had been selected from among a baker's dozen of young anti-slavery members to lead off in a Mercantile-Library debate on the personal-liberty bill then before the Massachusetts legislature; and I wanted information.

The house, a time-stained brick built directly to the line of a narrow pave, had an entrance sunk into the house wall, thus making a small alcove faced by a small dark door, which bore in plain black letters the name "Phillips" painted on it. A quiet, old-fashioned domestic answered my ring. The hall was small, and a steep, rather narrow stairway curved upward. The rooms on the first floor I never saw opened. Mrs. Phillips' invalid condition made the upper two stories the "home" of that exquisite twain. Mrs. Gar-nant, mother of Mrs. George W. Smalley, with her daughter, was in charge of the household.

I believe my card and note were taken up, and in a few seconds I heard Mr. Phillips, standing at the head of the first flight, inviting me to ascend. He received me with that sweet courtesy and delicately sane attention which made of

him the truest democrat and the most charming of aristocrats. Time does not dull the memory of that silver-toned voice or that benign kindness of countenance. I see still the questioning eyes with their gracious and encouraging look, the noble brow, the ease and grace of manner, with the simplicity of personal address and surroundings—these all make for me a delightful portrait that memory holds in perfect tone.

I recall the room, facing, with longish windows, on Harrison Avenue; some neutral-tinted wall covering, a well-worn warm, dark carpet, and old-fashioned furniture; books everywhere; a marble bust of Garrison at one corner, and one of Cicero in the other—the latter before you on entering the room; some good engravings—I don't recall the subjects—on the small area of unoccupied wall; a large library table littered with letters and papers—I never saw it otherwise. It was indeed a workman's study. This front room opened on to another, in which were more books; but that evidently was more of a living room. The house was small, not over twelve rooms I presume. Mrs. Phillips' apartments were on the floor above.

The impression the orator and gentleman made on me that afternoon has always controlled and shaped my recollections. All subsequent incidents and relations have but deepened that memory. One could but speak of him after all and preëminently as "a gentleman!" His true, enfleshed democracy was born of that exquisite courtesy towards all humankind which was the breath of his very being. His scholarship and eloquence were its natural attributes as much as were his beauty of person and grace of manner. I recall him clearly, dressed simply with a loose short robe in place of a coat, spotless linen, no jewelry of any kind—stud, chain, or ring—well-worn trousers, a light vest, and, as I recall, slippers feet.

He was when standing, a figure of graceful model and height, five feet eleven, of fair complexion, with soft reddish-gold hair, clean-shaven cheeks and jaw, a face that always seemed to me illumined from within. The eyes were rather small and deep set, but penetrative, a light blue-gray in hue; the head was large, well proportioned and balanced. Except as to the height of the imperial forehead and the rounded coronal beyond and above, its size, breadth, and height would not strike one at first. The full face was very kindly yet grave and quiet in expression. The eyes held you firmly and at once. The profile was noble and exquisite in line, effect, and proportion. The nose, at roots broad, at nos-

trils full, yet fine and even delicate in shape, was a well-moulded Roman, approaching the aquiline in form. Below was a longish upper lip, a mouth of strength with repressed lines, drawn down slightly at the ends—a touch of the lion's character; lips well-rounded but not full; below, a strongly defined chin, not large or heavy, but fully indicative of will-power and firmness. The curving eyebrows were large and wide apart, approaching the antique shape. But it was the noble forehead, the height above the brows, and the depth from ears forward and upward, that commanded attention. He was possessed and moulded of grace. His pose was always statuesque. His garb was simple, refined, neutral, yet it became his own and was part of his personality.

In conversation, Mr. Phillips' voice was simply delicious—low, even-toned, softly modulated, and yet possessing a clear, easy distinctness of enunciation which was a great delight to listeners. On the platform it was not an organ of wide range. Its power was not dramatic or intense, except as the fine scorn or passion of the brain gave wings to fitting words. The high notes were rather thin, though always clear and distinct; they had in them the violin strain; some piercing "C" touch at times from the finest of Stradivariuses. The middle and lower ranges were perfect, always under control and used with the finest skill. Behind all was the controlling brain—that artistic mastership of his subject, whatsoever it was, which makes the printed pages that now embalm his speech, a delight in reading second only to that which followed the silvery tones of his voice.

Mr. Phillips at once took the closest interest in the purpose of my call, and kept me engaged for the next two hours. The subject of the proposed debate was fully discussed. He soon found, of course, that my knowledge of the laws and constitutional principles was quite superficial, but that my desire to know was as facile and fluid as could be desired. I had read the current newspaper articles and especially certain printed arguments made before the state house of representatives by Messrs. Phillips, Parker, Garrison, Lysander Spooner, Judge Sewell, and others. These, with the congressional discussion, afforded a basis.

Mr. Phillips, from his ample store of controversial literature, selected a number of pamphlets, several law treatises and commentaries, and laid out for me an exhaustive range of current debate on the themes required. Learning that the debate was twenty days distant and how my time was controlled, he instructed me to read carefully what he had given me, and to make copious notes of points that struck

me. I recall that he made me lay aside the papers that contained his own argument. I was to go over the whole material in my hands, arranging my notes for and against the proposed measure. The authorities included the opposite arguments also. After I had done this I was to boil down my notes to as close a brief as I could make. This done, which he thought would take me about four or five days, I was to see him again. I worked hard, and got fully interested, extending my investigations by a day spent in the Mercantile Library, hunting out and verifying certain references I had found.

On the next Saturday, I called on Mr. Phillips and he received me with even more cordiality than before. My notes were carefully gone over—I had brought back the material he had loaned me—and then with the kindly simplicity of a gentleman and the interest of a teacher in a favorite pupil, he pointed out where I had missed important points, and also indicated where I had grasped and amplified. I did not know at the time that Mr. Phillips was aware that the leader on the opposite side of the pending debate was to be the cleverest young student then in the Harvard Law school. To meet him, he was very careful to have me understand the general grounds upon which the rights of jury, habeas corpus, indeed of all personal liberty, stood from an American point of view. This was the course of reading he mapped out for the week that followed, withholding, too, the first batch of material I had gone over.

On the third visit, according to his request, another brief was presented of the various points that had been gathered in my reading. Of course it gratified me to hear the encomiums he gave. Eleven days had passed, and then Mr. Phillips suggested that I lay the whole subject aside till the next Monday (this was Friday evening of the second week), and occupy myself with other matters. On Monday I was to make, for him to examine, the shortest brief I could of the whole subject as it lay in my mind, with, also, a separate brief of authorities. I did as he wished, and on the evening appointed he again went patiently over the whole subject. I recall that he reinforced my meagre notes with lucid and luminous suggestions which, being fully receptive as I was, were eagerly absorbed.

In regard to speaking, he advised a sustained conversational tone, a little lifted above the ordinary, with an effort at distinct enunciation. He was humorously suggestive as to not trying to be too exact and prim in the use of words. He advised the vernacular speech, even colloquial

in tone. One point struck me, and he gave it as a guard against timidity on the floor or platform. That was to search out some pleasing face back in the audience and talk direct to its owner. This carried the voice and gave the idea of personal presence and talk also. But the main point was to follow my own bent in delivery. I recall very clearly that he desired me to write a few brief opening sentences and commit them to memory. I was also to, as I did, write and commit some closing sentences, not to exceed a hundred words.

Years after, another great English-speaking orator, John Bright, at his home in Rochdale, told me that he always, on any set occasion, knew exactly the words with which he would begin, while he wrote and committed the closing words or peroration of his speech.

Another point I learned from Mr. Phillips, and that is, while studying a subject, to write out your own version of any essential argument or illustration; especially to put down any figure of speech, antithesis, or epigrammatical sentence or expression that might occur to you. This habit of writing fixes the point in the mind. I remember Mr. Phillips telling me of some one's habit—I think it was Napoleon the Third—of jotting down a date, a brief fact, or a name, so as to fasten the same on the memory, and then throwing the note away. He found that I was a shorthand reporter, but advised me very earnestly, if I desired to speak offhand with facility, to discard any dependence thereon, other than as a help in study and a mode of making notes of results and deductions. "A full man was needed," he said, "but he must depend, when on his legs, upon himself only."

On the evening before the debate—I had by his direction laid the whole matter aside for two or three days—I called on Mr. Phillips. The notes and the themes were gone over once more, and from him I learned that I should be obliged to carry the general discussion alone on my side, as two of three who were to have participated with me had been suddenly called away. The third disputant would not be of much service. I carried from my distinguished mentor that night the flattering opinion that I should do very well. At any rate I was able through his instructions, with no other aid in the hall than brief notes on a two-inch-wide slip of cardboard about six inches in length, to make a creditable use of my preparation. I did not know till afterwards that Mr. Phillips honored me by appearing at the hall and remaining till the debate closed. I only know how proud I felt when a few days after meeting Mr. Phillips on the street he greeted me with words of cordial praise.

The incident of course as far as I am concerned is of no importance, but the manner in which Mr. Phillips taught me to bear my part properly is full of value, showing as it does that "the taking of pains" is after all the foundation for success by genius, as well as for that of mere talent or industrious effort. I may say for myself that the instruction was invaluable, for if I have had facility of expression in any degree, whether in writing or on "my legs" in speaking—and I have done some of this in a rough-and-tumble way—I hold it due almost entirely to the lessons then taught me so graciously by Wendell Phillips.

A few weeks after the debate I was in New York again, returning to Boston somewhat later and remaining till I first left for Kansas shortly after Mr. Sumner was assailed by Preston Brooks. I was in Chapman's Hall that afternoon. The Abolition speakers were verily the alarm bells of those days. Any great excitement brought a spontaneous meeting. The feeling was almost as intense as when Fort Sumter was fired upon, or, as far as Boston is concerned, when the Sixth Massachusetts was attacked in the streets of Baltimore. Phillips, Parker, and Garrison were among the speakers that afternoon.

I recall especially an incident of Parker's speech. He declared that the bludgeon which had "laid low the goodly head of Charles Sumner blossomed from the Acorn that carried Anthony Burns back to slavery," alluding to the name of a yacht which a Boston "Brahmin" had loaned to Suttle for the purpose of shipping Burns. There was at once a terrific storm of hisses, mainly from the young men standing in the back of the hall. Parker waited with serene grimness till the geese were exhausted, and then at the first lull, said in tones that filled the hall: "I thank you for those hisses, young men; they show that your hearts and brains are not yet hardened enough to conceive of such infamy. You will want to take the cotton from your ears, however, before you can fairly understand the spirit of slavery and compromise." There were shouts of laughter and cheers. Then the proceedings went on to their close.

Before leaving shortly afterward for Kansas, then in the hot throes of her struggle against chattel slavery, I encountered Wendell Phillips on Washington Street. As he bade me "god-speed" I recall his asking me what it was I expected to aid in accomplishing. My answer was that I knew what it meant for me; "it was the road to South Carolina!" I recall this only to mention that, after he had closed his great Union oration, "Under the Flag," April 21, 1861, and the Music Hall

platform was crowded with admirers, he leaned over to me, standing quietly by, and whispered, "Well, Hinton, we've reached South Carolina at last!"

I had forgotten the incident, but not so this man of genius. His recalling it to me was a vivid illustration of the swift and absorbent brain that heard, saw, and remembered all that could serve his cause.

There is but little for me to tell of Mr. Phillips from that summer day in 1856 till the Harper's Ferry raid of John Brown rent in twain the walls of slavery. I was in Boston during January, 1857, and present at the Music Hall festival. There I was introduced by Mr. Phillips himself to many of the Abolition notables. But the charming incident of the evening to me was a few minutes' talk with Mr. Whittier, to whom Mr. Phillips took me.

I recall the tall, slender form, the dark, finely moulded face, the quaint dark Quaker garb, the soft, brooding look, and above all the intense, dark, lambent eyes which looked down upon me. I told him of my party's singing his Kansas Emigrant song at Buffalo, on the steamer "Plymouth Rock," when we crossed Lake Erie, and afterward at Lawrence, Kansas. He asked several questions, notably about Thomas Barber, whose slaying he had embalmed in a powerful lyric.

Then, as we parted, putting his hand gently on my shoulder, he said, "So, friend, thee believest in fighting for liberty?" Upon my hearty affirmative, he replied, "Well, then, if thee must fight for freedom, fight well and to the end."

I certainly tried to follow and even better his suggestion. The Quaker poet looked like a soldier of the soul as he bent his intense eyes upon me. It was my only glimpse of Mr. Whittier.

After the John Brown raid, I found Boston a convenient residence, alternating it with a trip to Kansas as well as to Ashtabula county, Ohio, the homes of the Howells, Giddings, and Senator "Ben" Wade. The winter months following the attack on Harper's Ferry were more exciting in Boston than elsewhere north of Mason and Dixon's line. For a few of us they were almost as much so as Kansas was in Fifty-Six. Of course the Southern politicians were seeking to make capital out of the Brown raid. Their Northern friends were quite as eager. The difference lay in the fact that the Southern ones were seeking to use the event in aid of disunion, while their New England and other friends were aiming only at party advantages. The Republican party

had moved up the political scale; Kansas was settled as to the slavery extension; the Northern states had nearly all passed under the control of the new party. Its managing men were terribly afraid of such shadows as the John Brown raid was casting. The out-and-out anti-slavery men were vigilantly seeking also every occasion to say or write bolder and more severe things.

Andrew Hunter, the able Virginia attorney who prosecuted the Northern raiders, planned a scheme for Governor Wise, which was the cause of Frederick Douglas and Dr. S. G. Howe retiring for a period to Canada and Great Britain. It also induced Mr. Buchanan to acquiesce in the alleged holding, as a federal prisoner, of Aaron D. Stevens, one of Captain Brown's men. On his arraignment in February, 1860, when Counsellor Sennott elected trial by federal court for his client, Mr. Hunter coolly stated that Stevens had always been in the custody of Virginia. The purpose of all this pretence was to make operative, if possible, an old federal law which permitted a United States judge to issue process against anyone wanted as a witness and so secure their transfer to the district in which it should be assumed the testimony was needed. Under this it was presumed to be possible to arrest any or all of those whose letters or messages to John Brown were in the possession of the Virginian authorities.

It was quietly decided in Boston, at least, that attempts to remove any citizen from the state, so as to place such person in peril from Virginia, should be resisted, even if the same were permitted by the state courts. The systematic attacks on the right of free meeting, the organized mob-violence directed against Mr. Phillips naturally led to organized efforts for protection. The great anti-slavery orator was many times in danger between the last of October, 1859, and the middle of April, 1861, when his "welcome, hearty and hot," to a war for freedom and union made him in an hour the idol even of the enraged Union-savers who the day before had clamored for his life.

The old vigilante committee of fugitive-slave days was still in existence. Arrangements were made by Karl Hienzen, the well-known editor of *Das Pioneer*, a German radical paper published in Boston, to organize a force of Turners. In other directions many young men who were in sympathy also prepared themselves. Mr. Phillips was never informed of these efforts, but he easily realized the vigilance of his friends, sometimes even showing a vexed good-nature thereat. Four times at least within my own knowledge his

life was in deadly peril, and there were other times when we had good reason to expect an attack on his home. The agitator never faltered in his movements, and the orator never failed in his stinging speech. He showed also his own determination to accept all such personal responsibility as might have followed the policy of resistance.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn was demanded as a witness before the Jefferson Davis-Mason committee of investigation into the Harper's-Ferry raid. Mr. Sanborn decided not to answer the senate summons. He was practically kidnapped at Concord by a deputy sergeant-at-arms and brought to Boston *en route* to Washington. But a writ of *habeas corpus* being secured was served in time to prevent removal. "The League of Freedom," as our little body of defenders was sometimes called, being notified, got ready at once to appear in force at the state supreme-court room. It fell upon me to notify Mr. Phillips, which I did before he had finished his breakfast. In those days I always went armed, and made no concealment of the fact. As Mr. Phillips was putting on his overcoat, he asked me if I was "prepared," at the same time taking from a drawer in his desk a six-inch "Colt" and slipping it into an inside pocket. As he could see the handle of my "navy," there was no need of a reply on my part. We went to the court room, and found it crowded with our own people. All were sober and silent; all knew what might follow if some contingencies arose. Among those in the quiet assemblage were a number of prominent men. Their faces were as set and resolved as were those of the younger ones. It was soon decided that a senate warrant did not run against the liberty of a citizen of the old commonwealth, and Mr. Sanborn walked out of court, amid cheers, unusual in and startling to the grave propriety of a supreme-court room.

Those were stormy days indeed for Boston. And there were many of them before the day when the flag came down at Sumter. But I have never forgotten the serene courage and quiet dignity with which Mr. Phillips went to and fro. For months when about Boston and the vicinity, outside his own dwelling, he was nearly always in sight of some of the "League" men who were pledged to defend him. He never changed his accustomed ways, except when, for a few weeks just before hostilities began, he was brought to realize that his home might be attacked, and we were allowed on different nights to have a small armed party therein to defend it. Mrs. Phillips would not leave. I recall Mr. Phillips saying on one occasion, when some reference

was made to avoiding a danger, that "It is just as foolish to run into danger when there is no occasion, as it is cowardly to avoid it when duty calls.

The events of that winter are a matter of history. But little is necessarily known of the personal danger of, and the steps taken to protect, the orator and agitator. As a matter of fact, his life was seriously imperilled for months before the rebellion culminated in cannon-shot. That April Sunday morning, 1861, was a serious one to the men who had decided to guard Mr. Phillips at all costs and without regard to what he might say. I have always been glad that my good fortune brought me back to Boston from Washington only the day before. Mr. Phillips was encountered on Washington Street. We stepped into the Adams House and seated ourselves while he asked for my news. After telling him, I expressed a fear of the meeting next day in the Music Hall. I recall the singularly placid smile with which he responded, saying, "It will be all right, Hinton."

On Sunday morning there were over 400 gallant young fellows in the hall ready to offer their lives in his defence. Not one, however, but felt his heart leap as we saw on that famous rostrum in front of the solemn bronze that represents Beethoven, spanned above the desk of Theodore Parker, an arch draped above with the national colors, and with its pillars wreathed with flowers that embodied the tricolor. On the desk was the glass vase which Mr. Parker, when living and preaching, had always kept full of flowers. There was in it an immense cluster, artistically arranged, with the colors in due sequence—red, white, and blue.

Our friends of the League were on hand early, being admitted before the general audience came in. Each little squad took its place in an appropriate section of the hall. The main body, chiefly "Turners," occupied front and side seats close to the platform. We all felt that serious danger threatened, and none of us knew just what Mr. Phillips would say. Then we had the evidence, also, that there was present a compact body of armed men, hostile in every sense and angry almost to the verge of ferocity. The platform preparation seemed to be an assurance, however, that the oration would in some way accord with the tensely wrought feelings of the audience. I recall the impression Mr. Phillips gave as he came forward quietly and slowly. To those who knew him the only sign of special feeling he manifested was the intensity of his eyes and the marble pallor of his face. With what high-strung feeling did we listen to his first words. He read from Jeremiah that striking verse which declares:

"I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, the pestilence, the famine," because the people fail to proclaim "liberty every one to his brother."

Then Mr. Phillips read a paragraph from one of the Boston papers stating that he would take back what he had said in his last speech. We thrilled with passionate response as he declared that he would not retract one of his opinions, and flinging his hands outward with the palms down, a gesture familiar to him when aroused, he added:

"No, not one of them! I need them all—every word I have spoken this winter—every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give to this war hearty and hot."

None of us feared any longer. All of us joined in the rapturous applause. More than one of us felt the tears come in gladness at passing such a crucial point, for we doubted not that had he declared otherwise, many lives would that day have been spent. After those words it was pure enjoyment to listen, so intense was the feeling that silence became the greatest sign of approval. There were no more mobs for Abolitionists in Boston after that Sunday morning.

Within three days I was back in Washington; soon after, west and in the field. I did not see Mr. Phillips again until the latter part of November, 1865, when, a civilian once more after four years of varied service, I visited Boston previous to going to Washington as a special correspondent. We had not been entirely silent during the years of war, as an occasional letter had passed. I had been made to know that if in any way my name got public mention for such service as in common with my comrades I had been able and glad to perform, Mr. Phillips knew of it, for he would send me a word of cordial praise.

During my brief stay in Boston and preceding the meeting of congress, I had several lengthy interviews with Mr. Phillips. He had already foreseen the bitter controversy that was coming between President Johnson and congress, and gave me a sketch of the famous argument he shortly after made under the title of "The South Victorious." I arranged with him to correspond regularly on political matters as they arose, and he gave me a keenly incisive review from his position of the attitude likely to be taken by Wilson, "Thad" Stevens, Boutwell, Ashley, Winter Davis, Wade, Turnbull, and others. Mr. Sumner's views of the situation were understood, and were agreed to in the main by Mr. Phillips, though he did not fail to see where the senator was lacking in practical legislative and managing capacity. I had been

acting for months as assistant inspector-general of the Freedman's Bureau, in the central-southern states, including Tennessee, and could give an inside account of the change in the tone that had followed Mr. Johnson's amnesty proclamation.

Wendell Phillips analyzed Andrew Johnson as essentially "a Southern poor white, of considerable but rude mental capacity, great obstinacy, and some courage." He considered his Union position at the outset as largely moulded by his hatred of the planter-lawyer politicians who were on top in the South, and especially from his personal hostility to Jefferson Davis. Mr. Phillips expressed it as his conviction that the Tennessean, in managing the "restoration" of the late rebel states, desired more to bring those who flouted him to his presence as personal suppliants for amnesty, so that he could arrange for future political dealings, than for any other consequences of the policy he was pursuing. In other words he wished to impress them, said Mr. Phillips, with the "I-told-you-so" idea. The anti-slavery agitator declared that the aim was to destroy the cause and party that had carried the war through, and to re-create the old opposition to the North and New England as the "Union Democracy." I remember distinctly that, in going over Johnson's amnesty proclamation, he pointed out that the thirteen exceptions to its general provisions embraced the representatives of every controlling grade to be found in the South. The word "restoration" was to Mr. Phillips a positive proof of a design to rebuild as near to the old lines as possible—the freed people to be made by adverse laws the serfs of the community, nominally free, but in reality worse off than when held as chattels, for the property instinct as well as the somewhat parental side of personal servitude came in to modify and ameliorate.

Mr. Phillips declared the settlement of the negro's civil status to be an issue more crucial for the future of the republic than the worse crisis of the Union struggle, if it had been decided adversely, would have been. His opinions in regard to labor and capital are all part of history, and need not be repeated by me, but in talking at the time he related them distinctly to the general welfare. I recall his taking down a bound volume of pamphlets and reading from a speech of ex-Governor McDuffie of South Carolina, the words of contempt which described his idea of the character and condition of "free" wage-paid labor. "If the South wins this contest that and worse will become the truth as to all labor in this land," said Mr. Phillips,

I was struck as never before with the keen comprehension he showed, the sagacious insight into men and movements, and the limitations which the play of politics superinduced and imposed. All this suddenly impressed me with the conviction that he could in truth be if he desired a great political leader. Feeling how fine a thing it would be to see him seated in the United States senate, I said so, and with abrupt frankness expressed a conviction that he could be elected if he so desired. He smiled at my earnestness, shook his head sadly, and said that, if it could be achieved in honor, there was nothing he would more desire than the senatorship. He then proceeded to show that it was not possible, for to the end of his usefulness he must remain the "critic" and "agitator." And what a meaning he conveyed in those simple words!

When I left for Washington, it was with a distinct comprehension of the situation from the standpoint of this master-mind. He gave me many letters, which opened large confidences to me. I was able to convey to Henry Wilson the story of an understanding and feeling so warm and kind that it instantly blotted from his memory the sharp sayings with which sometimes Phillips had barbed his shafts. The letter I presented to Thaddeus Stevens made the "old commoner" my friend. So with others. Senator Sumner recalled me pleasantly with a twinkling recollection of the pertinacity with which I had almost become his shadow in the dangerous winter days preceding the civil war. That's another story, however, that will bear telling sometime. It was, I recall, with a merry smile that Mr. Phillips turned when he was about to indite the note to Senator Sumner, and asked with what rank I had been mustered out. When I mentioned my actual and brevet titles, he laughed a little and said, "We will use the largest. It won't hurt you with the senator."

Our correspondence until Grant came in was frequent and intimate. Whenever Phillips came to Washington or I was elsewhere near him, we always met. At his request during the sharpest period of reconstruction I became the unacknowledged and unpaid Washington correspondent of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, writing regular weekly letters over the signature of "Watchman," and special ones over that of "Amodeus." Some of these caused a sensation at the time, for I was "inside" on many matters and could hit "the white" when I desired or it was necessary. Mr. Phillips from the first was distrustful of Mr. Chase, not doubting his fidelity to freedom, but dreading greatly his egotism and

wounded ambition. From his standpoint he was not mistaken. The orator had from the first a good insight into Grant's character, regarding him as a firm, able, and honest man politically, whose mistakes arose from want of special experience in the position to which he was called. The relations of Mr. Sumner and General Grant were a source of keen regret to him, and though, as was natural, he stood by the friend and coworker of a lifetime, it was without harsh criticism of the great soldier.

Memory crowds, and the shadows, luminous and gray, file before me. There is much more to say, but I must reluctantly close these halting reminiscences of the most knightly life and the finest soul and brain it has been my good fortune to meet and honor.

THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF HEREDITY AND PRE- NATAL INFLUENCE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

There has grown up in America an artificially imposed silence upon all questions relating to maternity until that holy thing has become a matter almost of shame. Will not the women try and break this down? It seems to me life will be truer and nobler the more we recognize that there is no indelicacy in the climax and coronation of creative power, but rather that it is the highest glory of our race.—*Lady Henry Somerset.*

So intimately are the interests of the individual associated with those of the race that the slightest infraction of the law of equal justice on the part of any of the units who compose society carries with it far-reaching and baleful consequences. The extent of evil resulting from the persistent refusal to recognize this fundamental truth upon which progress rests will not be fully perceived until the solidarity of the race is realized by society and until the implications and obligations which this recognition carries with it are appreciated by the people. He is, indeed, a shallow philosopher who sees hope for humanity in anything less than the luminous truth expressed by the Golden Rule—that great basic law of happiness, progress, and development—understood and put more or less clearly by earth's truest prophets throughout all ages.

The sickness, misery, and evil of to-day result so largely from ignorance and shortsighted selfishness, which lead men to ignore this underlying law of true civilization, that it becomes the imperative duty of those who appreciate the importance of educating the mind and conscience to impress upon individuals the dignity of life and the solemn obligations it carries with it. Nowhere are these responsibilities so grave or far-reaching in their effect as in the domain of parenthood. Here the unborn receive the destiny-stamping and life-moulding impress of hereditary and prenatal influences, reënforced by the lasting impressions which come through early environment. Here, before individual re-

sponsibility begins, the helpless little one is blessed or cursed; is dowered with a regal heritage—health, strength of mind, and a clean soul—or cursed with a diseased body, an irresolute will, or a passion-dominated nature.

There is no truth of major importance so little discussed, or about which there is such widespread ignorance, as the all-important one relating to an intelligent conception of the duties, responsibilities, and obligations of parenthood. Conventional society, as though conscious of its guilt and shame, maintains a silence as injurious to civilization as it is fatal to a large proportion of the multitudinous little lives which are annually swept into this world as unwelcome accidents or the fruitage of unbridled lust. The pulpit, popular educators, and the opinion-forming press should unite in a tireless campaign in behalf of the unborn. This would be a move toward a *permanent reformation*, by enlightening the minds and arousing the consciences of men and women, and would thus lead to a cleansing of the fountain of life at its very source. Unfortunately an all-embracing paralysis seems to have fallen upon most of those agencies which exert the most influence in awakening the moral susceptibilities of man. The press unites in a conspiracy of silence so far as discussing the question is concerned, while the frightful *results* of the reign of ignorance and animality are set forth with startling force in the records of murder prompted by jealousy, offences against morality, suicides, and many other abnormal deeds, as well as in the records of disease and suffering entailed by hereditary taints transmitted from parent to child. The gravity of this problem cannot be overdrawn, for it affects the present and the future. It has to do with the well-being of society no less than that of the individual.

I know it is difficult to impress people with the true significance of the indisputable and unchallenged facts relating to this subject, because of the anæsthesia of the public conscience, due to centuries of ignorance and lust. And yet, so hopeless is the outlook for enduring civilization unless men and women of conscience be enlightened, that longer silence becomes a crime of measureless proportions. It is impossible to make the cannibal appreciate the horror we feel for his frightful practice, and so I believe that in a future purer and brighter day the race will look back upon the long night of triumphant animalism, with its generations of children of passion, with much the same feeling of loathing and disgust with which we view the cannibal. And it is from this higher plane of justice and sound moral-

ity that I wish to discuss the question of heredity and prenatal influence. Hence, for the present at least, I trust the reader will divest his mind of all prejudice and examine this problem in a strictly impersonal and judicial spirit.

At the very threshold of the discussion we are confronted with multitudinous illustrations of the misery entailed upon the innocent by ignorance and a brutal disregard for the most solemn obligations which attach to life. Take, for example, the eloquent and tragic story of Chilmarth on the Island of Martha's Vineyard. Here, among the first settlers who came, now twelve generations ago, were two deaf persons. To-day, one in every twenty-five persons in that section is deaf, while a large number of the inhabitants are blind, and several are idiots. A scholarly physician, in a recent essay, in referring to this region observes:

"This community, isolated from the outer world, has not only retained its primitive customs and manners, but the physical taint in the original stock has also produced a plenteous harvest of affliction. In one collateral branch deafness has occurred and disappeared and recurred with curious atavistic perseverance. In another collateral branch blindness has pursued the same wayward but persistent course. Blindness and deafness are, therefore, not the offspring of idiocy, but each defect has grown more and more intense in its particular line of descent, until what was at first only a defective sense becomes a deterioration of the entire central shrine of the mind, and an idiot is born. At Chilmarth the mental and physical progress is downwards."

Not only is the law of heredity visible in the reproduction of serious physical *defects*, which prove progressive in their trend toward fatal deterioration of mind and body, but quite as significant and terrible an illustration of the invariable law is found in the scores of sufferers one meets with on every hand, who are under sentence of death by cancer, consumption, and other hereditary diseases. The spectacle of these condemned ones frantically clinging to life, while day by day the ravages of disease are more apparent and their agony is greater, is enough to awaken feelings of mingled horror and commiseration. But centuries of criminal silence and unchallenged indulgence have so dulled the moral sentiment and deadened the conscience that men and women affected with hereditary disease scruple not in calling into life child after child, apparently unconscious of the enormity of the moral offence they are committing.

And as we advance a step we enter still deeper shadows,

for we are brought face to face with an innocent throng who have inherited a passion for drink. A large number of these unfortunates have been begotten when one of the parents was inflamed by liquor. They have come into the world dowered with animal propensities, abnormally strong and ungovernable; an ever-present craving for stimulants appears to be chronic; they have inherited an appetite for drink much stronger than their will-power. Here are some striking cases given to me by Dr. George W. Pope of Washington, D. C., the facts of which have in each instance come partially under his personal observation, while additional details relating to the cases have been taken from data carefully obtained.

"A. was a steady drinker from youth, as had been his father and grandfather before him, drinking several times daily and frequently indulging in heavy drinking bouts. He was of a highly aristocratic, talented, and wealthy family of Southern planters; very hospitable—kept open house, liquors always on the sideboard; and prided himself on his blue blood and lineage. A. married a talented and accomplished young lady of noble character and aristocratic family of temperate habits, never indulging in drink. A's habit of drinking, though not to excess, was *confirmed* several years before his marriage. The fruit of that union was three children, two sons, who *resembled the father* in physical appearance and character traits, and a daughter who resembled her mother; the latter married happily and became the mother of healthy and good children, a credit to the family. The two sons of A. manifested a taste for drink in early youth, and the eldest, with the habit confirmed, married a young woman of temperate habits and ancestry. He died of *mania a potu*, leaving his widow with two children, now about twenty and twenty-five years old. In spite of the efforts of their mother and friends, these boys had inherited their father's appetite and early took to drink; they are now confirmed hard drinkers, having at intervals periodical sprees, which often end in delirium tremens. A's other son is living, a confirmed inebriate, perfectly worthless, and supported by his friends. It will be noticed in this case that the male children and grandchildren of A. closely resembled him in physical appearance, temperament, and character traits, but none of them showed their ancestor's mental ability. I have observed this fact in many cases.

"B., C., and D. were three sons of a well-to-do farmer, a steady drinker, as also were his father and grandfather. B.

and C. resembled their father in physical appearance and character traits; became early addicted to drink, never married, and died drunkards. D. resembled his mother, who never drank, and came of temperate ancestry. With the sad fate of his father and two brothers before his eyes, D. never touched liquor and became a well-to-do banker and accumulated wealth. Unfortunately he married a young woman whose father and grandfather were drunkards, and she resembled them in personal appearance and character traits, but never used liquor in any form. Four sons and two daughters were the result of that union. The sons resembled the paternal grandfather and early manifested an appetite for and took to drink. When their father died the property was equally divided and they immediately plunged into the wildest excesses, squandered their property, and became confirmed inebriates. They never married. One died of delirium tremens, one was killed in a drunken brawl, and one cut his throat in a drunken frenzy. The last is still living; a half-demented drunkard. With his death the male branch of that family will become extinct. Now for the two girls, who resembled the maternal grandfather. One became a confirmed inebriate after an unhappy marriage. The other is insane from having indulged in whiskey, opium, and chloral. In this case the drink propensity has passed through one generation in a quiescent, non-developed state, and has evolved in full activity in the second generation, to the destruction of both branches of the family.

"E. was a steady drinker, the habit confirmed before marriage; the same also having been the case with his father and grandfather. All lived to a good old age, became very hard drinkers, and died of the chronic diseases induced thereby. He inherited a fine farm, kept a country inn, and ran a liquor still, manufacturing corn whiskey, apple brandy, cider brandy, and gin—the popular drinks of the farming community in those days. He married a good-looking, hard-working country girl, descended from temperate ancestry. The fruit of that marriage was three sons—Robert, Thomas, and John—and four daughters—Maria, Emily, Isabel, and Julia. All these sons and daughters resembled their father in personal appearance and character traits, being a remarkably fine-looking and intelligent family. The boys early manifested a taste for drink, which was fostered by their father's habits and the whiskey still. Fortunately they never married; became confirmed hard drinkers, and no girls in the neighborhood would accept

them because of their habits. Robert, while intoxicated, accidentally fell into the boiling whiskey-mash vat and was of course burned to death. Thomas died of delirium tremens. John became a half-demented, sodden inebriate and was frozen to death one cold night in the fields.

"The girls never manifested the slightest inclination for liquor, and with the fate of their brothers before their eyes, conceived a perfect horror of it. Being remarkably handsome and attractive in appearance and manners and also thoroughly good and industrious, they soon found excellent husbands residing in distant parts of the country. Maria married a smart, rising young lawyer, Emily a thriving merchant, Isabel a well-to-do farmer, and Julia a popular clergyman. All these husbands were perfectly temperate men, came of temperate ancestry, and never drank liquor in any shape, nor permitted it in their houses. Children were born to these four families, and the same dreadful inheritance of appetite for drink passed through these innocent and good mothers in its quiescent or germ state and evolved in full flower in all their male children, who resembled them in personal appearance and traits. Maria had two sons, both of whom manifested, while mere boys, an appetite for drink before twelve years of age, and in spite of all the efforts of the father and mother, became confirmed inebriates. The elder died of *mania a potu* at twenty-two. The younger married a most excellent young woman of temperate ancestry; is a hard, steady drinker; has four boys, who are all confirmed hard drinkers and perfectly worthless. Emily had three boys and two girls. The boys all died from diseases incident to drink. The girls are unmarried. Isabel had a boy and girl. The former, an inebriate, was killed by accident. The fate of the girl is unknown. Julia, the wife of the clergyman, had two daughters, both beautiful and accomplished women, who married wealthy and temperate men and have male children, five in all. These boys are mere loungers and loafers about town, perfectly worthless, drinking whenever they can get an opportunity, quarrelsome and often confined in the station-house. They are supported by their fathers, who have long since given up all hopes of their reformation. It is doubtful whether a worse instance of inherited and widespread bibulous propensities can be found anywhere."

The inheritance of an apparently uncontrollable appetite for drink is by no means the only curse transmitted to the young as a result of the indulgence in liquor on the part of parents. The mental faculties of such children are fre-

quently impaired; they are often weak-willed or irresolute, while sometimes they are morbidly obstinate; their mind lacks the poise or balance which marks the normal child, and their moral natures are in many instances blunted to such a degree that they seem unable to detect the line of demarcation between right and wrong. The frequent absence of affectional instincts is another startling characteristic of liquor-begotten children. The very thoughtful essayist, Hugues Le Roux, in an English review, vividly illustrated the hereditary effects of alcoholic indulgence. In this contribution, which discusses some phases of crime in Paris, the author cites the eminent Dr. Paul Garnier, chief medical officer of the prefecture of police in Paris, as authority for the statement that "In Paris during the past sixteen years lunacy has increased thirty per cent." This astounding statement is followed by some facts, no less impressive, which bear directly upon the question in hand, and from which I make the following extract:

"The progress of alcoholic insanity has been so rapid that the evil is now twice as prevalent as it was fifteen years ago. *Almost a third of the lunacy cases observed at the Depot Infirmary are due to this disease.* Every day it declares itself more violently, and with a more marked homicidal tendency. The accomplice of two-thirds of the crimes committed, upon whom the criminals themselves throw the responsibility of their evil deeds, is alcohol. *It visits upon the child the sins of the father,* and engenders in the following generation homicidal instincts. Since I have frequented the haunts of misery and vice in Paris, I have observed gutter children by the hundred, who are only awaiting their opportunity to become assassins—the children of drunkards. Moreover, there is a terrible flaw in these young wretches—a flaw which doctors do not observe, but which the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectional emotions; and as a matter of fact, if these criminals are neither anæsthetics nor lunatics, their characteristics are insensibility and pitilessness."

The terrible influence of liquor upon the civilization of to-morrow is further emphasized by this author in the following words:

"A few years ago I was present in Dr. Garnier's consulting-room, watching the prisoners from the dépôt filing past. We were informed that a child had been brought by its parents to be examined. These people were shown in; they belonged to the respectable working-class, and were quiet

and well-mannered. The man was the driver of a dray belonging to one of the railway stations, and had the appearance of a stalwart workingman. The boy was barely six years old; he had an intelligent, rather pretty face, and was neatly dressed. 'See here, Monsieur le Docteur,' said the father, 'we have brought you our boy; he alarms us. He is no fool; he begins to read; they are satisfied with him at his school, but we cannot help thinking he must be insane, for he wants to murder his little brother, a child of two years old. The other day he nearly succeeded in doing so. I arrived just in time to snatch my razor from his hands.' The boy stood listening with indifference and without hanging his head. The doctor drew the child kindly toward him, and inquired, 'Is it true that you wish to hurt your little brother?' With perfect composure the little one replied, 'I will kill him; yes, yes, I will kill him!' The doctor glanced at the father, and asked in a low voice, 'Do you drink?' The wife exclaimed indignantly, 'He, sir! Why, he never enters a public house, and has never come home drunk.' They were quite sincere. Nevertheless the doctor said, 'Stretch out your arm.' The man obeyed; his hand trembled. Had these people told lies, then, in stating that the man had never come home the worse for drink? No; but all through the day, wherever he had called to leave a package, the people of the house had given him something to drink for his trouble. *He had become a drunkard without knowing it*, and the poison that had entered his blood was, at this moment, filling the head of his little child with the dreams of an assassin."

So important is the influence upon the unborn of the unrestrained indulgence of appetites and passions, that it calls for special emphasis. The hereditary character of certain diseases is now universally recognized, but small heed is given to the transmission of mental characteristics and moral traits, or to the hereditary influence of abnormal appetites and passions, though their effects are quite as apparent. Here is a striking illustration of the transmission of inordinate passionnal desires; it will doubtless call to mind some cases of a similar nature which have come within the range of the reader's observation:

Some years ago I became acquainted with two families of boys; they lived in neighboring towns; their fathers had been reared in a Southern village during slavery times. At the time when I knew these families the fathers were men of prominence in the business circles in which they moved. One gentleman was the junior member of a large wholesale

dry-goods firm; the other was a merchant. One of these men was not a professor of religion, but he was regarded as a moral and upright man. He took special pains to guard his sons against the vices which flourished in the city in which they lived, although he was not harsh or unduly severe in his action. The other gentleman was an elder in one of the wealthiest churches in a small neighboring city; he was, indeed, recognized as the pillar of the church, and although he was less watchful, perhaps, over the habits of his sons than the other father, he so appealed to their emotional nature as to cause both the sons to enter the church at an early age. Later, one of them became Sunday-school superintendent. But in each family the youths finally developed into what Helen Gardener so aptly designates "sex maniacs." One of the sons of the wholesale merchant ran the gauntlet of vice, burned out the vital forces of body, brain, and soul on the altar of unrestrained bestial lust, after which he married a poor unsuspecting girl of a somewhat negative character. In a few years a weak-eyed child was born, and the wife became a physical wreck. A younger brother of this youth abandoned himself to women and wine, and contracted the most horrible of diseases. The youngest son was watched with Argus eyes by father and mother, who were determined that he should not get into the society of vicious boys or corrupt women; but in spite of all precautions he contracted evil habits, and at an early age had so abused himself as to be a mental and physical wreck. He was compelled to leave the common school before he graduated, and when I last heard from his home he was on the verge of insanity.

One of the two boys in the other family became very wild, visiting houses of bad repute and engaging in escapades with girls until his notorious conduct forced the church to expel him. He finally married, had three or four children, and then deserted his wife and went east. The younger son was apparently steady and sober; for some years he enjoyed the respect of the community. He married an estimable young lady, and for a little time all went well; a beautiful baby girl was born. If this young man had been wild before his marriage it was not generally known, but some time later he conceived a violent passion for a pretty cousin of his wife. He was a Chesterfield in manners, and like fair Cassio he seemed "framed to make women false." Not that his personal appearance was specially attractive, but his voice was soft, musical, and wonderfully effective when it dropped into *sostenuto* tones. He was poetic and had a

wealth of imagination, was cultured and as fine a letter-writer as I have ever known. After the episode with the wife's cousin, he seemed to lose what moral restraint he formerly possessed and launched out on a course of debauchery which eclipsed his brother's mad career. Soon he took to drink, and later to morphine. He left his city in disgrace, but owing to his fine business qualifications he obtained a lucrative position in another city; his family remained behind. For some time on certain occasions he passed himself off as an unmarried man, a practice which he kept up even after his family joined him. He succeeded in ruining several girls. Ultimately his extravagant habits led him to expend more than he could earn, and he was arrested and imprisoned.

Well do I remember the comments of a gentleman who was one of the most respected citizens in the community where the fathers of those families of boys were raised. Some one remarked that it seemed incredible that two such moral and upright men could be the parents of boys so morally abandoned. "Ah!" replied the old gentleman from the boyhood home of the older men, "if you knew the kind of boys they were you would not wonder. They were the terror of the community. They sowed their wild oats, and then settled down to sober and respectable lives, but it somehow seems that the bad results of their sowing did not end with the degradation and misery they wrought in our community." No, Nature will not be mocked. Her laws are inexorable; while ruining and polluting poor helpless girls, these boys were doing what all who prostitute themselves do—poisoning their own souls, and preparing to transmit the virus of moral degradation and abnormal sexual passions to their offspring after marriage. I have carefully understated rather than overdrawn the details of these cases, which, though extreme, illustrate a very vital fact.

The inherently immoral "wild-oats" theory is one of the outcroppings of low moral concepts, due to centuries of disregard for the rights of the unborn, and to the toleration of the double standard of morals. This theory, so fatal to healthy morality, will not be overthrown until society is compelled to recognize the moral responsibilities and obligations of the parent to the child. So long as our young men pollute their souls and allow their minds to become poisoned with sensual ideals and low imaginings, so long will motherhood be debauched in wedlock and the offspring be creatures of lust rather than godlike, reason-ruled beings.

Positive and well established as is the influence of heredity upon the life of man, it is by no means the only destiny-shaping agency which operates before the child is born. The general environment, the mental attitude of the mother, and the moral and intellectual atmosphere in which she spends the months before the infant's birth exert a very positive effect upon the life of the offspring; an effect which has been but little considered, owing to the almost universal silence preserved by civilization on all questions relating to proper generation. Hence a large proportion of people are ignorant of the power of prenatal influence, while some narrow thinkers, who are incapable of viewing any subject broadly, discredit this potent factor in proper generation, because they have observed in some cases characteristics which seemingly contradict its claims. These, however, will almost always, if not invariably, be seen to be due to powerful hereditary traits, transmitted by one or both parents, or to early environment, which also has so much to do with shaping the bent of mind and the characteristics and desires of life. It has only been in recent years that any serious investigation along the lines of modern critical methods have been undertaken in this field of research, but the results are overwhelmingly conclusive. And with the agitation of the question the data of reliable facts are rapidly increasing, and prove how much the future of the child depends upon the environment and mental attitude of the mother during the months which elapse prior to its birth.

A friend of mine, who is a writer of great vigor and power, known throughout the length and breadth of our country, related to me some personal experiences which are interesting contributions to the data of prenatal influences. She said: "After my marriage I was bitterly disappointed in my husband and in married life. Indeed, I was so wretched I could not refrain from crying every little while. During this time I found I was to become a mother, which, under the circumstances, increased my wretchedness. When the child was born it reflected in a truly startling manner my mental condition during the period of gestation. When a little tot, while playing with its toys, it would frequently begin to sob and cry. I would say, 'Why, child, what is the matter?' and she would answer, 'T'se only tying.' A second child came. During the period preceding its birth my husband would treat me harshly, and even cruelly at times, and would then want to make it up and endeavor to fondle me. I hated his caresses and kisses more than

his harshness, for my love and respect for him were gone. Well, the child, who was physically a beautiful little thing, would often be picked up and hugged by friends and callers, and it would invariably cry out in bitter tones, 'I hate to be tised, I hate to be tised'; in its words expressing exactly the sentiments I had felt previous to the birth of the little one." Before the third child came to this union, in which life was a virtual prostitution for the mother, my friend turned to literature for a solace. A neighbor loaned her Swedenborg's works, which she read with avidity. "Indeed, they seemed to carry me into a new world," she said. "When the child came it was such a comfort to me; the coronal region was marvellously well developed, and the child seemed to be a natural mystic. When quite young it evinced a passion for metaphysical thought and would eagerly listen to my reading works far deeper than could be comprehended by any other child I ever knew. She did not reach maturity, however, falling a victim to the heroic treatment of a physician."

Another very marked instance of prenatal influence is found in the family of a leading actor and actress, who are also great students of economic and philosophical problems. During the nine months preceding the birth of one of their little girls the mother became engrossed in Herbert Spencer's writings and other deep literature. She lived in a kind of mental intoxication. The child reflects the mother's mental condition in a most striking manner; she is one of the finest reasoners I have known among children, a born philosopher, and a poet and story-writer of great promise. At school, her teacher refused to believe she had written her composition, ascribing it to her parents, and to punish the child marked her zero for work which so far eclipsed that of other children that it was deemed impossible that it could be the product of a child mind. At last the heart-broken little girl asked the teacher to give her a subject and let her write upon it in school. This was done, and to the amazement of the teacher it was found equal to the former work. Another child came into this home under most favorable conditions. The mother was in a joyous frame of mind; she was rehearsing and playing during the earlier months of maternity a cheerful, lovable, and winsome character, and the little girl is a reflex of this character. She is a veritable sunbeam; her heart goes out in love to everyone, and, as would naturally be expected, she is a general favorite among young and old. How much the assumption by his mother of the roles of

Ophelia, Cordelia, and other sad, gloomy, and trying personations, had to do with imparting profound melancholy to the mind of Edgar Allan Poe will never be known, but the fact remains that the mother lived in the sombre intellectual atmosphere essential to a proper interpretation of Shakespeare's great tragedies during the earlier months before the birth of the poet, who himself was in so many respects a seeming counterpart of the Hamlet of Shakespeare's imagination.

Dr. Sydney Barrington Elliot, in the course of a thoughtful essay on "Prenatal Culture"* cites the following interesting facts connected with the birth of historical personages and persons noted for precocity in special directions:

"The case of Napoleon Bonaparte affords an interesting illustration. His natural inclination for war while still a mere child was remarkable. The subject was ever in his mind; he was constantly talking of it and anxiously looking forward to the time when he could enter upon a military life. When he was only a few years old he delighted in thunderstorms; he loved to hear the peals of thunder and to see the lightning. This tendency was so strong that sometimes it was impossible to induce him to seek shelter during a storm; instead, he would expose himself to the elements, delighting in their fury. Although he had four brothers, none of them ever displayed any fondness for war while young, nor at any time marked military ability. This remarkable instinct for war is accounted for as follows: Napoleon's mother was surrounded with scenes of battle, skirmishes, and quick marches, during the months preceding his birth. She accompanied her husband on horseback upon a military campaign, and moreover deeply interested herself in strategy and the arts of war. She thus conferred upon her son a love of conquest and a military genius before which all Europe trembled for many years.

"Robert Burns is another noteworthy instance of remarkable genius imparted through prenatal influence. His mother was of cheerful disposition, though in humble and often pinched circumstances. She had an excellent memory for old songs and ballads, and she sang them constantly as she went about her household duties. By the constant exercise of this order of mental faculties, she conferred upon her eldest son a degree of ability which she herself did not possess.

"M. A. de Frarière has given some interesting cases, illus-

* The ARENA, August, 1894. In his work on "Ædeology" Dr. Elliot has grouped a great number of interesting cases illustrating prenatal influences.

trating how musical talent has been conferred on the offspring as a result of the mother cultivating this talent in herself during gestation. He has also given examples in which the parent or parents were possessed of marked musical talent, but who had children of no musical ability, as the mother was not exercising her musical faculties during the time she was pregnant. The value of these cases from this writer is enhanced by his having personal knowledge of each.

"The first case is that of Luigi Ricci, who on August 15, 1861, when he was only eight years old, directed the singers at the Basilique de San Giusto, at Trieste, where they performed a mass of his own composition. The church was crowded. In an account of Luigi, written at Boulogne, the writer says, 'Everyone in the town attributes the precocious musical intelligence of the little Luigi to the exceptional position in which the mother found herself while *enceinte*.'

"Wolfgang Mozart was another notable instance of latent musical talent, as was also the daughter of Madame Borghi-Mamo. M. de Frarière says that in each of these children the wonderful display of musical genius is accounted for by the mother exercising her musical talents and being surrounded by musical people during her pregnancy. He goes on to say: 'I learn from the brother of the celebrated Wolfgang, who died at Milan, and who, by the way, had no disposition for music, that their mother had cultivated music during the early years of her married life, but that she had afterwards abandoned it and even taken a dislike to it after her first two *accouchements*. Then this brother was born under the latter influence, and he had no musical talent.'

"In regard to the little daughter of Madame Borghi-Mamo, the *Journal le Nord*, Nov. 14, 1859, contained the following lines: 'The little daughter of Madame Borghi-Mamo, three or four years of age, already displays a decided talent for music. It is wonderful to hear this *virtuose en herbe*, who has never received a lesson, as you may imagine, sing from one end to the other the part of Rosine from having heard it practised. She reproduces with her little crystal voice all the turns, all the elegances, and all the most delicate expressions and flourishes. No shade of the impersonation escapes this miniature Rosine. At the time when Madame Borghi-Mamo was *enceinte*, she sang constantly; she even sang on the very eve of the day on which they could print that mother and child were doing well.'

"Zerah Colburn (born in Cabot, Vt., Sept. 1, 1804, died March 2, 1840) was a prodigy in arithmetical calculation.

At six years of age he manifested such powers of computation as to astonish the learned world. Questions in multiplication of five places of figures, reduction, rule of three, compound fractions, and obtaining factors of large numbers were answered with accuracy and with marvellous quickness. Among the questions propounded to him on his visit at Harvard College were the following: How many days and hours in 1811 years? His answer, given in twenty seconds, was 661,015 days, 15,864,360 hours. How many seconds in eleven years? The answer, given in four seconds, was 346,896,000. The reason for this remarkable arithmetical talent was that, a few months before his birth, his mother, who had never been taught arithmetic, had on her mind for a day and a night a puzzling question as to how many yards of cloth a given amount of yarn which she had would make. To a person understanding arithmetic this would be a simple problem, but she had to do it by a mental process, without rule, and this extraordinary effort on her part was organized in her child and made him a genius in mental arithmetic.

"Two cases which occurred in the family of Dr. S., dean of — Medical College, relate especially to adaptability to the medical and legal profession, and were told by him in person to the writer. One of his sons was a born doctor, and it was attributed to the mother, during this son's gestation, devoting much of her attention to medical subjects. It might be claimed by some that this talent was inherited from the father. This cannot be said, however, of another son, who took little interest in medical subjects, but was naturally adapted to the bar. Dr. S. stated that this was owing to the mother, when pregnant with this son, spending much of her time studying legal questions.

"Dr. Edward Garraway cites the following case *: 'A lady of refined taste was in the habit of sitting before a group of statuary, with one little figure of which she was greatly enamored. This was a Cupid reposing, his cheek resting on the back of his hand. When her baby was born, his resemblance in form and feature to the little Cupid was at once striking. On seeing him the next day in his cradle, I perceived he had assumed the precise attitude of the statuette—the cheek upon the back of the hand; and this position he invariably, and of course involuntarily, adopted during sleep, not only throughout infancy, but up to advanced boyhood, when I lost sight of him.'"

* *British Medical Journal*, 1886.

Dr. Elliot * gives the following case, which will prove interesting and suggestive to thoughtful people:

"This instance, which occurred in the family of Mrs. B., is as follows: 'A neighbor living next door to her, who had recently come from the South, and to whom she was an entire stranger, was taken seriously ill. Mrs. B. took a great interest in her, and was constantly with her during this long sickness. The sick friend at the time of her illness was grieving over the death of a beautiful little girl, which happened some time before the mother was taken sick. In her bedroom was a life-size painting of this child, taken at the age of seven months. Mrs. B. was pregnant at the time of her new friend's illness, and was very much impressed by the painting of the lovely child, the mother talking almost constantly of it. When Mrs. B.'s baby was born, so great was the likeness that her friend insisted on its being named after her child; and at the age of seven months the most intimate friends of the family could hardly be convinced that the portrait was not that of the living child. At the present time, although the girl has grown up, she is entirely unlike her own people, and retains a surprising resemblance to the Southern family.' The father of the dead girl was still in the South, where he had been living for two years."

Lady Henry Somerset cites the case of the great limner, Flaxman. He had a mother who was so desirous of creating the beautiful that she procured the most exquisite studies of Greek art and arranged them around her, in order that her imagination might be steeped in their beautiful forms.

The views of Theosophists and Buddhists in regard to "souls" are radically unlike those entertained by Western civilization. But believers in reincarnation are by no means indifferent to the supreme importance of the mother's mental condition and environment during gestation. They hold that not only should the mother live in the highest intellectual and moral atmosphere and be surrounded by the purest and finest environment possible, but that she should ardently centre her thoughts on some noble ideal for her child, and that this, in conformity to the law of attraction, draws the kind of ego which she desires from the world of upward-journeying souls. They are very insistent that the mother should assume a positive rather than a negative attitude. In this connection the following description of a well-born child by Mrs. M. Louise Mason is of special interest. I would observe here that the young Miss Mason

*" *Ædæology*."

has been most successful in delivering courses of lectures before classes and bodies interested in spiritual and intellectual development. The face of this remarkable young lady is singularly beautiful, displaying amiability, purity, strength, and thoughtfulness. Of her Mrs. Mason writes: *

"I am the happy mother of one child, a daughter, born of love not lust, who is now twenty-five years old.

"I believe in reincarnation. I make this statement that I may be understood in declaring that the ego about to take upon itself the human form does unmistakably affect the mother in very many instances; sometimes during the entire period of nine months, again only for a few days, weeks, or months, according to the mother's physical strength, mutual peace, and, above all, her material circumstances. If she is free from care and anxiety, surrounded with all that may tend to help the love-nature, she will overcome unpleasant traits of the soul that has been attracted to herself.

"In my own case, I was for the first six weeks overcome by an inexpressible loneliness, feeling sad and full of grief; after that period my surroundings were more to my liking, and I very soon became joyous, hopeful, and ambitious. I had a desire to become a great musician; I was filled with regret that I had not a musical education.

"At that time I had never known of prenatal influence or reincarnation; only had been warned by an elder sister (my mother dying when I was very young) that I must be very careful not to 'mark' the unborn child by 'any unpleasant sight—that I must always think of my condition and never put my hands to my face in fright or grief.' This was to me a revelation, and I thought, if a child could be 'marked' for evil, why not for good?

"I would often sit alone in my room, overlooking scenes that were pleasant, and, in a peaceful attitude of mind, perfectly passive, desire that my child should be a girl; that she should have a slight figure, chestnut hair, and beautiful eyes; that she should be a musician, a singer, and that she should be proficient in everything she undertook; that she should be superior to all those I had ever known. Here is the result: a beautiful woman in mind and body, with chestnut hair, slight physique, and a phenomenal voice—contralto; she is a philosopher, a student in Delsarte, astronomy, astrology, and masters every study; is eloquent, and has one of the most amiable dispositions.

"Her father desired a boy, and my sympathizing with him for a short time in this wish, about the fifth month, has

* ARENA, September, 1894.

given her the desire for outdoor sports. She skates, rides, rows, shoots, and has many of those little gallantries which we see often in the refined man. She has strong inclinations to teach men-mannerisms in her Delsarte work; and I believe these qualities come from the influence of her father, who would not content himself with the thought of the child being other than a boy.

"My six weeks' period of depression and grief was lived out by the child in the first six years of her life, when tears and unhappiness seemed to be the greater portion of her existence. After that came a joyous and ambitious life, every day happier than the preceding one.

"My love for the unborn was so intense that it has created invisible lines which have grown with the years, and we have communicated our thought by telepathy, three hundred miles separating us. She has returned that love a thousandfold. She is all I desired and more; and I am confident that with mothers educated in the law of prenatal influence, and properly surrounded, we could have gods upon the earth in the forms of men, created by the highest and purest thought. It should not be an intense longing on the part of the mother, but a quiet, passive thought given, that her child should become whatever her heart yearns for; then she should rest in the belief until the thought is forced upon her again. Be as much in the open air as possible. Do not eat meat; live upon fruit and grain."

Facts and illustrations of the nature of those given in the above narrations might be multiplied indefinitely. These, however, are sufficient to emphasize a truth of great importance to all thoughtful people. In an intelligent recognition of the influence of hereditary and prenatal causes and early environment lies, to a very great degree, the hope of civilization. This recognition presupposes knowledge and conscience. I am persuaded that ignorance is at the root of a large majority of the frightful mistakes being blindly made by men and women, through which the unborn are cursed and the civilization of to-morrow is doomed to suffer. In the presence of the great wrong being committed silence is a crime. But agitation and the dissemination of facts alone will not suffice; we must make a direct appeal to the individual conscience.

If one hundred young men and women in this land, realizing the solemn import of this question, enter the marriage relation attracted by pure love, untainted by base or sordid considerations, and recognizing the great moral responsi-

bility they assume to the society of to-morrow, no less than the sacred obligation they owe to the unborn, we should have from these true, pure, and ideal unions children who would, I believe, inaugurate an ethical reformation that would awaken the moral energies of civilization and lead to a higher and truer order of life, a revolution which would include the lofty teachings of Socrates, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, the exalted ethics of the Golden Rule, the moral fervor which characterized the early church before she became corrupted, the courage and daring of the leaders of the Reformation. Such a revolution must come. Civilization waits upon its advent.

And when the new evangel of duty, justice, and a higher civilization is preached, it will electrify and morally energize the masses; it will awaken the sleeping conscience in millions of brains; it will flood the minds of men and women with the light of a new hope, born of recognition of an urgent truth; it will exalt life, giving to it a dignity and divinity which is not as yet realized by society; and it will so reinforce the highest aspirations of multitudes struggling under the bondage of hereditary and prenatal influences, that they will be able to subdue passion, appetite, and sordid selfishness, which hold their souls in thrall. When the ignorance and thoughtlessness of man shall give place to a serious recognition of the solemn obligations and responsibilities of parenthood, a wonderful change will come over the face of the world. Then the influence of heredity will be weighed, and men and women will shrink from a paternity which would breed loathsome disease and a frightful death, as they to-day would shrink from committing murder; and the children who come then will be well-born and welcome. Then the wife who is to become a mother will find her windows filled with flowers and her walls adorned with pictures. They may not be costly gems of art, but they will be sweet, pure, and inspiring; they will stimulate high ideals and noble thought; and music will be heard in the home, and when the husband comes his words will be sweet and tender; the wife will see his love, his concern, and his reverence for her who has taken upon herself the sacred charge of bringing into the world a child who is to bless not curse humanity. Then motherhood, instead of being a shame, will become something sacred, and the wife who takes upon her this august function will receive that reverence and regard which is due to the exalted station of one who calls into life a welcome child of love.

The advent of this moral reformation is not so far distant as many suppose. From every side we see signs of a change, as one sees in Nature when spring is preparing to burst the frozen spell of winter. And when it comes it will mark the dawning of the brightest day the world has yet seen.

A STORY OF PSYCHICAL COMMUNICATION.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

On the evening of August 1, 1894, an especially beloved friend of mine passed on to the higher life. A series of circumstances had not only peculiarly endeared her to me, but had established relations between us of so vitally intimate a nature that in my deepest consciousness I regard them as the reestablishment of ties that must have existed before this present incarnation, in which our meeting had borne all the aspects of a recognition rather than the beginning of an acquaintance. No ties of family are stronger than those in which she held me from the moment of our meeting, five years or more previous to her death. My senior by a generation, I yet never felt any special consciousness of disparity of age. We met on the plane of a mutually absorbing interest in literature, art, ethics, and social phenomena, and her added years represented to me not age, but deeper richness of experience and culture that made younger people seem almost crude in comparison. She was a woman of brilliant mental endowments and of such talent in the musical and dramatic lines that, had her life been a professional one, would doubtless have gained for her a wide fame. Circumstances ordered it otherwise, and gifts that could hardly have failed to charm the public remained to enrich and exalt private life to a more than usually artistic plane.

While I shall not obtrude her identity in this paper it will inevitably reveal itself to many. This is my difficulty in writing it. To withhold all the reality of names and places would be to give a colorless story devoid of the faintest claim to the valuable space of the ARENA. To give these, which I must perforce do in order to present any *raison d'être* for writing the story at all, is to offer to the reader pages of the most intimate and sacred privacy of my own and of other lives. One has one's natural shrinkings from such an attitude; but the importance of real testimony to the great subject of psychical investigation, and the recognition that the Editor of the ARENA is doing a work unique and unparalleled in contemporary literature in the pre-

sentation of human documents, constrains me. Throughout all our common lives we find, if we cut deep enough, this

“life within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity,”

and one of the chief values of the present day is the mutual comparison and criticism of vital experiences. Because of this I am venturing to trust that the reader will not feel my story to be a violation of the dignity and delicacy of those private and personal relations which we all hold sacred.

My friend, Mrs. S., died on the evening of Aug. 1, 1894, in New York City. She owned a beautiful villa at Newport, overlooking the harbor, whose Venetian-like loveliness always held her with unbroken charm. With this permanent home for the summer, she passed her winters wherever fancy suggested — in London or on the Continent, in Florida, California, Boston, New York, or Washington. Her husband died in 1883; she had no children, and she always had with her, as her attendant, a hospital nurse whose executive capacity enabled her to combine many duties. The winter of 1893-94 she had passed in New York, and when May came, when she had always before gladly opened her Newport villa, her health was unequal to the change. She was under the medical care, too, of a noted specialist, and knowing this, I was under the impression that her prolonged stay into the summer was simply the building-up that would enable her subsequently to enjoy better health than ever, and I was (as it seems now) singularly free from any serious apprehensions regarding her condition.

These were the circumstances, then, when on May 18 of that year, I went to have a first sitting with Mrs. R., a psychic in Boston. Turning the pages of my journal for the year 1894 I find, on May 19, this entry:

Yesterday a sitting with Mrs. R. She told me Miss F. could not live very long, but I judge that she meant Mrs. S., as she mixed them up.

On May 26, I find this record:

A sitting with Mrs. R. again. Her “control” said: “Lady, I mixed up your two friends the last time. The elder lady is soon to go into spirit life, and she will then be very sorry for the things she has left undone for the other lady, K — K — do I seem to get?”

“Yes,” I replied, “Kate.”

“Oh, yes,” the “control” went on. “But when she is in spirit life she will help her. She will help Kate.”

“How?” I asked.

“Financially,” was the reply. “She will help her with money.”

“How can she?” I questioned.

“She will find ways,” was the reply.

I should add that the relations between Miss F. — whom the psychic designated as “K,” the initial of her Christian name —

and Mrs. S. were those of aunt and niece, but that all during the early girlhood of the niece they had been more like those of mother and daughter. Also that the niece, also, is a friend whom I hold in peculiar tenderness of regard, so that there was undoubtedly some unseen magnetic connection between us all three.

The next entry in my journal I find is on July 30, 1894, and I shall let it unfold its own story, merely prefacing that up to and including this date I had felt no apprehension of any cause for immediate alarm regarding the life of Mrs. S., whom I believed to be gradually improving in health. The entry of July 30 runs:

This morning I wakened from one of those curiously impressional dreams in which I had been in vivid conversation about Mrs. S. with some one on the other side of life. I wakened with the words ringing in my ears, "She must go to her beautiful home." I believe so, myself; and what a singular apathy there has seemed to be over all of us this summer in no word of protest against her remaining in that hot city! I have written to A. [Mrs. S.'s attendant] to-day, begging her to take Mrs. S. back to "her beautiful home," as the words of the dream impression ran. Someway I feel as if a crisis or something serious were at hand, and I am not sure that I will send any more of A.'s daily bulletins to Miss F. [the attendant's daily notes which I had been forwarding to Mrs. S.'s niece]. I fear it pains her too much and nothing can do any good. I feel on a nervous tension to-day as if something were going to occur. Doctors are so material. To a woman like Mrs. S. the general atmosphere about her would be far more important than doctors and drugs.

Apparently the day of July 31 passed without my hearing from my friend's attendant; but I clearly recall that my own state of nervous tension continued, and hindered me from sleep at night. On August 1, I find this entry in my journal:

A letter from A. saying dear Mrs. S. is much worse, and that she (A.) is "deeply pained" by my letter urging Mrs. S.'s removal to her beautiful home. How little would any of them, the doctor, or nurse, or A, believe that it was a warning from the other side of life, but I *know*, now, that it was.

An entire conviction had now come to me that my friend was about to die — not, apparently, resulting from the receipt of a letter saying she was much worse, but seeming "borne in upon my mind," as our Quaker friends say. I seemed to receive telepathically the explanation that the reference to her "beautiful home," which I had received in that spirit-communion dream, did not refer to her villa at Newport, but to that "house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I knew she was about to die, and that, when my physical powers were passive in sleep on that night of July 29-30, I had been approached by friends in the spiritual life who had told me of the approaching event. I

even felt a consciousness of identity of the eager speaker to me, as being the favorite sister of Mrs. S., who had died many years before and of whom she had often talked to me.

On August 2, the journal record thus runs, telling its own story:

August 2, two P. M.

Not a word since yesterday, and still I feel perfectly sure that dear Mrs. S. is in spirit life, and I am going to write the impression down now as a test. Here it is two o'clock in the afternoon, and *if* she died last night it seems impossible that I should not have heard before this time, and yet I am sure she has been with me. Last night I went to sleep early, and with a curious quiet and calm, after those two nights past of wakeful anxiety. I slept perfectly till three A. M., when I was suddenly awakened by a kind of electric thrill. I wakened into a perfectly clear consciousness, and exclaimed almost involuntarily:

"Dear Mrs. S., are you here? I know you are. Now you are in spirit life and I recognize it perfectly. I am not afraid. I am glad you are here."

For three hours, from three till six, I was conscious of her presence, and of constant conversation with her by the development of some sixth sense. I felt, too, lifted up in a state of exaltation, instead of the usual fatigue one experiences in lying awake in the night. Later I slept and did not awaken until ten, but ever since I have felt her presence, felt as if companioned by her. If she is not in spirit life it must be she that came to me in astral presence.

The next entry:

Four P. M., August 2.

The telegram has come. What a confirmation! Dear Mrs. S. passed away at 7.30 last evening.

"Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." How new and strange is this world without Mrs. S. in it.

As I recall that day I remember how curiously the telegram, in its tangible and material aspect, brought to me the sense of separation by that event of death, while before, while I had a perfect consciousness that my friend had died, there had been only the sense of reuniting with her. Instead of being in New York, too ill to write to me, she was with me. I had gone about all day companioned by her presence. The telegram, for the moment, effaced all this. It was the sign and symbol of our material civilization in which, while we profess the faith of the Christian, we conduct ourselves, for the most part, in relation to death, as if we were heathen. We affirm with our lips and deny by our conduct. All this was in that bit of yellow paper.

By degrees I escaped from that gloom and loss so traditionally associated with death. The intimate spirit companionship grew more real. Her joy in the new state communicated itself to me, and I felt a sense of radiant exaltation.

Between this date and August 8—a week later—the body

of my friend was brought to New England and buried at the family home of her husband. Her niece and my friend, Miss F., had remained in Boston for a few days, and on the morning of August 8 had left for New York. I had seen her off on the ten o'clock express and hastened home intent on some press work which had to be completed and mailed that evening. Nothing was more remote from my mind than that I should go, or dream of going, to New York that night. There was no conceivable reason for such a journey, and an array of reasons against it.

In eager ardor for my work, with insufficient time before me, I sat down to my desk. I found myself writing with unusual ease and swiftness. After some two hours a noise by the door caused me to look up. My parasol and a long stick used for raising the window stood in a corner, and the noise was as if some one had grasped and rattled them against the wall. The outer door of the corridor was closed, and the portière between my study and the little entrance hall was unmoved. Yet there was a sense of presence there that I could not define or evade. I turned again to my writing, but almost immediately I was impelled to go to the speaking-tube and ask at the hotel office below if they would not telephone to inquire if I could get an outside stateroom on the steamer to New York that night. This, in a curious double consciousness of which one half asserted itself against the other and said, "Of course I am not going to New York to-night." The reply to the message came, that I could have a stateroom; when would I call for it? Still, with the insistence that I was not going, I replied I would take it on the steamer, with the idea that if I were not on it (as, of course, common sense assured me I should not be), there would be plenty of passengers glad to secure it, and the boat would not lose its room nor I the price of it. I finished and mailed my writing, packed my bag (still with that double consciousness that although I was not going away, yet it did no harm to put my travelling articles in the bag), and, to condense the matter, this unknown and apparently irresistible impulse carried me on to complete every detail—to take the steamboat train, the boat when reached, and to find myself arriving the next morning at the Victoria Hotel, in New York, where my friend, Miss F., had gone the day previous.

"What in all the world are you here for?" was her amazed greeting, in which surprise got the better of her usually faultless English.

"I have absolutely no idea," I replied; "I came in obedience to an overwhelming impulse. The only rational thing I can say for it is that there was of course no special reason why I should not come to New York, though I certainly know of none why I *should* come."

We breakfasted, and then I remarked to Miss F. that if she did not object I would go up to the apartment where her aunt had lived — and in which she had died the week before — it being still open, in charge of Mrs. S.'s attendant and the servants. Miss F. assented, and I took my way up Madison Avenue. On arriving there Mrs. S.'s attendant voluntarily poured out to me a narration regarding Mrs. S.'s affairs which impressed me as being of importance to her niece, Miss F. (From circumstances the story would not have been told to Miss F. herself.) At all events, I listened, and on returning to the hotel and finding that my friend Miss F. was out, I wrote down the tale for her; and then the impulse to return at once to Boston was as strong as, on the previous day, it had been to go to New York, and I returned to my home without seeing Miss F. again. The next morning brought me a letter from her of which the first line ran: "You have done me a very great service, and I want your permission to read your letter to my lawyer." I telegraphed my consent.

On returning I again sought the psychic, Mrs. R., for another sitting. She knew absolutely nothing of my journey to New York. In the trance condition she at once said:

"Oh, that is funny you go off so! I see you start off somewhere so sudden. You jump right up. You put things in a bag, you go off so quick. You go on a journey."

This sitting was on Aug. 10, ('94) and I copy a condensed account of it from my journal of that date.

"Was it best?" I asked the psychic. "You had to do it," she replied. "The spirit made you look up when you were writing. Then she came and stood right by your chair and influenced your mind. She made you go to see the light-haired woman."

By which was designated Mrs. S.'s attendant. In this sitting the psychic asserted that Mrs. S., who thought she had left all her affairs in perfect order, was greatly troubled when, on looking back from spirit life, she realized that great injustice had been done to her niece, and that she had to stay in earth conditions until the wrong had been righted.

During this month of August the forces gathered and arranged themselves to the beginning of a very curious drama — in part a spiritual drama of life — which is now very much in evidence on the material side, as it culminated in a will contest in the public courts: and as, on its ending on May 4 of the present year, the jury disagreed so that no verdict could be reached, the case will be tried again at a date already fixed for this summer.

This faint outline of the psychical side of a mingled experience in which the spiritual life on the one side and its influence

and intercourse with the natural life on the other seems curiously interwoven, is still only one chapter out of a singularly dramatic history. All the circumstances that have followed the death of my friend Mrs. S. have been a very plain illustration of the working out of karma. Many of the results can easily be traced directly to causes created by acts and decisions a quarter of a century ago. But these are involved in family affairs which it is impossible to translate for the public.

Another element, however, enters into the case—that of undue influence, hypnotism, and other mental phenomena. From the effects of illness and accident the mind of Mrs. S. became affected in 1878, and for the three years previous to 1881 she was placed in the asylum known as Butler Hospital, at Providence, R. I. During that period she kept up a constant correspondence with her husband, her near relatives, with a very intimate friend, Miss Genevieve Ward, the well-known London actress, and with other well-known people; and her letters written during all this period were beautiful and interesting, showing little trace of mental malady. This fact is one involving the curious phenomena of mental persistence. Mrs. S. was a born letter-writer; for private correspondence is a field of its own, and often exists entirely apart from the literary gift *per se*, as the latter not unfrequently exists without the gift for letter-writing. All her life she had been a singularly swift and responsive letter-writer, and the law of persistence in brain action prevailed in her case so that while irrational in conversation, she would write letters which, in general reading, would hardly suggest anything abnormal in her mental condition.

In July of '81, Dr. Sawyer, then superintendent of Butler Hospital, (Dr. Gorton now filling that office) consented that Mrs. S. might return to her home under the condition of being accompanied by the regular nurse, who for the preceding three years had been her attendant in Butler Hospital. This arrangement was carried out, and for the remaining thirteen years of her life this woman had charge of her and continued to hold the dominant power over her established in the three years of hospital life. The contest of Mrs. S.'s will, which has succeeded her death, and which, at this writing, is pending in the courts, is incited by the claim of her heirs-at-law that Mrs. S. was under the "undue influence" of this attendant, who was a woman of shrewd judgment and strong will.

The psychical experience which came to me, and which is abundantly attested in journal records and by a series of outward events, indicates that as soon as Mrs. S. had escaped from her suffering body, she instantly recognized that her affairs were left in a way abhorrent to her, and that they must be adjusted

by force of law. In the first trial of the case it was proved from the witness stand that she had made five different wills within ten years, each of which was first drawn up by her attendant, and in which the property devised to this attendant increased constantly until the last one of all left the bulk of her property to the attendant instead of her nearest relatives and legitimate heirs. The problem became, then, this: Did the close and constant companionship of the attendant result in her mental domination over a mind weakened by an attack of insanity, so that practically the will was not Mrs. S.'s at all, but, instead, her attendant's? If the latter, it cannot stand. This is the question for the next jury to decide. Expert testimony from the witness stand proved that Mrs. S. had what specialists in mental disease term "the insane diathesis,"—the temperament, the conditions, liable to insanity. Many persons have this without its ever developing into abnormal states, but the tendency, the liability, is there. Now a person of that temperament has a susceptibility to suggestion, to influence, which offers great possibilities to the gaining of what is legally recognized as "undue influence." This phase of the case brings it into the range of speculative psychology and establishes its claim to the interest of all students of phenomena.

So far as my own observation goes, I have never known of an experience which so singularly comprehends the twofold activities of persons here and of those who have passed through that event we call death. No relative of Mrs. S. on this side of life has been, apparently, more actively engaged in efforts to break and reconstruct her will than she, herself, has been to insure its being done. Recognizing that my experiences with the psychic, and with the impressions that I received directly, were of a curious nature, I recorded them at the time; and now, to read them backward in the light of subsequent fulfillments is to discern an absolutely demonstrated series of proofs which might not illogically be presented as evidence before a court of law. For a diary is admissible as evidence, and the outward attendant events have been such as are capable of abundance of proof from persons knowing, inevitably, the facts because of their proximity at the time. To me the story has seemed a spiritual drama.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A SKETCH WRITTEN FOR A PURPOSE.

BY JOHN DAVIS.

Introductory Note.

Near the close of the eighteenth century, in the midst of the bloodiest revolution on record, there suddenly appeared on the stage of the world's drama the most famous man in history. He came as a meteor from the ages of darkness and barbarism. The sudden effulgence of the apparition dazzled, entranced, blinded, and deceived mankind. He had a heart of savagery and a head equipped with all the science, resources, and power of the most advanced nations at the time of his appearing. He possessed the ambition of Lucifer, the conscience of Beelzebub, and the wisdom of Satan. His rapacity was unappeasable by the spoliations of a world; his lust of empire surpassed the wildest dreams of Alexander or Tamerlane.

The first appearance of this new "star" was at the siege of Toulon in December, 1793. The genius of Bonaparte crowned the flag of the Revolution with victory, and he was then first known in military circles as "the Little Corsican." Two years later this new dramatic star conquered the revolutionary "sections" by sweeping the streets of Paris with grapeshot. That was the last insurrection of the revolution. Then the curtain of the past went down. A new scene in the tragedy of the world appeared in view, and France fell submissively into the arms of "the Man of Destiny."

A thousand parks of artillery, clouds of cavalry, and millions of infantry took the place of the plodding and obsolete guillotine. Europe trembled with the tread of armies; the human race went down like the fall of ripe corn in harvest time, and blood flowed as red wine from the press of the wrath of God.

Again the scene changed. The Emperor Napoleon arms half the nations of Europe, and marches against Russia

at the head of six hundred thousand veteran troops. Kings and princes are his servile worshippers, marching submissively in his train.

But, later on, having failed in Russia and at Leipsic, this mighty Emperor Napoleon is a prisoner in the island of Elba. A prisoner? As well chain an eagle with gossamer or cage a lion with packthread! The discrowned emperor broke through all treaties and restrictions, and returned to France. Then came Waterloo and St. Helena; and we find the late master of Europe quarreling like a fish-wife with his keepers and cooks about petty matters of etiquette and the arrangements of the kitchen.

Who, whence, and what was this famous Napoleon Bonaparte—this “Man of Destiny”—whose name fills and frets the universe? Was he man, god, or demon? It is my present purpose briefly to discuss these questions. It will be my business to describe, somewhat in detail, the hereditary, prenatal, and educational influences that moulded his character; the conditions in Europe that made his unrivalled military success possible; and the mistaken military, financial, and political policies and crimes which rendered his ultimate downfall inevitable.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry, Birth, Education, and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To properly understand a subject we should begin at the beginning. If one would unravel a tangle he must get hold of “the right end.” To comprehend the enigmatical, contradictory, and much-tangled character of Napoleon Bonaparte, one must study the conditions and nature of his origin; we must study the seed and the soil from which he sprang, and the climate and culture to which the youthful plant was subjected. Having started right, later parts of the problem will be less difficult.

The island of Corsica is situated in the northwestern part of the Mediterranean Sea, not far from the coasts of France and Italy. For more than a thousand years the islands and coasts of the Mediterranean and connected waters were the seat and centre of the brigandage and piracy of the world. The refugees from the invading Huns who trampled to fragments the old Roman empire found lodgment there among the lagoons and morasses which protected them from the marauding enemy. Being cut off from the land, they betook themselves to the sea. They built ships and carried on com-

merce, or lived by preying on the commerce of others. This was the origin of the historic races of the islands of the Mediterranean and of the adjacent coasts some dozen or fifteen centuries ago. These races, carrying in their veins the blood of the ancient Romans, mingled freely with the prehistoric men of the coasts and islands, all bred to war, rapine, and piracy as a regular business.

So legitimate was the spoliation of commerce considered, that down to recent times the greatest nations of the earth paid tribute to the pirates of the Mediterranean in order to escape a worse fate at their hands. Even Great Britain, as late as 1816, paid tribute, or blackmail, to the piratical governments of Morocco, Algiers, and Tripoli, in order to escape the robbery and confiscations of her commerce by the corsairs of northern Africa. And it was not until the victorious American squadron, in 1816, under Commodore Stephen Decatur, taught those bandits of the sea better manners, that they ceased to levy tribute on every vessel passing through the Straits of Gibraltar.

The emperor of Morocco pleaded lustily with Decatur against yielding up the "right" inherited through his ancestors from time immemorial. He was, however, compelled to yield the alleged right. He then begged piteously for the mere form, lest the example of exemption in one case should lead to others, and his regular governmental revenues should be lost. He begged Decatur to pay him any mere trifle so as to preserve the form of payment. If he could do no better, "it would be sufficient," said he, "to give him only a little powder." Decatur replied that, in all cases where he gave powder, it was his custom to "send balls with it." The piratical emperor took the hint and ceased to collect tribute from American commerce. After that, Great Britain and other commercial nations ceased to suffer spoliation at the hands of the pirates who for many centuries had dominated and preyed upon the commerce of the Mediterranean, from the Straits of Gibraltar to Constantinople.

The people of the island of Corsica, for a dozen centuries and more, were quite as enterprising, warlike, and piratical as any others in all that empire of bandits and brigands. Commencing with the invading Romans and the refugee remnants of Carthage, intermingled with the aboriginal prehistoric races of the island, Corsica has been overrun, conquered and reconquered, occupied and reoccupied, more times perhaps than has been recorded in history. And each time there has been an infusion of new and bolder blood added to the former compound.

An old geographer, Malte-Brun, writing soon after the days of Napoleon, says: "The history of the island, from the remotest ages to the period when it was united to France, forms a distressing picture of war, bloodshed, and revolt."

Herodotus says the first inhabitants were Phœnicians. Then came the Spartans, the bravest men of ancient times, and after them the Carthaginians and the Romans, each conquering the former rulers and mixing their blood with the natives. Strabo describes the inhabitants of Corsica in his day as living by plunder, and "more savage than wild beasts." When captured as slaves, "they think it not worth while to live"; and however small the price they were sold for, their new masters "soon discover that they have paid too much for them." Yet it appears that the Corsicans were not all alike; some of them made good slaves when kindly treated.

We find that in early times Corsica also received inhabitants from the Goths and the Saracens, and, during the crusades, from several of the more enterprising and warlike nations of Europe. They came from Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and England. In all their struggles, when passing from one sovereignty to another, able men were found who could organize and direct their forces, but the island was too small and too weak to maintain itself against the larger nations of the continent. The last change of jurisdiction prior to the days of Napoleon transferred Corsica to France. This transfer brought on the islanders a desolating war with the French. It occurred prior to the days of Napoleon, closing about the time of his birth.

Charles Bonaparte, father of Napoleon, was of Italian descent, and his family name is recorded in the archives of the ancient dukes of Treviso. This would indicate that he was of noble lineage and, possibly, descended from some patrician family of ancient Rome. More probably, however, he may have come from a family of Italian brigands, whose successful piracies had elevated them to the emoluments and dignities of some petty Italian dukedom.

Letitia Ramolino, the mother of Napoleon, was a native Corsican of a family of so long standing that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." In other words, her family origin could not be traced beyond the confines of the island. She was a woman of strong constitution, energetic habits, and masterly mind and character. She took an active part in the long and bloody war which, about the time of her early married life, transferred the island to the juris-

diction of France. She joined her husband in his military arrangements, and habitually visited the troops with him in camp and field.

Taine, in his "Modern Régime" (vol. 1, pp. 6-13), describes the situation, and the mother of Napoleon, very fully:

Just at the time when the energy and the ambition, the vigorous and free sap, of the Middle Ages begins to run down and then to dry up in an island not less Italian but almost barbarous, amidst institutions, customs, and passions belonging to the primitive mediæval epoch, and in a social atmosphere sufficiently rude for the maintenance of all its vigor and harshness; grafted, moreover, by frequent marriages, on the wild stock of the island, Napoleon, on the maternal side, through his grandmother and mother, is wholly indigenous. His grandmother . . . was a Corsican *par excellence*, where, in 1800, hereditary vendettas still maintained the régime of the eleventh century; where the permanent strife of inimical families was suspended only by truces; where, in many villages, nobody stirred outdoors except in armed bodies; and where the houses were crenelated like fortresses. His mother, Letitia Ramolino, from whom in character and in will he derived much more than from his father, is a primitive soul on which civilization has taken no hold; simple, all of a piece, unsuited to the refinements, charms, and graces of worldly life; indifferent to comforts, without literary culture; as parsimonious as any peasant woman, but as energetic as the leader of a band; powerful physically and spiritually, accustomed to danger, ready in desperate resolutions; in short, a "rustic Cornelia," who conceived and gave birth to her son amidst the risks of battle and defeat, in the thickest of the French invasion, amidst mountain rides on horseback, nocturnal surprises, and volleys of musketry.

Speaking of his mother, Napoleon himself said: "Losses, privations, and fatigue—she endured all and braved all. Hers was a man's head on a woman's shoulders."

"Thus fashioned and brought into the world," says Taine, "he felt that, from first to the last, he was of his own race and country."

I quote further from Taine the language of Napoleon as follows:

I was born when our country perished. Thirty thousand Frenchmen were vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in floods of blood; such was the spectacle on which my eyes first opened! The groans of the dying, the shrieks of the oppressed, and tears of despair surrounded my cradle from my birth. I will blacken those who betrayed the common cause with the brush of infamy."

In the same strain, while still a youth, he said: "I will do you Frenchmen all the harm I can."

Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe" (vol. iv., pp. 2, 3), speaks of the mother of Napoleon as follows:

His mother, as in the case of other eminent men of whom history has preserved a record, was distinguished for great beauty and no common firmness and intrepidity of mind. She shared in the

fatigues and dangers of her husband during the civil dissensions which distracted the island at the time of Napoleon's birth, and had recently before been engaged in some expeditions on horseback with him. His father died at the age of thirty-eight of cancer in the stomach, a complaint hereditary in his family, which also proved fatal to Napoleon himself; but the want of paternal care was more than supplied by his mother, to whose early education and solicitude he in after-life mainly ascribed his elevation. Though left a widow in the prime of life, she had already borne thirteen children, of whom five sons and three daughters survived their father. She lived to see one of them wearing the crown of Charlemagne, and another seated on the throne of Charles V. On the day of his birth she had been at church, and was seized with her pains during high mass. She was brought home hastily, and, as there was not time to prepare a bed, was laid upon a couch covered with tapestry representing the heroes of the Iliad, and there the future conqueror was brought into the world.

In the years of his infancy he exhibited nothing remarkable excepting irritability and turbulence of temper. But these qualities, as well as the decision with which they were accompanied, were so powerfully developed that they gave him the entire command of his eldest brother, Joseph, a boy of mild and unassuming character, who was constantly beaten, pinched, and tormented by the future emperor.

Alison also states that at Ajaccio, the place of his early childhood, "there is still preserved a cannon, weighing about thirty pounds, the early plaything of Napoleon."

In the American Cyclopedia (vol. iii., p. 36) I find the following:

As a boy he manifested a violent and passionate temper, and in the little disputes with his elder brother Joseph he always came off master. The traditions report also that he delighted in running after the soldiers, who taught him military maneuvers; that his favorite plaything was a small brass cannon; and that he regularly drilled the children of Ajaccio in battles with stones and wooden sabres. His first teacher was his mother, who exerted a powerful influence upon his mind.

Napoleon received no moral impressions or training in his early childhood. He was not taught to keep his word, to respect the truth, to contend for the right or for fixed and eternal moral principles; but, on the other hand, to sacrifice family, friends, truth, principles, and the cause of liberty itself for *success* in any matter which his uncurbed ambition induced him to undertake. The duplicity of the family has caused "the word of a Bonaparte" to become a matter of amusement or misfortune to those who trusted it. Even the date and place of the hero's birth have been subjects of dispute for more than a hundred years, and are not yet positively and definitively settled. That he was born at some time and place, the world, and especially France, has good reason to know and to regret. That he was born in the

island of Corsica nobody disputes. But as to the date and place of his birth, and whether he or his brother Joseph was the older of the two, writers are not all agreed. Was he born in Ajaccio or Corte? That question is not beyond dispute.

In his "History of Europe" (vol. iv., pp. 1, 2, London ed. 1860), Alison says:

Napoleon Buonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th February, 1768; the Duke of Wellington in the year after, which Napoleon subsequently assumed as that of his nativity, in order to constitute himself a French citizen.

Besides this statement, Alison notes at the bottom of the pages mentioned, as follows:

He [Napoleon] entered the world on 5th February, 1768, and subsequently gave out that he was born in August, 1769, as, in the interim, Corsica had been incorporated in the French monarchy. . . . The record of his marriage with Josephine, which still exists in Paris, gives his birth on 5th February, 1768.

After quoting the record, which is in the French language, the note at bottom of page 2 continues:

The register bears the signatures: Tallien, M. J. R. Tascher, P. Barras, Le Manois, Le Jeune, Napoleone Bonaparte, and Charles Leclercq, *officier public*.

An additional note at the bottom of that note says:

This official act signed by Napoleon himself on an occasion when no one but a very young man represents himself as older than he is, and when his interest lay the other way, as Corsica was not incorporated with France till June, 1769, decides the matter.

Notwithstanding Alison's positive statement and the recorded testimony quoted, the "matter" was not then decided. But in the American edition of his history the text is changed to August 15, 1769, and the testimony which he here quotes is omitted. In the American edition of Bourienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon" the date is August 15, 1769. Bourienne's "Notes," however, throw much doubt on the date given. I quote from these "Notes" (vol. i., pp. 1, 2) as follows:

The first two children of Charles Bonaparte—a son born in 1765, and a daughter born in 1767—both died young. The third child, a son, was born 7th January, 1768, at Corte; and a fourth child, also a son, was born on 15th August, 1769, at Ajaccio. There is no doubt as to these dates, or as to Joseph and Napoleon being the two sons so born; the question is, was Napoleon the second or first of these two? By the copy of an '*Acte de Naissance*,' preserved in the French war office, the child born 7th January, 1768, was baptized Nabulione. In the archives of Ajaccio, a copy of a non-existing original record of baptism gives the name of the child then born as Joseph Nabulione. Colonel Iung inclines to the belief that Napoleon was born on 7th

January, 1768, at Corte, and Joseph on 15th August, 1769. He suggests that when, in 1779, Charles Bonaparte obtained permission for one son to enter Brienne at the cost of the state, finding that the age of the child must be under ten years, and Napoleon, the son chosen to enter, being really over the age, he used the baptismal record of the second son for the first, Napoleon. To support this theory he throws doubt on the copy preserved in Ajaccio, saying that the name Joseph is given in the French form at the time the French language was not used in Corsica.

In 1794, when Joseph was married, the witness brought to prove his age and place of birth, because the records could not then be got at, testified that Joseph, aged about twenty-five, was born at Ajaccio, that is, where the son was born on 15th August, 1769. But nothing seems really proved except that, whether by error or fraud, the Bonapartes were unfortunate in their dates and were fond of giving the same name to child after child. Thus, there were several Mary Annes. In the marriage contract of Napoleon with Josephine, his date of birth is given as 5th of February, 1768; while she, really born on the 23d July, 1763, is stated to have been born 23d June, 1767, the ages of the pair thus being made to approximate, instead of a real difference of at least five years.

I now call attention to a short discussion of the matter in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the heading "Napoleon I." The writer says:

The accepted opinion is that Napoleon was born at Ajaccio on August 15, 1769. This opinion rests, indeed, on the positive statement of Joseph Bonaparte, but it is certain from documents, that on January 7, 1768, Madame Letitia bore a son at Corte, who was baptized by the name of Nabulione. And even in legal documents we find contradictory statements about the time and place of birth, not only of Napoleon, but also of Joseph. All difficulties disappear at once if we suppose that Napoleon and Nabulione were one and the same, and that Joseph was really the second son, whom the parents found it convenient to pass off as the first born. This they may have found convenient when, in 1779, they gained admission for a son to the military school of Brienne. A son born in 1768 would at that date be inadmissible, as being above ten years of age. Thus it is conceivable that Napoleon was introduced by a fraud to that military career which changed the face of the world. Nevertheless it is certain from Lucien's memoir, that of such a fraud nothing was known to the younger members of the family, who regarded Joseph as, without doubt, the eldest.

I have indulged in this rather long but interesting discussion for two reasons: (1) to show the atmosphere of duplicity, deception, and falsehood in which Napoleon was born and brought up. When it was to the interest of the family that he should have been born at Ajaccio in 1769, then he was thus born. That view of the case made him a citizen of France instead of a conquered rebel from Corsica; it let him into the military school of Brienne and opened up to him a military career as a Frenchman. But, on the other hand, when he desired to pretend to the world that the ages of

himself and wife were nearly the same, then he was more than eighteen months older than formerly, and Josephine was three or four years younger than the facts would indicate. Everything must bend to the desires or interests of Napoleon; if the facts were otherwise, they must be changed to conform. (2) There is one important point not mentioned in the entire discussion. It is agreed by all that in earliest childhood Napoleon was the tyrannical master of Joseph. This being true, there must have been a date for the beginning of that mastery. Suppose that date was when the younger was two years old, or about that time. Then the older, being eighteen months ahead, would not be easily mastered by the younger. Or let the ages run on until near the time of separation in 1779, and the older would probably even then be perceptibly larger and stronger than the younger; and both coming from the same savage military stock, the older would very probably be the master. The younger would hardly be able to "beat, pinch, and torment" the older without provoking serious resistance. This view of the case would make Napoleon the older boy, and if his aggressions began in earliest childhood, as would naturally be the case, he would be educated to aggressive, masterful habits, while the younger brother, Joseph, would be tamed into submissive ones. On this theory alone can the characteristics of the two men in after-life be explained.

This view of the case also shows the power of education in modifying, increasing or decreasing, the force of hereditary and prenatal influences under which children may have been born; and if properly managed it becomes a hopeful means for the improvement of the human race. Had Napoleon been submitted to the same subduing discipline which he inflicted upon Joseph during infancy and early childhood, the world would probably never have heard of the family. Or if the father and friends had stated the true dates of their births, and the submissive Joseph had attended the military school at Brienne instead of his brother, writers would not now be wearying the world with the history of Napoleon. It is but the waving of a hand or the whisper of a word that may sometimes reconstruct the map of a continent or "change the front of the universe."

Ethnologists tell us that races of men have their peculiarities, and that their respective characteristics are transmitted from generation to generation. Jews are borrh of Jews, Celts of Celts, Africans of Africans, and so on with all the races. And this law holds good in a greater or less degree even in the smaller differences and particulars of families

and individuals. Like begets like with variations caused by unseen or less obvious hereditary and prenatal influences.

Under this general law it would seem that Napoleon's ancestry, warlike, piratical, and mediæval, should transmit to him similar qualities. And under a well known law of heredity it is observed that the mother exerts a far greater influence over her offspring than does the father; also, that transmitted characteristics are modified, lessened, or increased by the condition, health, and passions of the mother prior to the birth of her child. Taking the descriptions given by Taine and Alison and by Napoleon himself of the condition of the mother's health and mental excitement and vigor about the time of the nativity of the young Napoleon, followed by his early education and training in the same line, and his character could scarcely have been different from its subsequent record in history.

Until the age of ten years Napoleon remained among the scenes of his birth and under the teachings of the half-savage military mother who bore him, or he attended the military school at Angers. His playthings were of a military character, including a "brass cannon weighing thirty pounds." At the age of ten years he entered the military school at Brienne, and from that moment his entire education was in the line of military studies and practices. From Brienne he entered the Military School of Paris. His entire education was in the line of his strongest passions and inherited characteristics.

It was his disposition to be at peace with nobody, always aggressive, overbearing, and unconquerable. As child, boy, and man, always the same, always at war with those about him. A child, boy, and man so born, so cultured and so taught might well become, as Napoleon afterwards styled himself, "an architect of battles," brave and unconquerable. In after-life he might become an able general with a transcendent genius for war, with its complications of marches, battles, victories, defeats, retreats, feints, and ambushes to deceive, outwit, and defeat the enemy; or he might become an accomplished diplomat, using words to deceive rather than to instruct, never hesitating at anything necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes. And, without moral training and having no fixed principles of right and wrong, such a man would become the advocate or the betrayer of liberty, as best suited his personal designs. Such a man, in proportion to his abilities, might become with equal facility a successful brigand or pirate or the con-

queror of nations and the wearer of a crown, if circumstances made such attainments possible.

His entire history proves that Napoleon was true to his origin, birth, and education. He was the legitimate product of the hereditary, prenatal, and educational influences which moulded his mind and character. The absence or weakening of any one of those influences in a single line would have changed the ultimate result. All seem to have been acting with their utmost tension, and we have Napoleon, "the architect of battles," the resistless conqueror, the robber of nations, the betrayer of liberty, the traitor to friends, the unequalled diplomat, and the merciless and despotic emperor. We might expect to find in a man so born and so reared a heart that is heartless, the ambition of Lucifer, the conscience of Beelzebub, the wisdom of Satan, the treason of Judas, and all that is savage, dangerous, deceptive, and devilish. Does the record of Napoleon's career prove him to have been a true child of his origin and culture? I cannot discuss his full history in this sketch, but will present some pictures drawn by abler pens than mine.

M. Guizot, in his "History of France" (vol. viii., p. 207), says:

The genius and renown of Napoleon have nothing to fear from the light of history. Justice is being done him and will continue to be done every new generation. Illustrious in the foremost rank amongst the greatest conquerors of enslaved humanity, whether subduing, ruling, or organizing; equally great by military genius and by the supreme instinct of national government, he was constantly carried away by selfish passions and desires, whatever their importance or unimportance might be, and took no cognizance of the eternal laws of duty and justice. Corrupt, he corrupted others; despotic, he subdued minds and debased consciences; all-powerful, he constantly made a bad use of his power. His religious and blood-stained traces remained soiled not only by faults, but by crimes. The startling dream with which he dazzled France has disappeared; the memory still remains, weakened, but always fatal to our unhappy country in her days of weariness and dejection. It is necessary that she should know what the glory and triumph of the first Napoleon cost her; nor must she forget the degradation and tears which were in a recent time to be brought upon her by the same name.

Another writer (Phillips) says of Napoleon:

He knew no motive but interest, acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry! Subsidiary to this there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion which he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and

with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars. . . .

Such a medley of contradictions and, at the same time, such an individual consistency were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self, the man without a model and without a shadow.

I have now shown my readers a picture of the man. But a man must have a field of work appropriate to his powers, passions, and aptitudes. Had the young Napoleon remained in Corsica he might have taken to the mountains and led a score of bandits, preying on the inhabitants that were inimical to his own family and friends. Had he chosen the sea, he might have become head pirate and led to the front a flotilla of armed corsairs which would have caused Commodore Decatur more trouble than did the fleets of Tripoli and Marocco. Had he gone to Italy, there might have been recorded in Italian history the deeds and forays of an unusually bold and dangerous band of brigands of the Apennines. Had he been in England, there would have been found for him a congenial field in India—not quite up to the dreams of his Asiatic ambition, of course, yet a congenial field where he might have conquered the native princes, and perhaps have surpassed even Clive and Hastings in robbing, murdering, and worrying the helpless people. Had he migrated to America, he might have turned land pirate in the sparsely settled Mississippi valley and among the mountains and canebrakes of the south and west, where he could have made a famous record running off negroes and stealing horses and cattle. If he had gone to South America he might have surpassed even Bolivar, for, after securing the independence of those colonies from foreign domination, he could have united them into an empire outstripping in grandeur the ancient empires of Peru and Mexico. These are "the might have beens."

But Napoleon went to France. In Paris he hesitated between two purposes; to commit suicide, or to become the emperor of Asia! The present of a few guineas from a friend diverted him from suicide. The other purpose he never abandoned until after Waterloo.

Meanwhile a field was preparing for him in France. The Bourbons by their despotisms during two generations had

been arranging for him a theatre of action. The stage, with its curtains, scenery, decorations, and numerous details of dramatic appliances, was perfect; the architects, through decapitation and emigration, had retired; the people of France and adjacent countries were ready for their parts; a non-expectant but gradually awakening world was to be the audience; the play was not a comedy, but a tragedy, and had already commenced. Then appeared the star actor in the *auto de fe* of a world. He held his life in his hand. There was before him an alternative; a scaffold or a throne! He risked the one to gain the other.

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN ON VITAL SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

I.

IS THE SINGLE TAX ENOUGH?

BY SARAH MIFFLIN GAY AND FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

The symposium on "The Land Question" which appeared in the ARENA for October, 1894, grew out of a circular letter among some of the women who had come to know each other through their common interest in the writings of Henry George. That letter, which had for years been going around from one to another, each member of the circle taking out an old letter and putting in a fresh one as it passed through her hands, came to a temporary standstill with the published symposium. It starts again (some members having dropped out and others come in) with a letter written directly to me, in answer to my questions, by Miss Gay — a letter written in pencil for me alone, but so good that it deserves a wider circulation, to which Miss Gay has consented. It expresses clearly the views of most single taxers, and defends the last half of the last paragraph of the single-tax platform, before the addenda about railroads, etc.:

It would thus solve the labor problem, do away with involuntary poverty, raise wages in all occupations to the full earnings of labor, make over-production impossible until all human wants are satisfied, render labor-saving inventions a blessing to all, and cause such an enormous production and such an equitable distribution of wealth as would give to all comfort, leisure, and participation in the advantages of an advancing civilization.

This quotation is, I think, quite too strong a claim for even the far-reaching single tax. I believe that this sweeping claim prevents the acceptance or even the careful study of the single tax by many thoughtful persons. This is a great pity, when the single tax can do so much to relieve the situation, though it cannot do all. A fair discussion and a willingness to be convinced will help us all. If I find that I am wrong I shall be glad to say so.

F. E. RUSSELL.

SARAH MIFFLIN GAY, WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.

... You admit, I suppose:

1. That all wealth is created by the application of labor to land.
2. That wages depend upon the produce which labor can obtain at the highest point of productiveness open to it without the payment of rent.

3. And that these wages are what are known as the general rate of wages, and that all wages up to the highest depend upon this general rate of wages, rising and falling, broadly speaking, as they rise and fall.

Right here must be our difference. You believe we cannot abolish poverty without sharing equally the results of individual effort, while single-taxers believe that we can abolish it by sharing equally economic rent. We believe that economic rent belongs to all because it represents the land, so to speak, to which we all have a right. We believe that wages belong to each according to the amount of his product, and that any other disposition of them is robbery, and a denial of nature which has given us varying powers and desires; the gratification of the latter stimulating us to the best use of the former.

Let us suppose that the total present product of labor, *i.e.*, everything in the country, were equally divided among the people of the United States, you can see that while no one would starve, all art, science, literature, and many, many industries would at once cease, and *unless the total product were greatly increased, so as to give a much larger share to each*, civilization would be at an end. What we both want is that all should be raised to a higher level of desire and attainment, is it not?

I believe you agree with me that the total product must be increased because you say the freeing of the land must be the first step. You admit by this that the only way to increase the total product is to let labor get at land. And it must be so since labor and land are the only factors in the production of wealth—capital being only stored-up labor.

Now up to this point I think we are agreed. Then what is your difficulty? For, of course, if wages are high and all are comfortable there is no "social problem," and wages cannot be high unless the total product is increased. It must be that you believe that the remainder of the product will not go to labor even after that part which is claimed as economic rent is secured to all by law; but that it will go in unjust amount to monopoly. It cannot, my dear friend, *it cannot*. All monopolies have their root in land monopoly. Destroy that and they die. With taxation abolished and access to land made easy, monopoly in the products of labor would be impossible, for the rise in price of any commodity would quickly determine labor toward the production of that commodity and prices would be reduced to a just amount. Indeed, the fact that such result was inevitable would prevent the asking of a monopoly price. You see how the abolition of the tariff would affect the prices of imported goods and the home-made product. Under conditions of freedom the same principle would work the same result in all indus-

tries. As for monopolies of service like railroads, telegraphs, etc., they have their strength in monopoly of land. I need not tell you how the single tax would affect the working of mines.

Consider that farmers were prosperous when our public domain was large and the tariff did not increase the price of what they had to buy while what they had to sell brought them no more; that the taxation of land values will practically have the same effect as enlarging the public domain; that farm land will have little or no rent under the single tax; that farmers are our largest class and our basic class, all industries resting upon theirs and their prosperity insuring the prosperity of the nation; that the general rate of wages will be what the farmer can make for himself; and above all remember this: that it is not because one individual can go upon unoccupied land if his employer does not offer him higher wages than he can make for himself on land at the margin of cultivation; it is because great numbers can and will go on the land and by so making a good living will demand the product of others, who will produce in those lines only so long as they can make as much as they could at farming.

Take a broad view and see how all this will affect society — the relations of classes and industries; how it will affect production and exchange; how it will stimulate individual exertion and give the social virtues a chance to grow.

We take certain facts of nature and of human nature and we reason from analogy. We are arithmetical, geometrical in our precision. It is the socialists who trust to their imagination and ignore the nature of man.

Read the chapter on "Wages" in "Progress and Poverty" and see if the reasoning is not close. Farmers are the people who work at the margin of cultivation, most of them; and where freedom of access to land is assured they make a good living. There are not many persons gifted with the power of getting riches. Under the single tax those who are will be of service to humanity.

S. M. GAY.

I believe as earnestly as Miss Gay does in the principle of the equal right of all to the use of the earth from which all material wants are supplied. With her I believe that no better method of putting that principle into practice has been found than the "single tax" affords. It is the nationalization of *rent*, in the economic sense, and is better than the nationalization of *land* in this respect. If the land is nationalized or "owned" by the nation the individual has no right to it except it be granted by the nation; while if rent alone is nationalized — leaving the

land to individuals except as they choose to coöperate, the community claiming only that "unearned increment" which the pressure of population creates (taken annually as ground rent for the public revenue) — everyone is free to live the life of the hermit if he chooses, in spite of the fact that "Civilization is the power of coöperating." When civilization reaches the point of full national coöperation in industry there may be little difference between the two, but during the changing process there would be great advantages on the side of *rent* instead of *land-nationalization*, or the "single tax."

Miss Gay regards this as a full solution of the labor problem, the abolition of involuntary poverty, the surety of equal opportunities to all. To me it is but the essential *foundation*, giving to each access to land, and to all a just revenue for public expenses and common benefits — a revenue derived from the ground rent of our common inheritance, which would be paid into the common treasury by each who used land sufficiently in demand to have a ground (or economic) rent.

That political economy which seems to the orthodox single-taxer so mathematically put together seems to me to be already growing antiquated; for political economy is not an exact science, but changes with the development of sociology, of which it is only one part. This political economy seems to be based upon the assumption that our industries are and will remain simple, as a general rule; whereas the capitalistic (or factory) system of industry — the death-struggle of competition — is in full blast, with more and more concentration of capital; so that return to the simple forms of industry is as impossible as undesirable, when cost is considered. The question of justice is how to equalize the economy of this concentration. Would the single tax alone accomplish it?

Henry George has said :

The law of development, whether it be the development of a solar system or of the tiniest organism, or of a human society, is the law of integration. It is in obedience to this law that the factory is superseding the independent mechanic, the larger farm is swallowing up the little one, the big store shutting up the small one, that corporations are arising which dwarf the state, and that population tends more and more to concentrate in cities. Men must work together in larger and more closely related groups. Production must be on a greater scale. The only question is whether the relation in which men are thus drawn together and compelled to work together shall be in the natural relation of interdependence in equality or in the unnatural relation of dependence upon a master.

Since Mr. George wrote this (in "The Land Question," page 82) the concentration of industries has gone forward with amazing rapidity, and powers and inventions have come into use

which make the statement inadequate to present conditions — that “All wealth is created by the application of labor to land.” Immense combinations of capital are required for the use of the latest improved machinery. But this third element in modern wealth-production — capital or stored-up labor — is not more essential than that stored-up knowledge how to produce wealth — stored in discoveries, inventions, and skill — which economists lately denominate “ability.” Land and labor may together produce capital, but no amount of land and labor (with capital added) can be sure of producing ability.

Admitting Miss Gay's three opening propositions — with some mental reservation — and her later statement that all industries rest upon the farmers, and that the general prosperity depends upon the prosperity of the farmers, we come back to my original doubt which called out Miss Gay's kind attempt to set me right.

I am unable to see that free access to land will make it possible for all to obtain what we now call a good living, so that wages will be much and permanently raised in all departments of labor, and the labor question be satisfactorily settled. No enlargement of the public domain — by the action of the single tax or by the Farmer's Alliance plans — can restore the conditions of wealth production and distribution which existed when our country was new, and when corporations and syndicates were unknown. Had the single tax been adopted then, or even when almost exactly the same plan was proposed by Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, in 1847 (before “Social Statics” was published), as reprinted from the *Journal of Man* in the ARENA for April, 1891, I believe that it would have worked according to the political economy of “Progress and Poverty” for the solution of the labor question. But the conditions have changed, as they were already changing when “The Land Question” was written. The methods of production have taken socialistic forms, more or less, while the distribution of wealth is on the plane of individualism — defined by Webster as “self-interest; selfishness.”

Now that competition with all the world has greatly reduced the prices of farm products, and improved machinery has made overproduction of nearly everything possible, even when there shall no longer be under-consumption, that which farmers can make working for themselves on land not requiring the payment of rent, is not likely to be such wages as can satisfy those engaged in other industries. It ought not to satisfy any willing worker. Then the labor question would remain, for employers could always force employees down to that point. Now that the world's work is nearly all done by combined labor, an intel-

ligent people ought never to be satisfied till there is what Mill calls "an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor."

You think, dear Miss Gay, that wages cannot be higher unless the total product is increased, and that the total product cannot be increased without the opening of more land to labor. On both points I differ with you, while arguing that no land should be held for speculation.

With the same amount of general product, a more economical and equitable distribution would give much higher wages to labor and prevent enormous waste. Farmers all need more help. Land is half cultivated or allowed to lie idle because the cultivator is too poor to hire help or to purchase needed machines or even necessary seed. It is estimated that four-fifths of all employment is, under our wasteful lack of system, given to the mere distribution of wealth! The wealth produced by land and labor now in use (or ready to come together) might be increased many fold under a system of national coöperation in industry.

Though I have called the nationalization of rent the logical beginning of all true nationalism, I do not mean to say that it must be accomplished first. I would not presume to make a programme for Providence. Indeed, we already have a part of our means of communication, our mails, under national ownership and control, and we should work earnestly for the nationalization of the remainder, or the telegraph. Very pressing is the need of nationalizing our means of transportation, and not less urgent the necessity for nationalizing the medium of exchange, the tool of trade, called money. The private monopoly of any public utility is a menace of slavery to the people.

I am glad you said that single-taxers "believe in sharing equally economic rent" — glad you said just that, for now you can never denounce "equal sharing" as "robbery," after the manner of some. Economic rent does not result equally from the presence in the population of the good man and the bad man, the industrious and the idle, the wise and the stupid. Yet the benefits that result from the associated use of economic rent (or the single tax) would be offered to all alike. This is "economic equality" as far as it goes.

But you say that I believe in the equal sharing of "the results of individual effort"; which is a mistake. Under the agonized industry of the present day, with the accumulated knowledge and skill of centuries crystallized in machinery, individual effort plays a comparatively small part.

You say that "wages belong to each according to his product." In a watch factory, for instance, who can determine the amount

of each one's product? How much of the total output comes from the accumulated knowledge how to make watches, the inheritance of the race? Who has an individual right to that immense portion?

When, by means of national coöperation in industry, gradually accomplished, we can equitably distribute both economic rent and rent of ability, there will be — perhaps far in the future — not only abundant wealth for all, but abundant leisure for all from productive and distributive *labor* (called the "obligatories" by Howells' Altrurian) to engage in the blessed *work* each delights in — art, music, floriculture, science, literature, invention, etc., which the Altrurian calls "voluntaries." Here is where individual effort, or individuality, would have full freedom — not to rob one's fellow-men by force, fraud, or subtlety, but freedom to learn and do and enjoy.

How could the single tax alone *distribute* the increased *leisure* that comes from invention? How distribute the amount of unemployed time already among us so that it may not mean more or less destitution for some and wanton excess for others? The single tax can give *work* to all, but how can it insure wealth and leisure to all?

I know of no person or class of persons who propose to "divide up" all existing wealth equally, or to divide equally the wealth produced annually without first making provision for the continuation of industry and for the public requirements; no more than single-taxers propose to "divide up" all the land.

Yes, it "must be" that I "believe that the remainder of the product will not go to labor even after that part which is claimed as economic rent is secured to all by law, but that it will go in unjust amount to monopoly." I do not share the happy faith that "it cannot." Mr. Rockefeller was able to establish the great Standard Oil monopoly without getting possession of the oil wells. The smelting trust lately formed can take toll from all the silver-mine owners and tax all users of silver without ownership of the mines. Whoever gets control of the lately invented mining machine can defy competition. How can a tax on the land value of oil wells or mines destroy the power of a refinery monopoly or a smelting trust? or how kill the elevator trust, which robs the farmer?

But I have taken too much space. I will ask Mrs. Robinson, the next in our circle, to touch especially upon the subject of monopoly to show if she can how the collection of all public revenue from land value alone will put an end to all trusts, combines, and monopolies which fleece the public for private gain.

The addenda to the single-tax platform seem to admit that it

has claimed too much in the preceding paragraph, by declaring that

It is also a proper function of society to maintain and control all public ways for the transportation of persons and property, and the transmission of intelligence.

This amounts to a demand for the national ownership and control of the railroad and telegraph. The "Syracuse platform" on which Mr. George stood in 1887, also declared for the issue of money by government directly to the people without the intervention of banks. Are these nationalizations of public utilities necessary or not? Can the collection of public revenue from land values alone destroy or prevent private monopoly of all public utilities?

FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

CHILD-LIFE AND THE KINDERGARTEN.

BY FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN.

This, then, will be the original character of our guardians. But in what way shall we begin and educate them? And will the investigation of this point help us on toward discovering that which is the object of all our speculations, namely, the manner in which justice and injustice grow up in a state? . . . Come, then, like idle story-tellers in a story, let us describe the education. . . . Then you are aware that in every work the beginning is the most important part, especially in dealing with anything young and tender? — *Plato*, "Republic," 375-377.

Plato, not Frœbel, is the creator of the kindergarten and of modern educational ideals. It is a continual surprise to find how much of the best of ethical and political and spiritual and educational philosophy is found in the writings of the Greeks. It is occasion for greater surprise to consider the long sleep of scientific pedagogy from Plato to Rousseau, or more properly Pestalozzi, only breaking dimly into momentary consciousness in Rabelais, Bacon, Comenius, Milton, Locke, and others, before the vital thing is rediscovered by that curious mixture of French philosophy and French vice, who himself is as much of a human paradox as Cellini, and whose writings present the same violent contrasts between the foolish and impossible on the one hand, and the essential and eternal on the other, as those of Plato himself—Rousseau. What Rousseau taught Pestalozzi, Plato might have taught Aristotle and Aristotle might have taught the world.

Plato discovered the great importance of starting aright, as evidenced in the words quoted above and taught twenty-three hundred years before Professor Buchner wrote that "Psychology is forcing upon us the weighty truth, that it is the first few years of life which determine by almost inexorable psychical laws just what the order and content of that life will be when fully developed." The Roman Catholic educator has understood it and has said, "Give me a child until he is five and you may have him afterward." Again, in the "Laws" Plato declares the function of the educator to be the most important in the state, and says that upon the way the minister of education discharges his function, the ultimate character of the citizens will mainly turn. Thus the primary teacher is the most important and influential mem-

ber of a Platonic society, which is only another way of saying that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This is in striking contrast with the later notions of the luxury-loving and degenerate Romans, who entrusted the education of their children to those slaves who became unfit for other duties, and who considered the work of an educator unworthy the activities of a freeman.

Again, Plato claims that each person is by nature best fitted for some one thing, and should be trained for that, basing this training upon the careful observation of his natural and growing capacities, and allowing him to follow his bent and expand his own nature. "Anyone that would be good at anything must practise that thing from his youth upwards, in sport and in earnest. . . The most important part of education is right training in the nursery. The soul of the child in his play should be guided to the love of that sort of excellence in which, when he grows up to manhood, he will have to be perfected," ("Laws," 643). Plato made the study of the child himself the basis of his training, and he taught enough to lay the foundations of modern genetic psychology, which has made primary education a science instead of a stupendous and somewhat systematic guess-work.

He advocates as the main purpose of education the turning of young faces from the darkness to the light, from the region of perishable shadows to the region of imperishable realities. Thus he lays down the principle that education is primarily concerned with things, not words; with life, not literature; so that had he lived later his voice might have joined that of Montaigne against the custom of school-masters, "to be eternally thundering in their pupils' ears as if they were pouring into funnels, while the pupils' business is only to repeat what their masters have said." Plato would not have sympathized with some dear woman or other of whom the writer has recently heard, who gravely complains against the kindergarten that it "tries to teach the children everything in an easy, pleasant way, and to make them work just because they love to," and who wishes to substitute a rigorous system of discipline for discipline's sake for any scheme that proposes to make duty (of course to her mind necessarily disagreeable because duty) an inferior propelling force to the heart, which "giveth grace unto every art." "Bodily exercise," says Plato, "when compulsory does no harm to the body, but knowledge which is acquired under compulsion obtains no hold on the mind. Then, my good friend, do not use compulsion, but let early

education be a sort of amusement. You will then be able to find the natural bent" ("Republic," 536). He advocates gymnastic exercises and music as the sum total of a child's education, in order that the young muscles should be trained to activity by the one, and in order that the instinct of harmonious beauty should be developed by the other.

Fröbel saw children delight in activity and symbolism, and he said, "I can convert children's activities, energies, amusements, occupations, all that goes by the name of play, into instruments for my purpose, and thereby transform play into work. The conception of it I have gained from the children themselves. They have taught me how to teach them." But there was an observer before Fröbel. "The young of all creatures," says Plato, "cannot be quiet in their bodies or in their voices," and "this love of frolic and activity may be turned into a means of their development." He advocated for the years between three and six the assembling of the boys and girls together in the temples for purposes of amusement. He wished the children to be children before they were men. He enunciated the idea which Rousseau has expressed, "Nature wills that children should be children before they are men. If we seek to pervert this order we shall produce forward fruits without ripeness or flavor, and though not ripe soon rotten; we shall have young savants and old children. Childhood has ways of seeing, thinking, feeling, peculiar to itself; nothing is more absurd than to wish to substitute our own in their place."

Finally, Plato in the second book of the "Laws" advocates training through the senses, a primary kindergarten method. "Pleasure and pain are the first perceptions of children, and are the forms under which virtue and vice are originally present to them." A training which teaches children to hate what they ought to love should be avoided, and one substituted which teaches them to love what they ought to love.

After Plato and before Fröbel many were dissatisfied with the clumsy educational methods which chained the world. Rabelais concluded that Gargantua would "better learn nothing at all, than be taught such like books from such like schoolmasters," and he was first of the moderns to frame a curriculum based upon the observation and study of things instead of words, two and a half centuries before Pestalozzi advocated the educational use of sense-perceptions.

Bacon began the movement which was to result in the

revolution of not only scientific study, but of all learning and of all teaching. The influence of Bacon upon pedagogy was chiefly through Comenius, who was the first in later times to take that view of education which connects it with man's nature and destiny. Whatever bears no fruit in life and character, he taught, is not for the school. Knowledge must not be given to the pupil ready-made but, as Bacon taught, the teacher must develop it in the pupil's mind as it was developed in his own.

Rousseau gave the needed impetus to modern pedagogy which is still struggling against the systems of John Sturm and the Renaissance. It was he who initiated a practical educational movement founded upon sound psychological principles. Goethe calls "Emile" the gospel of natural education, in spite of its insufficiencies, and Richter says, "Not Rousseau's individual rules, many of which may be erroneous without injury to the whole, but the spirit of education, which fills and animates the work, has shaken to their foundations and purified all the schoolrooms and even the nurseries in Europe."

How vast a revolution has been wrought in our universities may be imagined from the fact that it was possible for Mr. Ruskin to write a short time ago that, "until within the last year or two the instruction given in the physical sciences at Oxford consisted of a course of twelve or fourteen lectures on the elements of mechanics or pneumatics, and permission to ride out to Shotover with the professor of geology." This condition, which has been but little improved since Ruskin's day in Oxford, shows how little the natural and vital ideal of education has grown outside less pretentious circles.

The Renaissance forged its fetters well, for to this day in many schools and colleges to be able to reply to cut and dried questions with cut and dried answers and perform other prodigious feats on the educational programme, is the ideal of the chief end of man. Many schools, colleges, and universities still stand for stuffing the memory, not developing the man. The process is analogous to that of the boa, to quote Mr. Ruskin again, which "does not in any true sense swallow but only hitches himself onto his meat like a coal sack; well, that's the exact way you expect your poor, modern student to hitch himself onto his meat, catching and notching his teeth into it, and dragging the skin of him tight over it, till at last—you know I told you a little while ago our artists didn't know a snake from a sausage, but Heaven help us, your university doctors are going on

at such a rate, that it will be all we can do soon to know a man from a sausage."

But a new era has dawned for childhood, and consequently a new life for the race. One may boldly say, it is signalled by the development of that method of education which has taken three steps in Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Fröbel, and by the application of it, not only to kindergartens, but to intermediate schools and universities as well. Pestalozzi labored to prove what he clearly saw, that the principles of education are bound up in and dominated by human nature itself. He labored to transform learning into experience, the acquisition of knowledge into actual assimilation. The material of learning was to be used to aid the human organism to be its best. It was not an end, but a means. He never did for a child what he could do for himself, but insisted upon self-activity, and thus became the enemy of the cramming system. Fröbel followed out the idea and developed it. The idea of the kindergarten, the child-garden, is that it is a place for the child-soul to grow in; that the soil and cultivation, to carry out the figure, are to be dependent upon the nature and consequent needs of the plant; in other words, the surroundings and the nurture shall be intelligently and scientifically selected with reference to the complete development of each organism towards its complete being.

Thus, according to Fröbel's idea, the aim of the educator is to develop character's inborn and original capacities and possibilities, in so far as these are good. Fröbel and some since him, while they do not consider children angels of light, neither consider them imps of the devil. Positive, then, rather than negative methods are used, and restrictive influences, as far as possible, are discouraged, so that the young life may expand naturally and spontaneously, not forced in any way, and always as little as possible in accordance with any arbitrary and enforced rules and as much as possible in the light of reason and in accordance with its inherent laws. Fröbel and his followers seek to help the child to discover and follow the laws of his own nature and life. Spencer (quoted by Heilman, Bowen, and others) has recognized this truth. "A higher knowledge tends continually to limit our interference with the processes of life. As in medicine, etc., so in education, we are finding that success is to be achieved only by rendering our measures subservient to that spontaneous unfolding which all minds go through in their progress to maturity." Every young life born into the world is looked upon as a bundle of infinite

possibilities which need to be so tenderly watched that all the best and normal ones may be developed, and all the abnormal ones starved out. This is the theory for treating evil predispositions. They must be starved out, not rooted out. Positive and original ideals are fostered until by their superior vitality there is nothing left in the young nature for an evil growth to assimilate. It is truly the survival of the fittest.

The three steps in an education are, according to this idea, analogous to eating, digestion, and transmutation into energy; or acquisition, assimilation, and expression. No information becomes knowledge that is not assimilated, and no strength becomes worthy that is not developed into self-activity and used or given out as self. Information when unassimilated leads to a sort of intellectual dyspepsia; when unused, to gout as it were. By keeping the child at work in expressing himself as fast as that self is made, whether it be the moral or the intellectual self, Fröbel seeks more surely to secure normal development and also a healthier and better man or woman, for productiveness is one of the primary ends of a true educational system. It is now a demonstrated fact that we learn best by doing. As a moving body increases its speed by the momentum acquired, so children and men find their best growth in self-activity.

Too many physiological and psychological principles are bound up here for treatment within the given space; but education by self-activity is the particular method for which we are indebted to Fröbel and which has so far found its best expression in the kindergarten. It would be interesting to trace the probable influence of the idea now demonstrated in the kindergarten upon the whole educational system of the world. The old-fashioned wooden methods that prevail in so many modern colleges and schools, defended and upheld by wooden men too well seasoned to be able to have any sympathetic associations with their fellows, are still eloquent appeals for that revolution in the educational world, which was outlined by Plato, mostly forgotten until Rousseau, and practically developed by Pestalozzi and Fröbel.

The usefulness of the kindergarten having been demonstrated wherever it has been introduced, the primary importance of its thorough and immediate extension in connection with the common schools is the phase of the question which concerns us as citizens. The right and duty of state interference in the direction of public instruction has never been

questioned since once it was fairly tried. There is no enlargement of state activity which will excite less criticism and cause less friction than that one proposed in offering a free kindergarten system. It is by no means an innovation to suggest that a state which was the first in history to place within the reach of every child free instruction meeting the requirements for admission to college should also give free instruction to every child at as early an age as that child may be taken from his mother. In other words, free intermediate schools should be supplemented by free kindergartens. Surely it is stupid to elaborately and carefully devote the whole attention to the superstructure without giving a thought to the foundation! If indeed, as all the great educators from Plato to Frœbel teach us, the child's first instruction is the most vitally important, and the formation of his whole character is dependent upon it, so that no subsequent care can make amends for wrong beginnings, how can the state afford to discount its own work by failure to prepare the way for it? It leaves it to a chance hand, or to no hand at all, or to one that will play havoc, to form the mould into which it will pour its fine gold.

There is one class that, more than any other, would return value to the state for the investment in free kindergartens, perhaps compulsory ones. These are the slummy children. "If you allow your children to be badly taught," said Sir Thomas More long ago, "their morals will be corrupted from childhood, and then when they are men you will punish them for the very crimes to which they have been trained from childhood. What is this but to make thieves and then to punish them?" The possibilities that lie in the fact that, for good or ill, the character is mostly formed in the first few years of childhood, make at once our hope and our despair. Those who know the condition of the children of the slums and out of what influences they come to school, returning to them again, can have little hope of regeneration by kindergartens, even though they accept at low valuation the inestimable ideas for which the names of Pestalozzi and Frœbel stand. One staggers before the dwindling chances of doing anything efficient as long as ragged and unclean gutter-graduated children swarm on the outskirts of civilization in festering slums — in kindergartens for crime.

Let no civilization call itself Christian until it makes gardens for the child-soul to sleep and eat and grow in, other than putrid alleys, houses filled with vermin human

and inhuman, air blue with blasphemy and obscenity. What will your kindergartens do for these exotics, transplanted for an hour or two a day, whose normal element is dirt, vice, and crime? After hours and before hours are formative hours as well as those in schools. What though we add free kindergartens to free intermediate schools, if we nurse conditions that will effectually undo all we can do! We need thorough work, work based on all the facts involved, work that will not only make more effective the most effective educational system in the world, but a work of connectedness and continuity in the Fröbelian sense, that will direct the whole development and growth of the whole child and all children. For while children receive certain impulses and tendencies at school, their characters are formed at home.

The human soul in youth is not a machine of which you can polish the cogs with any kelp or brickdust near at hand; and having got it into working order and oiled serviceableness, start your immortal locomotive, at twenty-five years old or thirty, express from the Strait Gate, on the Narrow Road. The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction (I use the words with their weight in them), in taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes, and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies — not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done over again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat and recover that to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring the heavenly colors back to him — at least in this world. — Ruskin, "Modern Painters."

To sum up then: First, one must keep in mind the primary end of all education, the complete development of a sound childhood into a perfect manhood and womanhood. Second, if the kindergarten is based on a fruitful idea, and if education by the state is at all justifiable, then a complete kindergarten system should be undertaken by the state. Third, if the making of a better humanity is the concern of the state, that state cannot afford to allow its best work to be undone, but must do a thorough work, if it does a worthy one. Fourth, the state must "interfere" in all the environment that affects child-life; housing, sanitation, and everything that influences character, for better or for worse.

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FALL'EN.

BY CECELIA DE VERE.

She stood amid a brilliant throng:
Her face was fair, her eyes were bright,
Faint blushes stole her brow along
Like crimson flushed in clouds of white.

Her robe was soft as jewelled snow
That scintillates in morning's beams;
Her diamond chain gave glint and glow
Like stars that follow twilight dreams.

Rare lilies and a glistening crown
Secured the mist-wrought flowing veil;
With music floating up and down
Came perfume rich as Eastern gale,—

For blossoms surged along the aisle,
Hung festooned o'er her shining head,
And drifted to an altar pile
Where she to statued wealth was wed.

A fallen woman! What, the child
Of culture, wealth, and Christian grace?
Whoe'er, whate'er, her heart beguiled?
Whence came the brand of black disgrace?

A fallen woman! She would shrink
From tattered, sin-stained sister's form;
Her guarded spirit scarce could think
Of outcasts mired in passion's storm.

She did not know why wind or sea
Should rise and sweep life's good away;
Why hearts could not untempted be,
A regulated fountain's play.

That fall, before the angels' eyes,
Though piteous, ranked not as her own;
'Twas of the grasping worldly-wise
Who human sympathies dethrone.

Though gaunt starvation walked the street,
Or lay neglected, cold and bare,
While suicide with maddened feet
Plunged o'er the chasm of despair,

'Tis doubtful if one joy would flit
At sight of what that grandeur cost;
For deeper than its Christian pit
The world of affluence is lost.

Woe, woe is earth, that noble souls
By boundless wealth abnormal grow,
Warped where blind selfishness controls,
Life's amplitude can never know!

Ah! not alone to alleys grim,
Where sin's wild, hideous rites are kept,
Have gone the heavenly seraphim
And o'er earth's erring children wept.

But they have bowed in princely halls
And mourned 'mid pleasure's gorgeous train,
Where golden are the serpent's thralls,
And holy pleadings prove but vain.

To them transgression wears no mask;
Its heaviest weight, its darkest hue,
In vile prosperity may bask, —
Their eyes discern it through and through.

And Liberty in grief bemoans
Her heroines of Pilgrim stock,
Who heard fierce ocean's organ tones
On bridal tours to Plymouth Rock.

How hath the nation gone astray
Where rotten monarchies have led!
What blood-bought rights have paved the way
For Greed and Tyranny to tread!

How stands the contrast with that race
Intent on building Freedom's shrine,
Whose women knew the martyr's place
Lived, toiled, and died in faith sublime!

Would sons as recreant robbers band
If daughters to Columbia turned,
Bewailing glory of the land
That once beneath her banner burned?

Rise, women, rise! and quench the pride
Torch-lighted at the forge of hell.
For God's republic now decide —
Or shrink, and wait its funeral knell.

A WIFE MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

BY ALICE W. FULLER.

As I was going down G Street in the city of W—a strange sign attracted my attention. I stopped, looked, fairly rubbed my eyes to see if they were rightly focused; yes, there it was plainly lettered in gilt: “Wives made to order! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.”

Well! well! does some lunatic live here, I wonder? By Jove! I will investigate. I had inherited (I suppose from my mother) a bit of curiosity, and the truth of the matter was this: now nearing the age of forty, I thought it might be advisable to settle down in a home of my own; but alas! to settle down to a life of strife and turmoil, that would not be pleasant; and that I should have to do, I knew very well, if I should marry any of my numerous lady acquaintances—especially Florence Ward, the one I most admired. She unfortunately had strong-minded ways, and inclinations to be investigating woman’s rights, politics, theosophy, and all that sort of thing. Bah! I could never endure it. I should be miserable, and the outcome would be a separation; I knew it. To be dictated to, perhaps found fault with—no, no, it would never do; better be a bachelor and at least live in peace. But—what does this sign mean? I’ll find out for myself.

A ring of the bell brought a little white-haired, wiry sort of a man to the door. “Walk in, walk in, sir,” he said.

I asked for an explanation of the strange sign over the door.

“Just step right in here and be seated, sir. My master is engaged at present, sir, with a great politician who had to separate from his wife; was so fractious, sir, got so many strange notions in her head; in fact, she wanted to hold the reins herself. You may have seen it—the papers have been full of it. Why, law bless you, sir, the poor man couldn’t say his soul was his own, and he is here now making arrangements with master to make him a quieter sort of

wife, some one to do the honors of the home without feelin' neglected if he happens to be a little courteous to some of his young lady friends. You see, master makes 'em to order, makes 'em to think just as you do, just as you want 'em to; then you've got a happy home, something to live for. Beautiful—golly! I've seen some of the beautifulest women turned out, 'most make your mouth water to look at." And so the old man rattled on until I was quite bewildered.

I interrupted him by asking if I could see his master.

"Oh, certainly, sir; you just make yourself comfortable and I will let you know when he is through."

I sat for some time like one in a dream, wondering if this could be so, and with many wonderful modern inventions in mind I began to think it possible. And then there was a vision of a happy home, a wife beautiful as a dream, gentle and loving, without a thought for anyone but me; one who would never reproach me if I didn't happen to get home just at what she thought was the proper time; one who would not ask me to go to church when she knew it was against my wishes; one who would never find fault with me if I wished to go to a base-ball game on Sunday, or bother me to take her to the theatre or opera. A man, you know, can't give much time to such things without interfering greatly with his comfort. Oh! could all this be realized? But just then my reverie was broken by the old man, who was saying: "Just step this way. Master, let me introduce you to Mr. Charles Fitzsimmons."

Short, thick-set, florid complexion, pale blue eyes with a sinister twinkle, was the description of Mr. Sharper, whom I confronted. Reaching out his hand, which was cold and clammy and reminded me very much of a piece of cold boiled pork, he said:

"Now, young man, what can I do for you? Want a life-companion, a pleasant one? Man of means, no doubt, and can enjoy yourself; a little fun now and then with the boys, and no harm at all—none in the least. When a man comes home tired, doesn't like to be dictated to; want some one always to meet you with a smile, some one that doesn't expect you to be fondlin' and pettin' 'em all the time. I understand it—I know just how it is. Law bless my soul, I've made more'n one man happy, and I've only been in the business a short time, too. Now, sir, I can get you up any style you want—*wax*, but can't be detected."

"Do you mean to say you manufacture a woman out of wax, who will talk?"

"That's just what I do; you give me the subjects you

most enjoy talking upon, and tell me what kind of a looking wife you want, and leave the rest to me, and you will never regret it. I will furnish as many 'phones' as you wish; most men don't care for such a variety for a wife—too much talk, you know;" and he chuckled and laughed like a big baby.

"What are your prices, may I ask?"

"Well, it's owing a good deal to how they are got up—from five hundred to a thousand dollars."

"Well," I said, "I think that rather high."

"Dear man alive, a pleasant companion for life for a few hundred dollars! Most men don't grumble at all for the sake of having their own way and a pleasant home, and you see she ain't always asking for money." (Sure enough, I hadn't thought of that.)

"Very well, I will decide upon the matter and let you know."

"All right, young man; you'll come back. They all do, them as knows about it."

I went to my room at the hotel and thought it all out, thought of the pleasant evenings I could have with some one whose thoughts were like my own, some one who would not vex me by differing in opinion. I wondered what Florence would say. I really believed she cared for me, but she knew how I disliked so many of the topics she persisted in talking upon. What mattered it to me what Emerson said, or Edward Bellamy wrote, or Henry George, or Pentecost? what did I care about Hume or Huxley or Stuart Mill? any of those sciences, Christian Science or Divine Science or mind cure?—bah! it was all nonsense. The topics of the day were enough, and if I attended closely to my business I needed recreation, not such things as she would prescribe. Still Florence was interesting to talk to, and I rather liked her at times when she talked every-day talk; but I could not marry her, and it was her own fault. She knew my sentiments, and if she would persist in going on as she did I couldn't help it.

Yes, I decided I would have a home of my own, and a wife made to order at once. Before leaving the city I made all necessary arrangements, hurried home, rented a house, and went to see old Susan Tyler, whom I engaged as housekeeper; she was deaf and had an impediment in her speech, but she was a fine housekeeper. All my preparations made, the ideal home! Oh! how my heart beat as I looked around!—what happiness to do as I liked, a beautiful, uncomplaining wife ready to grant every wish and meet me with a

smile! What would the boys say when, out a little late at night, I should be so perfectly at ease? I could just see jealousy on their faces, and I laughed outright for joy. To-morrow I was going for my bride. Side-looks and innuendos were thrust at me from all quarters, but I was too happy to demur or explain. When I reached the city I could scarcely wait for the appointed time.

Alighting from the carriage the door was opened, and I was ushered into the presence of the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld. The hands extended towards mine, the lips opened, and a low, sweet voice said, "Dear Charles, how glad I am you have come!" I stood spellbound, and only a chuckle from Mr. Sharper brought me to my senses.

"Kiss your affianced, why don't you?" he said, and chuckled again.

I felt as though I wanted to knock him down for speaking so in that beautiful creature's presence. And then a little soft rippling laugh, and she moved towards me. Oh, could I get that beast to leave the room! Why did he stand there chuckling in that manner?

"Sir," I said, "you will oblige me by leaving the room for a few moments."

With that he chuckled still louder and muttered, "Bless me, I really believe he thinks her alive." Then to me: "To be sure, to be sure, but you only have a short time before going to the minister's, and I must show you how to adjust her. When you get home"—and he chuckled again—"you can be just as sentimental as you please, but just now we will attend to business. Here are a box of tubes made to talk as you wished them. They are adjusted so. Place the one you wish in your sleeve. You can carelessly touch her right here if there is any one around. Here is a spring in each hand and the tips of her fingers. I will give you a book of instructions, and you will soon learn to arrange her with very little effort, just to suit yourself, and I am sure you will be very happy. Now, sir, the time is up; you can go to the minister's."

As I put her wraps around her and drew her arm through mine she murmured so sweetly, "Thank you, dear." How glad I was to get out of the presence of that vile man who was constantly pulling or pushing her; I could scarcely keep my hands off from him, and my serene Margurette—for I decided to call her that—would only smile and say, "Thank you!" "Oh, how lovely!" "Ah, indeed!" I was almost vexed with her to think she did not resent it. I wanted her all to myself where I could have the smiles, and

thought I should be thankful when we were in our own home.

During our journey I could not help noticing the admiring glances from my fellow travellers, but my beautiful wife did not return any of their looks. In fact, I overheard a couple of young dudes say, "Just wait till that old codger's back is turned, and we shall see whether she will have no smiles for any but him." I had half a notion to adjust her to give them some cutting reply and then go into the smoker awhile, for I was sure they would try to get into conversation with her; but pshaw! I hadn't ordered any tubes of that kind. I believed I'd send and get one in case of an emergency. No, I wouldn't have such in the house; I wanted an amiable wife, and when we were once at home it would not be necessary. I wouldn't *have to* go with her anywhere unless I wanted to. Only think of that!—never feel that my wife would ask me to go with her and I have to refuse, then ten to one have her cry and make a fuss about it. I knew how it was, for I had seen too much of that sort of thing in the homes of my friends.

Business ran smoothly; everything was perfect harmony; my home was heaven on earth. I smoked when I wished to, I went to my base-ball games, I stayed out as long as I pleased, played cards when I wished, drank champagne or whatever I fancied, in fact had as good a time as I did before marriage. My male friends congratulated me upon my good fortune, and I was considered the luckiest man anywhere around. No one knew how I had made the good luck for myself.

There are some things in life I could never understand. One of them is that, when everything seems so prosperous, calamity is so often in the wake. And that was the case with me. After so many prosperous years a financial crash came. I tried to ward it off; I was up early and late. Margurette never complained, but was always sweet and smiling, with the same endearing words. Sometimes as the years went by I felt as though I would not object to her differing with me a little, for variety's sake; still it was best. When I would say, "Margurette, do you really think so?" and I would speak so cross to her often—I don't know but that I did so more than was necessary; still a man must have some place where he can be himself, and if he can't have that privilege at home, what's the use of having a home?—but she was never out of patience, and my wife would only say, "Yes, darling," so low and sweet. I remember once I said, when I was worried more than usual, "I am damned

tired of this sort of thing," and she laughed so sweetly and called me her "own precious boy."

But the crash came, and there was no use trying to stay it any longer. I came home sick and tired. It was nine o'clock at night, with a cold, drizzling rain falling. Susan had gone to bed sick, and forgotten to light a fire in the grate. I went into the library, where Margurette always waited for me. No lights; I stumbled over a chair. I accidentally touched Margurette. She put up her lips to kiss me and laughingly said, "Precious darling, tired to-night?" Great God! I came very near striking her.

"Margurette, don't call me darling, talk to me; talk to me about something—anything sensible. Don't you know I am a ruined man? Everything I have got has been swept away from me."

"There, precious, I love you;" and she laughed again.

"Did you not hear what I said?" I screamed.

But she only laughed the more and said, "Oh, how lovely!"

I rushed from the house. I could not endure it longer; I was like one mad. My first thought was, Where can I go, to whom can I go for sympathy? I cannot stand this strain much longer, and to show weakness to men, I could never do that. I will go to Florence, I said. I will see what she says. Strange I should think of her just then!

I asked the servant who admitted me for Miss Florence.

"She is indisposed and cannot see anyone to-night."

"But," I said, writing on a card hastily, "take this to her."

Only a few moments elapsed and she came in, holding out her hand in an assuring and friendly way. "I am surprised to see you to-night, Mr. Fitzsimmons."

"O Florence!" I cried, "I am in trouble. I believe I shall lose my mind if I cannot have someone to go to; and you, dear Florence, you will know my needs; you can counsel, you can understand me."

"Sir!" Florence said, "are you mad, that you come here to insult me?"

"But I love you. I know it. I love the traits that I once thought I despised."

"Stop where you are! I did not receive you to hear such language. You forget yourself and me; you forget that you are a married man—shame upon you for humiliating me so!"

"Florence, Florence, I am not married; it is all a lie, a deception."

"Have you lost your reason, Mr. Fitzsimmons? Sit down, pray, and let me call my father. You are ill."

"Stop," I cried, "I do not need your father. I need you. Listen to me. I imagined I could never be happy with a wife who differed in opinion from me. In fact, I had almost decided to remain single all the rest of my days, until I came across a man who manufactured wives to order. Wait, Florence, until I have finished—do not look at me so. I am indeed sane. My wife was manufactured to my own ideas, a perfect human being as I supposed."

"Mr. Fitzsimmons, let me call my father!" And Florence started towards the door. She was so pale that she frightened me, but I clutched her frantically.

"Listen," I said; "will you go with me? I will prove that all I have told you is true."

My earnestness seemed to reassure her. She stopped as if carefully thinking, then asked me to repeat what I had already told her. Finally she said yes, she would go.

We were soon in the presence of my beautiful Margurette, whom I literally hated—I could not endure her face. "Now, Florence, see," I cried; and I had my wife talk the namby-pamby lingo I once thought so sweet. "Oh! how I hate her!" and I glared at her like a madman. "Florence, save me. I am a ruined man. Everything has been swept away—the last to-day. I am a pauper, an egotist, a bigot, a selfish"—

"Stop!" cried Florence. "You wrong yourself; you are a man in your prime. What if your money has gone, you have your health and your faculties, I guess" (and there was a merry twinkle in her eyes); "the whole world is before you, and, best of all, no one to interfere with you or argue on disagreeable topics."

"O Florence! I am punished enough for my selfishness. O God!" and I threw myself on the couch, "were I not a pauper, too, there might be some hope for happiness yet."

"You are not a pauper," said Florence; "you are the master of your fate, and if you are not happy it is your own fault."

"Florence, I can never be happy without you. I know now it is too late."

"Too late—never say that. But could you be happy with me, 'a woman wedded to an idea,' 'strongminded'? Why, Charles, I am liable to investigate all sorts of scientific subjects and reforms. And then supposing I should talk about it sometimes; if it was not for that I might think of the matter. As far as money is concerned, that would have little to do with my actions. Still, Charles, upon the whole I should be afraid to marry the 'divorced' husband of so

amiable a wife as your present one is. I, with my faults and imperfections!—the contrast would be too great.”

“Florence, Florence,” I said, “say no more. All I ask is, can you overlook my folly and take me for better, for worse? I have learned my lesson. I see now it is only a petty and narrow type of man who would wish to live only with his own personal echo. I want a woman, one who retains her individuality, a thinking woman. Will you be mine?”

“I will consider the matter favorably,” said Florence; “but we shall have to wait a year, for opinion’s sake, as I suppose there are not many who know how you had your late wife manufactured to order.”

And we both laughed.

THE LIGHT IN THE EAST.

BY ALLISON GARDNER DEERING.

O DULL-BROWED toilers! on whose shrinking shoulders
The sumptuous palaces of wealth are built,
Whose precious wine of life is daily spilt,
And in whose hearts the fire of hatred smoulders,

Who, like the fabled giant, that held ever
'Mid weary groans, the heavens and earth apart,
With quivering, straining nerves, and bleeding heart,
Wealth's seeming heaven, from toil's pollution sever,

And who, like him, because of hopeless gazing
Where the dread Future's Gorgon head is shown,
Are slowly, slowly, turning into stone,
And never eyes of hope to heaven raising, —

At last look up, oh, look! the dawn is breaking;
The glad new dawn in thousand voices calls,
And Love's celestial ray from heaven falls,
An answering radiance from earth awaking.

There is no thing in all the world for saving
But only Love; naught else shall succor thee;
Alike are impotent sad Pity's plea,
Cool Reason's argument, and Hate's mad raving.

And boundless power and wealth were little worth
To aid mankind, till all this truth shall see:
Nor statesman's cunning scheme, nor wise decree,
Nor force of arms, shall bring us peace on earth.

But Love looks not with sad, compassionate eyes,
On some hard lot as by another borne,
To give its dole, and then pass sadly on;
Pity gives thus, but Love in other wise.

Love holds the beating pulse of all that are,
And in her own heart feels each throb of pain;
Could Love, then, count as her own personal gain
Aught that leaves one to suffer, near or far?

No! this new-dawning Love herself shall see
In all that suffer, till at last on earth
The sweet twin children, Joy and Peace, have birth.
When Love and Work are wed, this fruit shall be.

Then set your faces toward the eastern gate,
Whence the light comes. Behold the Future's face!
What eyes of hope are hers, wherein to trace
Our goal! "Leave all for Love," and work and wait.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

PILATE'S QUERY.*

To-day is the hour of the interrogation point; the searching spirit is everywhere present; ancient wisdom, conventional opinions, and the speculations of daring souls are being challenged on all sides; proof is the watchword of the hour. This condition is disquieting, as conditions of growth and progress must be, for growth implies change. Prejudice, dogmatism, superstition, and conventionalism recoil from the searchlight of scientific inquiry as bats and owls shrink from the smile of the dawn. Nothing so disturbs the apostles of conservatism as those words of wisdom which express the august command of God—Search, Behold, Consider, Reason; yet these are the watchwords of progress no less than they are mandates of the Divine. Those who have heard and heeded this injunction of the Infinite have too frequently been rewarded by conventionalism with the cross, the hemlock, or the flame; but the words of truth spoken and the flashes of wisdom which have come from them have remained with man only to grow and fructify in after years.

At intervals nations and civilizations have experienced epochs of unrest, strongly marked by mental and spiritual activity no less than unusual discontent. There are supreme moments, august judgment days—moments in which nobler, broader, and higher conceptions of truth, life, duty, and responsibility appear before the vision of man individually and collectively, and beckon him to accept the high, new ideals, and to come up higher. They are the moments when the Infinite says to the individual, the nation, the civilization, the race, or the world: "Choose the light or the darkness. Set your face firmly toward the morning, or turn to the sepulchres of the past." We are to-day in the midst of a climacteric period of world-wide extent, for the unrest of the hour is not confined to one nation, race, or people, but has spread to all the world which makes any pretension to civilization. At times like the present there is always much disquietude, much suspense, much painful uncertainty, nay, even profound agony of soul among the finest and truest natures—those who love truth more than dogma; who are far more than echoes of echoes; who think, feel, and live, and who are too great to be the willing slaves of grovelling desire or unreasoning prejudice and cruel dogmatism.

These awakened ones love the truth and yearn for its possession.

* "Pilate's Query," by S. C. Clark. Cloth, pp. 275; price, \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

But amid the babble of voices the truth-seeker is often bewildered and confused. He searches here and there; from time to time he cries "Eureka!" only to find upon deeper search that the new thoughts, though perhaps finer, higher, nobler, and more helpful than that which had been his, still fail to meet the larger and higher promptings of his soul. Many are the disappointments, many the discouragements of these advance couriers of civilization; but the disappointments are by no means unmixed evils; nay, to the patient investigator they are positive blessings. From every claimant the searcher receives a modicum of truth; his mental vision is, moreover, widened; his sympathies are also deepened. If he does not become a dogmatist and has the wisdom to candidly hearken to each voice which claims to be the child of truth, he will move toward the dawn, and each experience will be a helpful schooling to him. At the present time there are probably more persons asking from the depths of their awakened consciousness "What is truth?" than ever before; and the truth uppermost in their minds relates to the problem of life and the destiny of the soul. To thousands of these inquiring minds S. C. Clark's new story, "Pilate's Query," will come as an inspiration; while to others less profoundly aroused it will prove helpful and suggestive—will broaden the vision and make the reader more tolerant.

In this story, Hope Millard, a young lady from the Back-Bay district of Boston, weds Reginald Speare, a wealthy lawyer of the metropolis. The morning hours of the honeymoon are bright and fragrant as a dew-laden dawn in June. Later, however, the spectre of inharmony arises. It is the old, old story; the wife is a devoted member of an evangelical church, and sincerely believes that unless she can win her husband to Christ and gain for him the benefits of the atoning blood he will be everlastingly lost. She insists upon their attending church regularly. At first the husband, who has never given religion any serious consideration, cheerfully accompanies his wife to Grace Church each Sunday. At length, however, he demurs, but the pain on his wife's face leads him to yield to her desire, and, as is their wont, they wend their way to Grace Church. On this particular morning, when comfortably seated in his restful pew, the husband falls into a musing mood. From contemplation of the rich windows and furnishing, his mind reverts to the forms so religiously observed and the elaborate ritual, and his thoughts run after this manner:

The Roman Catholic Church, so necessary as yet for the uneducated masses whose humble needs demand a human leadership, a Man God; whose senses must be enthralled and held by the tinsel and glitter of visible shrine, by pictured saint, and tangible prayers to be counted on the finger-tips—all this can be comprehended and accepted as a stepping-stone by which to climb from the plane of sense to the realm of soul. But here is a body of worshippers, the *creme de la creme*

of intellect and culture, gathering around the same glittering altar, using like symbols, the prayers raised only from the finger-ends to the tongue, not yet a spontaneous utterance from each true heart; for when the surpliced priest pauses in his intoned recital, a wave of vibratory response sweeps over the people, sounding in its rise and fall like the sibilant sigh of a wandering wind, or the echo from some unseen shore of the swell of this human tide.

The hearty amens of the congregation arouse the dreamer, and he listens to the sentiments which are eliciting such prompt responses:

"Good Lord, deliver us from Thy wrath and from everlasting damnation; neither take Thou vengeance on our sins, and be not angry with us forever."

Anger? vengeance? he thought. Is the God of this enlightened body of worshippers a petulant child to be propitiated with pleadings for better behavior? It is not considered good form for a human sinner to let his angry passions rise. Is the God of this people only a magnified man, with all finite foibles, spites, and jealousies? Reginald was getting interested in religion for the first time in his life. He had not quite settled in his own mind the existence and nature of Deity, but he was now more open to suggestion than ever before. Again he listened.

"Deliver us from envy, hatred, and malice." A good prayer, certainly, he thought; and perhaps this petition is necessary if we are made in the image and likeness of the father of such traits as have just been imputed to him.

"We beseech Thee that it may please Thee to preserve all who travel by land or water—to preserve from sudden death," etc. Well, evidently the "Thy will be done" clause of the Lord's prayer has not yet been mastered here. Suggestion to the Almighty replaces perfect trust in His all-wise protection; and a speedy call to his benign and glorious presence is an evil to be avoided. Does a true child desire to postpone a journey that will lead him to his loving father's house?

That morning the husband found with infinite regret that there was a rift in the path they trod. His acute mind, trained to weigh evidence and to challenge every claim, rejected the creedalism, the form, and the ritual in which his wife delighted. He could not bring his mind to regard the Father of man as an angry judge more irrational and inhuman in the treatment of His children than even a half-civilized man. He felt that the vicarious atonement was immoral, unjust, and pernicious rather than ennobling and helpful. He believed that the Judge of all the earth would be infinitely more loving and just than the judges who dispensed justice below, and his reason refused to accept the creeds of older and darker days.

At a reception given by a prominent judge some time after this fateful Sunday morning, the husband became interested in Theosophy. The alluring, speculative philosophy of the subtle reasoners of the Orient proved very fascinating, while the emphasis placed on the idea of the brotherhood of man appealed with special force to the young man's high sense of justice. His interest in the ideas of the "heathen" appalled his wife, but he pursued his investigations.

The sudden death of his idolized mother gives a deeply personal interest to all subjects relating to another life. His mother was an agnostic, and his wife unintentionally widens the breach between herself and her husband by intimating that *perhaps* his mother might have repented and called upon the Redeemer before her spirit passed out, and thus there was a possibility that she might be saved. From the day of his mother's death the young husband pursues his search for the truth with the intensity of a soul yearning for that knowledge which alone can give him peace. He attends theosophical meetings, but in the midnight of his grief he finds the cold philosophy of the Buddhists only a little less satisfying to reason and love than that of dogmatic orthodoxy. In Unitarianism he is drawn nearer the great *Father* of all, and feels that there is here an element of help which supplements the idea of brotherhood so strenuously presented by the Theosophists. Yet even here he is unsatisfied.

A visit to a clairvoyant is most disappointing, and the chapter describing this experience is faithful, as all investigators of psychical problems who have visited many mediums will attest. I have myself frequently met with similar experiences, only to leave the alleged medium heartsick and disgusted. Many investigators, after one or two such experiences as that of Reginald's, turn from psychical investigation with disgust, concluding that all is fraud or auto-hypnotism. This, however, is not scientific nor just, and the course the young husband follows is that which truth-seekers should ever pursue. A spiritualistic meeting is next described. A clairvoyant description of the hero's mother is given, and a visit to another medium is rewarded by most interesting and helpful results. In this description nothing is given which transcends the experience of thousands of patient investigators who during the past few years have turned their attention to psychical research.

Ultimately Reginald becomes an automatic writer, his experiences being very similar to those of Mr. W. T. Stead, Mrs. Sarah A. Underwood, and scores of other prominent men and women in the world of letters. In this way he receives many messages purporting to come from his mother, but one day while engaged in his psychical studies his wife enters upon the scene. Her horror is only equalled by her wrath; a rupture ensues, but of this the world knows nothing, owing largely to the fact that on the day of her appalling discovery she is called to the sick couch of her sister in Boston, and the husband determines to spend a time in Europe.

It is through Christian Science and mental therapeutics in the cure of her sister that the door to a broader conception of life is opened to the wife. The chapters describing the transition are interesting and suggestive; in them the author incidentally corrects many popular misapprehensions relating to mental science. The points of resemblance and of difference between Theosophy, Spiritualism, and

Christian Science are touched upon in a broad, tolerant, and philosophical manner.

The author accentuates the presence of truth in all forms of religious belief, and shows how the new ideals, concepts, and revelations have contributed to broaden the intellectual and spiritual horizon of different classes of individuals; each has fulfilled an important mission in enlarging the thought and sympathies of humanity, and silently but surely replacing the old-time narrowness of thought and blind allegiance to dogmatic theology, with an appreciation of the fact that life rather than belief reveals the stature and development of the soul.

The manifest candor of the author, and the suggestive way in which many queries and objections are met, the fair exposition of widely different theories, and the emphasis given to the new religious ideal, or rather the ideal of the founder of Christianity, which has been well-nigh lost in the accretion of dogma, speculative philosophy, and iron-clad man-made creeds—all assist in giving this work a value and charm quite apart from the story, which, indeed, is little more than the scaffolding for the presentation of the author's ideal of the coming religion.

Of the World's Parliament of Religions, which was attended by the husband and wife, our author speaks as follows:

That grand convocation of all religions of every race and clime and tongue, meeting on common ground to strengthen their mutual love of God, and weld anew the spirit of peace and good-will in every heart. Each had brought his separate fragment of the gates of Paradise which were shattered into atoms when the soul started forth on its earthly pilgrimage, hoping to match these segments of the eternal beauty into a restoration of those pristine portals of Eden. Each had caught one little ray from the white light of truth, a varied medley, blue, red, purple, and gold, all to be harmoniously resolved in the divine spectrum into a glorious rainbow of hope which shall be a messenger to all people.

Each ear, listening eagerly to the harmony of the spheres, had thus far been attuned to but one note in the vast chromatic scale; and since no melody can sound through a monotone, each differing note desired to find its chord, tone yearned to feel its kindred tone, that through such united modulation a grand diapason could bless the world, and the Voice of Wisdom be heard. Humanity mounted to this broad platform on stepping-stones built by martyrs of old, by prophet, saint, and avatar, whether Socrates, Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha, or the Christ, who all alike had contributed to the possibility of this glorious fraternity.

Did the world realize, while it was so near, how grand a thing this Parliament was, how deep its significance, how mighty and far-reaching its results? How few even yet see that it inaugurated a new age, whose dawn already flushes the hill-tops of human progress; that here and there, in quiet little corners of our broad land, active centers have been formed for work, and the outgoing impulse of strong, living thought, whose wavelets circle ever wider and wider, till minds that never began to think before, hearts that

have learned the lesson of love imperfectly, are arousing from their lethargy to lift up their drooping souls toward the Light of Truth.

And first in knowledge of themselves they see that heirs of God cannot be slaves of the dust, that henceforth they must be emancipated from fleshly conditions, and that the necessity of disease, pain, or fatigue will assail them no more forever. Bickerings and strife will be slowly replaced by the sweep and sway of a universal love, as life and its purpose are better understood—the only life of all that lives.

"Pilate's Query" is a present-day story of souls in search of the divine truth. It will be read with profit and delight by thousands of inquiring minds during the present transition period. It will give all readers something to think about, even though they may not be ready to search for themselves as did Reginald Speare.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AS AN OBJECT LESSON FOR THOUGHTFUL AMERICANS.*

The writer of these lines approaches with grave hesitation the writing of a review of so important a book as "Wealth against Commonwealth," inasmuch as his object is to aid as much as possible the great effect that the book must have upon the future history of our country. To give its general scope in a way to attract patriotic people to the many serious charges that it brings against the most influential and powerful men of the nation, and at the same time suggest in a few words the sharpest of the stings and rebukes that it administers to those men, is no easy task.

The work is simplified by the fact that the volume is really an arraignment of the Standard Oil Company and all its confederated accomplices of hireling railroads, courts, judges, lawyers, and minor tools. To give the heads of the chapters and quote some passages from each would present this hideous picture of American political and judicial depravity in very lurid colors: but some preliminary sketch of the plan and general aims of the author seems called for.

Henry D. Lloyd, a gentleman of brains, culture, leisure, and means, awoke some years ago to the fact that of all the smaller groups of greedy, evil-minded men who are doing their utmost to rush this country upon the rocks that will wreck it, of all the cliques of "cliqued wealth" that constitute the plutocratic oligarchy now ruling and ruining this fair land, the Standard Oil men, like the Rothschild group of Europe, were getting the greatest power and working the greatest evil. So, like a true paladin—another Wendell Phillips—he set his lance in rest to charge upon this monster; not in the old style of St. George and the dragon, by one deadly rush, but by a persistent, cool, methodic, diligent study of all the ways and habits, tricks and

* "Wealth against Commonwealth," by Henry D. Lloyd. Harper & Brothers. Cloth, \$2.50.

subterfuges, lying pretences, robbing snares, and murderous assaults of this most dangerous individual octopus of all the ages.

This called for many journeys and overhauling of all sorts of records, some of them not easily attainable, and much inevitable expense. And now we have the fruits of his labors in this substantial volume, in Harper's best style; a volume which, as truly as Victor Hugo's story of Louis Napoleon, might be called "The History of a Crime"; for the whole career of the Standard Oil Company is one long-drawn-out crime. If the American nation soon perishes, choked to death by its own children, high on the list of its murderers will stand the names of Rockefeller *et al.*

Mr. Lloyd writes as if he had studied law, or at least had large acquaintance with our laws. His style is lucid and most forceful; but, except in the closing chapters, only occasionally does he display his ability in the way of fine writing. Those chapters remind one of Emerson's essays; and frequent quotations from that writer show that he has influenced the style of this Chicago patriot. Those chapters are crammed full of pithy apothegms, which seem, like those of Emerson, to have been jotted down singly, in times of deep meditation, and then arranged for the purposes of this book into clusters of diamonds.

The terrible narration of the trial scene at Buffalo, N. Y., where, for once, the Rockefellers and some of their satraps were

BROUGHT TO CRIMINAL TRIAL

by the vigorous attack of a sturdy fighter named Matthews—one of their innumerable victims—has pictures in it quite suggestive of Milton's description of Satan in supreme council with his sub-demons in hell. The charge was that these malefactors had plotted the blowing up of the Vacuum Oil Works of Buffalo, with certain loss of life. The accusation was fully sustained. But the unjust judge let the head conspirators go, before the jury trial; and, when condemnation and punishment were inevitable, let the subordinate rascals off with a small fine.

Chapter xix gives the trial story, which all hinges on the fact that an employee of Matthews had been bullied and bribed until he consented to "fix" the Vacuum works so that they would explode. The explosion did not occur. But the hearing of the plot four years later, nerved Matthews for his great fight, six years after the crime. The five persons indicted were the two former owners of the Vacuum, then the resident managers of it for the combination, and the three members of the "oil trust," as the combination then called itself, who had bought the Vacuum for it, and had been elected by the trustees directors to manage it for them, and had so managed it, even to the most picayune details. The case caught the ears of the world, not because crime was charged against men who had dazzled even the gold-filmed eyes of their epoch by the meteor-like flash of

their flight from poverty into a larger share of "property"—the property of others—than any other group of millionaires had assimilated in an equal period—not for that, but because the charges of crime against these quickest-richest men were to be brought to trial.

Members of the combination had been often accused; they had been indicted. This was the first time, as District Attorney Quimby said in his speech to the jury, that they had found a citizen honest enough and brave enough to stand up against them—the only one. "There is no man," he said, "so respected to-day in Buffalo as he, for the method he has used to bring these men to justice." He succeeded in doing alone what the united producers of the oil regions failed to do, although their resources were infinitely greater. The people of the entire oil country failed utterly to do so much as get the members of the oil combination, when indicted for conspiracy in 1879, to come into court to be tried. All its principal men were indicted—the president, the vice-president, the secretary, the cashier, and others. They could not even be got to give bail. It was different now. That the trust was thoroughly alarmed and saw the necessity of rallying all its resources to save itself, was apparent from the formidable display with which it appeared in the courtroom. Present with the five defendants, as if also on trial—a solid phalanx—were its president, the vice-president, the manager of its pipe line system, the principal representatives of the trust in Buffalo, and many others. Their regular attorney of New York was present, with two of the leading lawyers of Buffalo. Besides these, there was a distinguished man from Rochester, reported the ablest lawyer in western New York, whose voice is often heard in the supreme court at Washington. He had two important members of the Rochester bar as assistants—one of them, in the summing up by the district attorney, was unmercifully scored for fixing witnesses—and, not least, a well-known United States district attorney, who made the convention speeches by which Cleveland was nominated for sheriff, mayor, governor, and president. The jury could plainly see that Matthews did not get the indictment to sell out, otherwise he would have sold it out and not have insisted upon a trial. An emissary, trying to get Matthews to call off the district attorney and to hush up this criminal prosecution, said the oil trust could "give him anything, even to being governor of a Western territory." "You will have a chance," said Matthews to the district attorney, "to line the street from your house to the city hall with gold bricks." But this public prosecutor had no price. He grasped the full scope of this extraordinary case, which involved a crime not only against persons and against the people, but against that true commerce of reciprocal and equal service on which alone the new civilization of humanity can rest.

The district attorney put the president of the company on

the stand. He was mostly non-committal and evasive—a know-nothing. But what he admitted made him the chief assassin in this murderous plot. He was a large participator in the profits of the Vacuum company, because he was chief owner in the trust which possessed three-quarters of it.

"The body-guard of lawyers surrounding the great men who made the courtroom a veritable curiosity shop for the people of Buffalo, did a deal of acting throughout the trial, to impress on the jury that the whole proceeding was a farce. They laughed and yawned and pooh-poohed and sneered at the district attorney's questions and points, and went through all kinds of dumb-shows of indignation and *cnnui*, that their clients should be so needlessly called on to waste priceless time. But this could not prevent their faces from lengthening as the story was told by witness after witness, as more than one observant reporter saw and noted. When the evidence was all in, and District Attorney Quimby had closed his case, the situation was desperate. There was no doubt about that."

But the unjust judge, who desired to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," here came to the rescue, and John D. Rockefeller *et al* were saved from the penitentiary. When one of the big lawyers moved the discharge of the three members of the trust, the judge, in the face of the evidence, the law, and the protest of the prosecution, after some quibbling, granted the motion. So the judge and not the jury rendered the verdict as to the three chief offenders.

"There was silence in the courtroom for a moment. Then: 'Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict as advised by the court,' came in sonorous tones from the clerk: 'You find the defendants'—naming the three members of the oil trust at the bar—'not guilty of the crime, as charged in the indictment, so say you all.'"

The jury looked scared at being addressed so peremptorily, but said nothing. Not one of them had the pluck to get up and protest, and risk the result of showing that "contempt of court" which they all felt.

A lurid glimpse of the style of warfare of these Christian gentlemen is given at page 291:

"The Erie railroad killed the pipe line of the Atlas Company for the oil combination, as part of its fight against Matthews. The court had been kept busy granting injunctions against it on the motion of the Erie. These were invariably dissolved by the courts, but an application for a new one would always follow. At one time the lawyers had fifteen injunctions all ready in their hands to be sued out, one after the other, as fast as needed. The pipe line was finally destroyed by force. Where it crossed under the Erie road in the bed of a stream grappling irons were fastened to it, and with an immense hawser a locomotive, guarded by two freight cars full of men, pulled it to pieces. Then the Atlas line and refinery became the 'property' of their enemy.

"Matthews had tried to make money in oil and failed; but his competition had forced those in control of the markets to increase

the price to the producer, and he made light cheaper to the community. In Buffalo his enterprise had caused the price to drop to six cents from twelve and eighteen cents; in Boston to eight cents from twenty. Oil has never been so high in Boston and Buffalo as before he challenged the monopoly. And he forced the struggle into the view of the public, and succeeded in putting on record, in the archives of the courts and legislatures and congress, a picture of the realities of modern commerce certain to exercise a profound influence in ripening the reform thought with which our air is charged into reform action."

P. 13. He exposes the coal monopoly:

"The startling fact appears in the litigations before the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the investigations by congress, that anthracite freight rates have been advanced instead of being decreased, are higher now than they were in 1879; and that coal is made, by these confederated railroads, to pay rates vastly higher than the average of all other high- and low-class freight; nearly double the rate on wheat and cotton. These high freight rates serve the double purpose of seeming to justify the high price of coal, and of killing off, year by year, the independent coal-producers. What the railroad coal-miner pays for freight returns to his other self, the railroad. What the independent coal-producer pays, goes also to the railroad, his competitor."

P. 19. Under head of "Uncommon Carrier":

"The Interstate Commerce law provides for the imprisonment in the penitentiary of those guilty of the crimes it covers. But the only conviction had under it has been of a shipper for discriminating against a railroad."

The first innocent name of the Standard Oil Company was South Improvement Company. A hushed-up investigation in 1872 showed that the high contracting parties of the swindle were: on the one side, all the oil-carrying railroads; on the other, a body of thirteen men, not one of whom lived in the oil regions or was an owner of oil wells or oil lands, organized under the above winning title.

P. 46. "By this contract the railroads had agreed with this company of citizens as follows: 1. To double freight rates. 2. Not to charge them the increase. 3. To give them the increase collected from all competitors. 4. To make any other changes of rates necessary to guarantee their success in business. 5. To destroy their competitors by high freight rates. 6. To spy out the details of their competitors' business."

Along in 1876 the band claimed to be "reconcilers." They then made their first big rake. P. 67:

"By reducing the volume of business one-half by increasing the profit from thirty-four cents a barrel to \$2.05 the reconcilers pocketed \$315,345.58 in four years, on an investment of \$10,000, with no work. . . . When its secretary was before congress, he was asked about the operations of himself and his associates in these years, 1876, 1877, of wonderful profits. He had been participating during that time in not only this profit of \$2.05 a barrel, but in divided profits rising to \$3,000,000 in a year on \$3,000,000 of capital, and in

undivided profits which rolled up \$3,500,000 of capital into \$70,000,000 in five years. But he said:

"The business during those years was so very close as to leave scarcely any margin of profit, under the most advantageous circumstances!"

A curious trick of the oil trust is to bribe officials to betray their companies into great losses.

P. 95. The third vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad testified that the management of his road had violated the constitution of Pennsylvania and the common law, and had taken many millions of dollars from the people and from the road, and secretly, and for no consideration, had given them to strangers.

P. 97. The only canal that connected the oil regions with the Erie Canal route to the sea was dried up by a war of railroad freights, and the canal was turned into a way for a railroad, by a special act of the New York legislature. The railroad so built has ever since been managed as one of the most diligent promoters of excluding the common people from the oil business.

P. 98. In 1893 we find the trust,

"IN A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES

and with no name," in the excluding possession of all the great trunk lines out of the oil country and all their connections, east and west; and their franchise reaches from ocean to ocean and from gulf to gulf.

P. 111. The Tidewater Pipe Line, gotten up by the kickers, was, as the Philadelphia Press said in 1883, "the child of war. It had been a barrier between the producers and the monopoly, which would crush them if it dared." One day its capacity suddenly fell one-half. The cause was discovered in a square plug of wood driven into the pipe, apparently by the servants of the Christian gentlemen who control "the light of the world." But the Tidewater people were nearly worn out. The tactics of corrupting their officers, slandering their credit, buying up their customers, stealing their elections, garroting them with lawsuits founded on falsehoods, shutting them off the railroad, and plugging up their pipe in the dark were too much. They entered a pool with the octopus.

P. 116. "While the members of the oil trust were building pipe lines to take away the oil business of the railroads, the officials of the latter were giving them, by rebates, the money to do it with."

P. 133. "The Pennsylvania railroad method of running the supreme court of Pennsylvania, as if it were one of its limited trains, was now applied with equal confidence, to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It insisted that it was itself, not the commission, which was the judge of what the latter meant by its own decisions. To the almost weeping expostulations of the commission, in interviews and letters, to show that it had said nothing which could justify the action of the roads, the officials made not the slightest concessions. That was their [the commissioners'] view of

the case, but it was not shared by us,' said the president of the Pennsylvania railroad. 'It is considered best to continue the practice,' he said. . . . These officials were the loyal subjects of a higher power than that of the United States, higher even than that of their railway corporations. They serve the greatest sovereign of the modern world—the concentrated wealth, in whose court the presidents of railways and republics, kings, parliaments, and congresses are but lords in waiting."

Chapter xi gives "The Song of the Barrel"—the history of the struggle of the small refiners to use barrels when they were cut off from pipe-lines and tank cars by the unscrupulous, untiring monster. Here again the feeble Interstate Commission proved powerless.

Under the head of "Unfinished March to the Sea," another story of another as yet abortive attempt at an independent pipe-line is given. P. 160, we read:

"Leaving their cause on the floor of the Interstate Commerce Commission, these men went forth for the seventy and seventh time to build a pipe-line of their own, on which they are now busy. . . . Their efforts have been as heroic and noble and self-sacrificing as the uprising of a nation for independence. Of all this very little is known outside the oil regions, for the reason that the newspapers there are mostly owned or controlled by the oil combination or fear its power. The last independent daily in northwestern Pennsylvania became neutral when the threat was made to put a rival in the field. Met at every turn by crushing opposition and annoyances great and little from spies and condottieri, these men are, in 1894, working quietly and manfully to cut their way through to a free market and a right to live. Their new pipe-line has been met with the same unrelenting open and covert warfare that made every previous march to the sea so weary. The railroads, the members of the oil combination, and every private interest these could influence, have been united against them. As all through the history of the independent pipe-lines, the officials of the railroads have exhausted the possibilities of opposition. At Wilkesbarre, where a great network of tracks had to be got under, all the roads united to send seven lawyers into court to fight for injunctions against the single-handed counsel for the producers. They pleaded against the technicalities which had been invoked afresh at every crossing, although always brushed away by the judges, as they were here again. Though they have allowed their right of way to be used without charge, for pipe lines which were to compete with them, the railroads refused to allow the independents to make a crossing, even though they had the legal right to cross. Not content with the champerty of collusive injunctions, they have resorted to physical force, and the pipe-layers of the independents have been confronted by hundreds of armed railroad employees. When they have dug trenches the railroad men have filled them up as fast. Appeal to the courts has always given the right of way to the independents, but the tactics against them are renewed at every crossing."

Chapters xviii to xxi inclusive are taken up with the story of Matthews at Buffalo, already given. Chapter xxii gives a picture of the fight in the South, especially in Columbus, Miss. "The South

is not yet so steeped as the North in the commercialism to which it is all of life to buy and sell." Here was a case where the merchants and consumers of a town and district resolved that they would not buy Standard oil, and stuck to it till they won the victory, and the trust abandoned that field.

"Public attention was fascinated by the revelation that a brotherhood to ravage the people turned impotent when the people were roused to meet it with

THEIR BROTHERHOOD OF THE COMMONWEALTH!

. . . The success of the people of Columbus was teaching the people of the whole country and of all markets, that their real enemy was not the oil trust, but the lack of trust in each other. . . . The struggle at Columbus lasted three years. . . . The community never broke ranks. They laughed when they were tempted with cheap coffee, flour, sugar, to join in the attempt to bankrupt their home merchants. They could see that the gift of forced cheapness, used to destroy natural cheapness, was a Trojan horse, bearing within itself the deadliest form of dearness. Defeated, the oil lords gave up the contest, closed their store in Columbus, and left the people of that place free."

After this short episode we come to a long story, beginning p. 305, of the equally successful fight of Toledo, O., against the trust, when it attempted to control the gas as well as oil wells of that region.

Chapter xxvi, headed

"TOLEDO VICTOR,"

brings us again to the Toledo fight. The pipes were laid by the city in spite of the ravings and tricks of the pious bellions of the trust. The combine dug wells all around the Toledo district and tried to take the fort by "sapping and mining"—drawing off its gas; even put in gas pumps. Toledo, like Moses in Egypt, had to imitate the strategy of the "magicians" by putting in pumps, though litigation was ever flapping about its ears. One of the employees of the trust said to a reporter: "If we could not prevent the city from putting in a pumping plant we would blow it up with dynamite." Lloyd says: "Any faithful employee familiar with the blowing up of the derricks in the shutdown of 1887, the explosion in the independent refinery at Buffalo, and the 'chemical war' waged by the whisky trust against the 'outsiders' in Chicago, might also be pardoned for thinking this was 'only good reasonable talk.' *The oil monopoly is evangelical at one end and explosive at the other, and it has made both ends meet!*"

Chapter xxvii shows how the dragon began to reach out over the sea to the old world. In 1891 there was a hurrah about American shipping, and a postal subsidy bill was passed. Here came the chance for tank steamers. It is absolutely paralyzing to read the particulars of that process by which the oil trust got its tank steamers and all their adjuncts in full swing. The postal subsidy was for capitalists who were to carry the mails in American vessels, manned by Americans. The oil trust was back of this trick, and the

Inman line was its *pou sto*. The job was chock-full of little jobs. The congress bill was so fixed that only the Inman line could fill the bill and get the subsidy. The papers were finely worked. "The dear old flag!"

"OLD GLORY ON THE SEAS!"

they cried in chorus. Then the ships could all be men-of-war. The secretary of the navy wrote to the chairman of the senate committee on commerce in this case, "A fleet of such cruisers would sweep an enemy's commerce from the ocean." "All through the press, from New York to Texas and the Pacific coast, every possible change of phrase is rung to fire the American heart with 'jingo' exhortations to subsidize private steamers, so as to increase our fighting kennel."

The fine oceanic work of the oil trust up to date [the trust is always up to date] "is an entering wedge, the broad end of which may easily grow to be a monopoly of the transatlantic—and why not transpacific?—traffic and travel. And in future legislation, tariffs, and contracts, what bulwark of the people would avail against the Washington lobby of these combined syndicates of oil, natural gas, illuminating gas, coal, lead, linseed oil, railroads, street railroads, banks, ocean and lake steamships and whalebacks, iron and copper mines, steel mills, etc.? These beggars on horseback—the poor we will always have with us as long as we give such alms—are forever at the elbows of the secretaries, representatives, senators. The people who pay are at work in their fields, out of sight, scattered over thousands of miles."

An item of associated-press news in December, 1892, says that the secretary of the treasury has just decided that the oil combination shall be paid by the treasury a drawback of the duties it has paid on imported steel hoops for barrels in which it exports oil. "It isn't pleasant," said the *New York World* editorially Feb. 23, 1891, "to have a secretary of the treasury who holds intimate relations with the oil trust." It is through this secretary that the company receives the mail subsidies of millions a year. All the statistics and official publications with regard to the "decline of American shipping," and "foreign competition with American oil," and about the tariff, as on oil, coal, steel, tin, etc., and many other financial and commercial matters of pecuniary concern to them, are under the charge of this secretary.

But the trust soon had the secretary of the navy right from their central ring—

"ALL IN THE FAMILY."

"When Senator Hoar, speaking of the oil trust in the debate on the Payne case, asked sharply, 'Is it represented in the cabinet at this moment?' he referred to the secretary of the navy. Subsidy had not then insinuated itself into the policy of the government: but when that came, the uses of a secretary of the navy were clear enough. It was by the influence of the secretary of the navy that the subsidies for these steamships of the oil trust were got through congress."

A specimen of his fine work was seen in an appropriation of a million dollars for nickel for armor plates. Where was it got? From a mine owned by the trust at Sudbury, Canada. Further in the same interest the duty on nickel was taken off. This is said to have immediately netted the dragon \$1,500,000, for 5,000 tons had been kept off the market till the duty was removed.

Chapter xxx is on the price of oil. P. 426 shows the method of killing competitors:

"Look at this map. We have the country divided into districts. If you insist on war, we will cut the prices in your territory to any necessary extent to destroy you, but we lose nothing. We simply make a corresponding advance in some other territory. You lose everything. We cannot by any possibility lose anything."

The headings of Chapter xxxi are "All the World Under One Hat," "This Business Belongs to Us." P. 433. "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." For the perfection of this triumph no trifle has been disdained, from the well in the mountain to the peddler's cart in the city. The bargemen of the Allegheny, the coasters of the sea shore, and the stern-wheelers of the Western rivers all had to go one way. "We drove out the shipments in the schooners from Baltimore and Washington, and we stopped almost the shipments by river down the Mississippi by boat," said one of the successful men.

Like all such Jews, at first they owned no wells. Now they are getting them all. "We are pushing into every part of the world, and have been doing so," the president told the New York legislature in 1888. Their tank steamers go to

ALL THE PORTS OF EUROPE AND ASIA,

and their tank wagons are as familiarly seen in the cities of Great Britain and the Continent as in those of America.

But the "triumph" continues. Let the world be warned that a while ago a Jew named Rockefeller cornered all the wheat of Odessa, Russia. Italy and France are under the trust yoke. Netherlands, East India, Sumatra, Peru, are in it. The Rothschilds and the Rockefellers are now combining to bring Russian and American oil under one head. When Jew meets Jew! "There is one thing more cruel than Russian despotism—American 'private enterprise.'"

SAMUEL LEAVITT.

LIFE'S STORY AS TOLD BY THE HAND.*

Four centuries before our era the Pythagorean philosophers had favored the theory that the sun was the centre of our system, and

* "Cheiro's Language of the Hand," a complete practical work on the sciences of Cheiromancy and Cheiromancy, containing the system, rules, and experience of Cheiro, the Palmist, with thirty-three full-page illustrations and two hundred engravings of lines, mounts, and marks, and reproductions of famous hands. Price \$2; for sale by the Transatlantic Publishing Company. May be ordered through the Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

Philolaus had maintained that the earth rotated on its axis in addition to its motion around the sun. Other luminous hints had been dropped, well calculated to furnish clues to other daring thinkers, which undoubtedly would have led to discoveries and demonstrations of inestimable value to the race, serving to broaden the mental vision and enlarge man's conceptions of the universe, while revolutionizing the world-beliefs in regard to the shape and character of the earth. But unfortunately for progress, while seed-truths once dropped will germinate and fructify to the blessing of humanity, if undisturbed, they nevertheless may be prevented from germinating for ages, through man's ignorance and prejudice. And so it was in regard to these prophetic astronomical hints, which, had they received hospitable treatment would doubtless have proved as suggestive to astronomers as the hints dropped by Buffon, St. Hilaire, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck, which led Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Alfred Russel Wallace and their collaborators along the highway of physical science into the light of evolution.

Unhappily for progress the centuries which followed the rise of Christianity were especially unfortunate for science and philosophy of pagan origin, for Christianity, with her definite and positive beliefs, when she became powerful, measured all alien theories by the letter of the scriptures; hence, beliefs which did not clearly agree with the Bible or with the Christian's conceptions of what the Bible meant were tabooed. Especially was this the case in matters relating to the creation and the destiny of man. The church found in her scriptures that Jesus spoke of the sun rising and setting, and that Joshua made the sun and moon "stand still" that he might complete a wholesale slaughter of his fellow-men. Such passages were accounted proof positive that any theory of the heavens such as Pythagoras had hinted at must be false, from the devil, and therefore something to be crushed out without being accorded a serious investigation. And because of this blind fanaticism, this ignorant superstition in regard to a book, the march of mind was halted, and humanity had to await the next great protest of the human brain before this truth could receive a hearing. At length the hour arrived—the dawn of an era of unrest, discontent, intellectual activity, and mental revolt came, and genius leaped into the sunlight. The Renaissance had come, and Copernicus, as he drew his dying breath, published to the world his revolutionary theory.

Many other beliefs, truths, and half-truths, which had come to man from the masterful brains of Grecian scholarship, or were the children of still older civilizations, and had been adopted by the intellectually hospitable Greeks, were also cheerfully dismissed as children of the devil. Thus investigations were forbidden, and rigid laws were enacted which prescribed cruel punishments for those who believed or taught that which men who were jealous of the

power they held through the terror of religion, feared might weaken their influence. Among the beliefs which were cherished by many of the greatest minds of Greece, and the civilizations which had flourished before Athens, Thebes, or Sparta were born, but which during the Dark Ages were outlawed, was palmistry, or the language of the hand. When the Middle Ages went out in the dawn of modern times, amid the general intellectual awakening which marked the brief breathing-spell and time of mental growth before the fires of persecution were relighted, several attempts were made to revive this study, and some able works were published, one in 1475 and another in 1490, dealing with this subject. There can be little doubt that the interest in palmistry would have grown at this time, had it not been for the terrible reaction which defeated in so great a degree the splendid promise of the century which followed the fall of Constantinople. As it was, the dawn of intellectual freedom went out in the most bloody night of savagery and persecution the world has ever seen, and the investigation of this interesting subject was doomed to wait until another age of intellectual freedom, of unrest, and of interrogation.

With the rise of the theory of evolution, the discoveries of the numerous errors in the texts of the various Bible manuscripts, the recent noteworthy revelations in archæology, the growth of knowledge of the Eastern philosophies, and the march of mind rendered possible by modern critical methods, by the progress of science and invention, we have come again to a time when it has been found necessary to readjust our vision so that we may appreciate the broader view which opens before us and intelligently weigh afresh theories long accepted as incontestably true. Again the interrogation point is raised, again the past and present are being challenged, and again the human mind is reaching outward toward the future even while she sits in judgment on the past. And with this awakening comes once more the ancient and once highly esteemed science of the hand, and demands that it be accorded a hearing, and that the rigid methods of modern science be applied to it, that it be adjudged worthy to be placed among the exact sciences, or that its claim may be condemned by those *who have sufficiently studied the subject to entitle them to judge competently.*

II.

I have before me a work by the gentleman who is known throughout the civilized world under the pseudonym of Cheiro. He is a man of scholarship, and is probably the leading palmist living. But before noticing this work, perhaps it will be interesting to the reader to know my experience with him. I have seen him upon two occasions, once when he read the hand of a niece of mine, and once when he gave me a reading. On each occasion the reading was remarkably

accurate. In regard to my own case, after ruling out of court all things stated which my life and writings might have suggested, I found his observations about my early life and his indication of crucial moments in life, together with numerous facts which were necessarily beyond his knowledge, given with startling directness and accuracy, while in every instance he had an explanatory reason for his observations. This was more than interesting, for it hinted at the possible presence of a truth which, if indeed it be a truth, might prove of measureless value to the race. In the case of my niece the reading was exceedingly interesting and wonderfully accurate. As though the life was spread before him, he proceeded to give her mental characteristics, her peculiarities, and the vulnerable points in her constitution; for example, he said: "her throat is weak; she will suffer considerably from sore throat and irritation of the bronchial organs. She also will be very subject to headache, especially frontal headaches." Now, as a matter of fact, she has for years been troubled with weak throat and bronchial trouble and also with frontal headaches, although she is the picture of robust health. In every instance he gave a reason for his observations. Of her future, its dangers and promises, of course I cannot speak, but of her past his delineation was notably accurate.

III.

I now come to consider Cheiro's work, "The Language of the Hand." In a well considered and delightfully written defence of cheirognomy and cheiromancy, which prefaces his scientific exposition of this subject, the author points out the fact that these studies were regarded as important sciences at a time when more than during any other age *the study of man was made the central study of life*. Passing over the civilizations of India and Egypt, which held the sister sciences of cheirognomy and cheiromancy in high esteem, we come to Greece, and pausing in the golden age of that wonderful people, when science, art, philosophy, and literature burst into the glory of full bloom, we find these sciences sanctioned and upheld by the noblest minds of this luminous era—such thinkers, for example, as Aristotle, Anaxagoras (who taught and practised cheirognomy 428 before Christ), and Hispanus, who sent a work on cheirognomy as a present to Alexander the Great, designating it as "a study worthy the attention of an elevated mind." The important point to remember is that the sciences under consideration flourished most vigorously in the summertime of the most brilliant of ancient civilizations—the age of philosophy and art, the era that produced Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle in philosophy, Pheidias in sculpture, Æschylus (the Shakspeare of the Greeks), Herodotus the father of history, and Hippocrates the father of medicine; the age when the Western mind was given to the study of man as it has never studied

him since. Hence, when considering palmistry is it not reasonable to ask that the intellectual opinion of that age on the subject be accorded the same respect and consideration which is everywhere given to the more abstract philosophical deductions of the same period?

Another thing should be borne in mind, and that is that these studies did not fall into disfavor because of the growth of knowledge or the spread of scientific information, but through the arrogant and unreasoning presumptions of dogmatic theology. "The history of any dominant religion is the history of opposition to knowledge unless that knowledge proceeds from its teachings." And it was the same spirit of blind religious intolerance which exiled science, and made philosophy and progress outcasts during the Dark Ages, which placed the science which revealed life's story on the parchment of the hand under the ban, declaring that its truths were from the devil. In this connection it is well to remember that precisely the same charge has been iterated and reiterated during the last fifty years against the evolutionary theory. It was found by scientists that the rocks had preserved a marvellous record of life's ascent, that the Creator had carefully preserved a record of the changes and epochal periods of the world and the slow ascent of life, just as the palmist claims that the same Supreme Intelligence indicates on the hands the story of life and throws out danger-signals and warnings which knowledge may enable man to avoid. As with palmistry at an earlier age, so with the story of creation, as told by geology in our time, narrow-visioned minds among the more dogmatic theologians raised a panicky cry in lieu of reason, a cry not unlike the old slogan of the Pagan Greeks when Christianity knocked at the door of Ephesus only to be met with the clamor, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The faithful followers were told that God never intended to reveal the mysterious facts of nature or life. It never occurred to these little minds, who feared the light of a broader truth, that it was rather presumptuous for any infinitesimal brain to essay to speak for the Supreme Creative Intelligence; but so it has ever been. In speaking of the right of the church to attack palmistry, Cheiro well remarks:

"Let us examine for a moment the right of the church to attack it. Alas! his majesty Satan has still the reputation of being behind every person who dares to advance any science or thought that may not be in accordance with the interpretation of the church's idea of right and wrong; but the church is not consistent; its foundation is the Bible, and from the first of Genesis to the end of Revelation the Bible is a book of fate. . . . 'That the Scriptures might be fulfilled,'—over fourteen times in the Gospels do we find these mysterious words. In almost every portion of the Bible we find the spirit of prophecy encouraged. We find 'schools of the prophets' established for such a purpose, and indications that divinations were held in high repute by God's chosen people. Among the Hebrews, as among

the Hindus, Egyptians, Chaldeans, and all nations who encouraged the spirit of prophecy, the prophets were a separate and distinct class from the priesthood. Among the Jews the prophets often acted in direct opposition to the priesthood, denouncing in the strongest language the abominations and corruptions that they practised."

Many physicians condemned palmistry, as a few years ago they condemned hypnotism, as absurd and impossible, and it is of comparatively recent date and only as yet among leading physicians of such great centres of learning as Paris and London that due attention is being given to the marvellous manner in which certain diseases may be recognized or prognosticated by the hands, and especially by the shape and appearance of the nails of the fingers.

The intimate relation between the brain and the hand has been discussed by many of the greatest savants of all ages. Aristotle declares that "The hand is the organ of organs—the active agent of the passive powers of the entire system." Sir Charles Bell observes: "We ought to define the hand as belonging exclusively to man, corresponding in its sensibilities and motives to the endowment of his mind."

"The hand," observes Cheiro, "is in direct communication with every portion of the brain. It tells not only the qualities active but those which will be developed." To those who with the egotism of ignorance assert that the lines on the hands are produced by work, our author observes: "At birth the hands are deeply marked. Work covers the hand with a coarse layer of skin, and so hides instead of exposes the lines; but if the hand is softened by poulticing or other means, the entire multitude of marks will be shown at any time from the cradle to the grave." Again it is well to remember that "The marking of no two hands has ever been found alike." The author also shows that the lines of the hand are not produced by folding; after which he discusses in a very suggestive manner the theories naturally suggested by this science in regard to man as a child of destiny or as a free agent. On this point he observes:

"Man appears responsive to the dual laws of destiny and free will. Man has free will, I argue, but with limitations, as there are limitations to all other things in life—to one's strength, to one's height, to one's age, and so forth. Free will is the oscillation of the cylinder, which very oscillation drives the eternal machinery of evolution. Looking over the pages of the Bible, we find destiny absolute, the purpose of God appearing in all things. Looking back over the history of the world, the fate of nations stands out in grand relief upon the sombre background of the past. Man becomes a servant of destiny. The rulers of Rome, the Grecians of Athens, the Pharaohs of the Nile, all have served their purpose and are gone. We behold in all the slow but steady stride of evolution bearing us higher, bearing us to perfection. Let us look back—the lessons of the past may be the teachers of the future. We behold an age when freedom of thought lay dying beneath the dogma of a church; we behold a bondage great as when a Rama rose in Hindustan, a Moses in Egypt, or a Christ in Jerusalem; a million things lead to the one

crisis—again history is repeated, again a man is forced to the front. Was there anything in the appearance of that insignificant monk Luther, that he should be called upon to take such a responsibility upon his shoulders? Ah! he was not called upon by man; destiny was again absolute; nature was one-sided, the balance had to be restored. God—Nature—Fate—we will not quarrel about a name—working through the medium of hereditary laws, so fashioned a man that, standing in the niche of necessity, he was the lever upon which the fate of thousands depended. The same in the case of Napoleon, the same in the boy George Washington; and as in the greater so in the smaller; from creed to creed, from class to class, from the president to the preacher, from the banker to the gamin, all fulfil their purpose, each star within its sphere, each person, each position—all are chords and discords, notes and harmonies, in the song of life, and as in the ultimate millennium of perfection will that perfection be eternal, so shall all share the perfection of that grand harmony of which even now we form the notes, the semi-notes, and the discords.

"It will thus be seen that instead of this doctrine becoming a dangerous one it becomes the reverse. It forces men and women to realize the responsibility of life: it teaches them to feel for others, and not to be careful alone for the salvation of self. This creed I hold would suit all classes of the community, would raise men by its unselfishness, would redeem them by its personal claim, would broaden men's views, that where now they see but dogma they would see truth; would teach that we, the children of humanity, being brothers and sisters, should serve one another, to the ultimate perfection of the race, to the benefit of all life, and to the advancement of those who are yet to come.

"This doctrine of fate does not retard men from work, it advances them on the plane of work. It does not hold out a reward for work done, which, after all, is but the wage of the hireling; it gives the higher satisfaction of doing one's best, that others may be better—no more. It teaches patience in trial, resignation in affliction, humbleness in success, and virtue in whatever position in life 'it has pleased God (or fate) to call us.' "

IV.

The body of the work contains a lucid explanation of palmistry, and it is evidently the object of the writer to *teach* the reader. There is no attempt to cover up anything, no desire to mystify; one is impressed with the belief that the author thoroughly understands his subject and desires to make the reader acquainted with every fact and detail necessary to success if he should desire to master the science.

"Palmistry," we are told, "should really mean the study of the hand in its entirety. It is, however, divided into two sections: the twin sciences of cheirognomy and cheiromancy. The first deals with the shape of the hands and fingers, and relates to the hereditary influence of character and disposition; the second to the lines and markings of the palm, to the events of past, present, and future." The general discussion of the hands is then given. I will only quote a few distinguishing peculiarities of the different types. The reader must also remember that many hands partake of two or three of the

distinctive types, and that comparatively few of some types, like the psychic's for example, are found in their purity. There are seven types of hands:

(1) The Elementary, or lowest type, the palm of which is thick and coarse, the fingers short and clumsy, and there are very few lines seen in the palm. "These are people without aspirations; they but eat, drink, sleep, and die." (2) The Square, or useful hand. People with this hand are orderly, punctual; they respect law and authority, love order, are slaves of custom, determined, but prefer peace to war. Endowed with great perseverance, they win success in practical things; are not enthusiastic over poetry or art. They have little originality or imagination, but love the exact sciences. They love home, but are not demonstrative in affection. Sincere and true, strong in principle and honest in business; they are inclined to disbelieve that which they do not understand. (3) The Spatulate, or nervous active hand, is hard and firm, indicates a restless, excitable nature, full of energy of purpose and enthusiasm; if soft and flabby, restless and unstable, such a person works by fits and starts. Those who have this hand love action; they are energetic and independent; they explore and discover and depart from known rules; they frequently become famous for their inventions. The people with spatulate hands assert their right to possess an individuality of their own. (4) The Philosophic, or knotty hand—lovers of wisdom; a hand easily recognized, long and angular, bony fingers, developed joints, long nails. Not a type favorable to success in wealth; it gleans wisdom rather than gold. "People with this hand are liable to be students of peculiar subjects. They study mankind. They love mystery in all things." If they preach they preach over the heads of the people. If they paint they are mystics. Theirs is the place of the æsthetic; theirs the domain beyond the borderland of matter; theirs the cloudland of thought, where the dreaded grubworm of materialism dares not follow. These hands are very common among the scholars of India and the Orient. In England striking examples were seen in the hands of Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal Manning. (5) The Conic or artistic hand: "The main characteristics of the conic hand are impulse and instinct. They are liable to be changeable in their affections. They carry their dislikes to extremes. They do not reason, but arrive at conclusions through impulse and instinct, impetuous but generous and sympathetic; more influenced by music, color, tears, joy, or sorrow than any other type. (6) The Psychic hand, the most beautiful but most unfortunate of the seven, in its purity of type is very rare. Its name explains itself—that which pertains to the soul. People with this type of hand are idealistic and visionary; they appreciate the beautiful in every shape and form; they are confiding, and instinctively trust those who are kind to them. They have no idea how to be practical, businesslike,

or logical. Possessors of these hands are extremely sensitive, and frequently feel their position in life so keenly that they too often consider themselves useless and become morbid and melancholy in consequence. (7) The Mixed hand, so called because it cannot be classified as Square, Spatulate, Conic, Philosophic, or Psychic, is the hand of ideas, versatility, and generally of changeability of purpose.

The thumb and fingers also have stories to tell and are examined at length. But for many the lines and markings of the palm will hold special interest. These are exhaustively examined, and aided by over thirty full-page illustrations and more than two hundred small line drawings, the earnest student who does not shrink from a little close application can soon gain a very clear understanding of the significance of the various hands with these peculiar lines and markings. Without diagrams it is impossible to intelligently describe the markings of the hand, nor does space permit my doing so. Briefly I would state that among the major lines, the line of life extends around the thumb; the line of the head crosses the hand and divides the palm, as it were, into two hemispheres. The line of the heart runs more or less parallel with the head line, appearing nearer to the fingers than the latter. The line of fate occupies the centre of the hand and extends from the wrist to the Mount of Saturn (below base of second finger). The line of health runs from Mount of Mercury (below base of little finger) down the hand. The sun line rises in plain of Mars (centre of palm) and runs up to the Mount of the Sun (below base of third finger).

This work, as I have before observed, is able and dignified throughout; it is evidently the product of a scholarly mind, the work of a man who is absolutely convinced of the truth of palmistry. The author writes in the most charming manner; in him there seems to be present a combination of the idealist and the scientist. The chapters toward the end of the work dealing with suicide, propensities for murder, and various phases of insanity are very thoughtful and suggestive. Indeed, this work is one of special interest to those who appreciate the wisdom of fairly examining those things which claim to be the bearers of august and vital truths. As before observed, the present is an era of interrogation; the past, the present, and the future are being questioned as never before. We have found that nature has carefully preserved the record of the earth and the ascent of life. The claim that the story of life is told in the hands, whereby through knowledge men may avert evils which are present for the ignorant, is certainly worthy the consideration of those who care more for truth than prejudice, who love knowledge more than they fear the sneers of conventionality.

B. O. FLOWER.

ARISTOPIA.*

Of late years the reading public has been offered a great many books of fiction serving up various sorts of social speculation, and the fact that one success has led to so many imitations shows that there has been a decided drift of popular interest in this direction—an interest which, like all forms of popular interest, just stopped short of the difficulties and labor of prosaic inquiry into the sciences of which these dreams were but the iridescence. This widespread interest in a social millennium was one of those sentimental epidemics which periodically seize upon the reading public, and we have heard since a good deal more clamor about the millennium than Plato or Sir Thomas More ever evoked, without discovering any indication that any of these idealists were striving to fit themselves for even citizenship in our very ordinary democracy by an acquaintanceship with the principles of economics. But in a certain way these Utopian books have effected some good. They have awakened a wholesome degree of discontent with the hideous corrupting farce of democracy as we know it to flourish in this country, every day in the year—except the fourth of July, when we try to convince the incredulous world outside of the perfectly satisfactory character of democracy by making a damnable din.

The enthusiasts who believe they can construct a millennial society on earth by teaching the enfranchised masses fine high-sounding generalizations, such as those employed by the Christian Socialists, evidently do not comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking. To shift society ever so slightly from one base to another is possible only through a slow and painful evolution of thought. It is the gradual change effected not merely in one department of human thought, in economics, for instance, but in every department. To assume for an instant, as is the common tendency to-day, that sentiment or ethical emotion alone can effect any radical change in the constitution of human affairs is sheer madness. Sentiment is undoubtedly an important factor in some of the greatest social and political events, but even the worst form of society was never founded upon it, and cannot be permanently disrupted by it; for sentiment alone supplies no better alternative for reconstruction, and men seek some sort of social state for individual protection.

Therefore the great element to be imported into modern literature, is the new philosophy of life based upon the accretions of science. But this is a slow business, and we see small signs of this new and valid ethical consciousness in the sentimental literature of the day. This is our objection to Utopias. They falsify the true aims of the new social thinking, which is based upon the facts of science and

* "Aristopia," by Castello N. Holford. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

history, and is not at all extravagant. These sentimentalists do more injury to the cause of social progress than all the Tories, whose philosophy is of the old-fashioned theological sort, that regards the classification of the facts of the natural world (which is the sole work of science, since it does not invent nature, but discovers her laws) as the work of diabolical wickedness. But if the discoveries of science were not influencing the minds of men there would be absolutely no hope or prospect of any social melioration, much less of any Utopia.

It is facts the world wants. We have had dreams and visions and vagaries enough. If facts cannot satisfy the sentimentalist and the visionary it is because their minds are diseased; for the true revelation of God, the unknown, the unknowable, is through facts, which hold poetry enough to perplex the greatest minds and leave the old, old problems of life and death unsolved and unsolvable.

But though the picturing of perfectly millennial conditions seems somewhat futile, criticism looking toward melioration is quite otherwise. Indeed this is the constructive and philosophical aim of history; and so a narrative of such a novel character as Mr. Castello N. Holford's "*Aristopia*," which is an imaginative criticism of history, is more interesting and reasonable to the average reader than the majority of Utopian romances that have appeared within recent years. The criticisms which the story makes through implication are more effective than the explicit condemnations of the ideal socialist's dream, or the indictment of the black picture of the pessimist's goblin-haunted night.

The main idea of the book is a perfectly original one, though now that we have it worked out it seems strange that amid all the social speculation of the time it has never been pressed into the service of the socialist philosophers before. But all original ideas are found to be very close to the ordinary trend of thought when once they are promulgated. After all that has been written, throwing Utopias on the screen of the future, from Plato's "*Republic*" and More's "*Utopia*" to "*Looking Backward*," we are surprised to find this domain, on the very confines of them all, unthought of and untouched until the moment the author of "*Aristopia*" throws it open to us. The style of the narrative is most successfully suited to its unfolding in the guise of history, and it awakens the reader's interest from the very beginning. It is no small achievement to impart an atmosphere of novelty and a stir of real life and excitement to a portrayal of social conditions embodying the ideals of social justice and equality. But "*Aristopia*" is an original conception, and the picture it gives of the founding and development of an ideal republic in Virginia in the seventeenth century holds that subtle verisimilitude to fact that so few Utopian imaginations can impart to their fantastic creations.

The story is not told in the fashion of most of our contemporary Utopian writers, who lose themselves in accounts of flying machines, etc., and really convey no definite ideas of the economic workings of their ideal states. "Aristopia" is not by any means confined to the actual history of the development of tools and social ideas, but it does not destroy its impression of possibility by taking us into a world in which the emphasis seems to be more upon the mechanism than upon the morality of society. The anachronisms are not so glaring as to excite the wonder of the average reader, and destroy all sense of reality—indeed the author is wise enough to only push the hands of the clock on a little bit, and he simply transfers some discoveries and inventions from those duly accredited in history to his hero, the ideal adventurer, Ralph Morton.

The author is especially happy in his style, which weaves the thread of Utopian romance into the narrative without destroying the atmosphere of the times in which the scenes are laid. The story is told in that subtle matter-of-fact style that looks at first so easy and is in reality so difficult to attain. The perfection of this style, a perfection which candor compels us to state is unapproached by Mr. Holford or any other modern writer, is the everlasting distinction of two of the greatest masters of sturdy English prose, Defoe and Dean Swift. This is the transubstantiation of common speech into something that impresses the mind as being infinitely finer than the prose that is fine from intention. Amid the palpable strain so evident in the bulk of contemporary literature it is refreshing to meet with a writer who is enamored of the old-fashioned ideal of robust simplicity, and we think this fashion could be more generally revived without detriment to the aims and purposes of literature. For while this is one of the most difficult forms of narrative, it is one that the least lends itself to insincerity, affectation, and the set pose and dogma of dilettanteism. The author's conspicuous success in a style so little in favor among contemporary writers is evidence of independence of the mere fashions of the day, and shows appreciation of the real elements of style, grossly misapprehended by the majority of readers, for whom style means rhetorical fireworks. This apotheosis of the style of commercial correspondence affords the most audacious sweep to the imagination, but it so logically orders the imaginings in the language of uninspired common sense that no realism can be more convincing.

"Aristopia" is the name given to a colony of English adventurers, founded in the seventeenth century in Virginia through the initiative and exertions of Ralph Morton, one of the adventurous spirits of that time, when England and Europe generally were sending out explorers and adventurers. But most of the adventurers of the time were inspired only by the greed of conquest, and were cruel and rapacious. The central figure of Aristopia—for he can scarcely be called the hero

in the conventional sense, since in the conventional sense the story has no plot, no love story, and no villain—Ralph Morton, is an idealist and reformer as well as a born leader and practical man of affairs, an explorer of science and philosophy as well as of strange seas and lands. Sir Thomas More spent his boyhood in the household of Cardinal Morton, who was an ancestor of Ralph Morton, the hero aforesaid, so that the ambitious and high-spirited young man became one of More's earliest adherents. Intended for the law or medicine, Ralph Morton's course in life was changed by the death of his father in one of Elizabeth's Spanish Wars, and as a young man of twenty he left England to seek his fortune in the service of the Virginia Company. He was naturally of studious habits of mind, but it was a time when all men's minds were filled with dreams of conquest and discovery, and when the irresistible desire for adventure under new and strange conditions of life often seized upon even the calmest and most scholarly minds. He was among the second shipment of colonists sent out to the infant colony at Jamestown, Virginia, which had been planted some seven months before.

It was not an El Dorado to which the young adventurer was introduced when the *Sea Gull* made fast alongside the village. The throng of people on the bank greeted the arrival of the vessel with every demonstration of joy, but before the commander, Captain Newport, got ashore he was conscious that some evil cloud was overshadowing the little colony which he had left about six months before in fair circumstances and with what seemed good prospects. Although the men were shouting with joy, it was rather the joy of prison-worn captives at the opening of their dungeon doors than joy in the progress of a great enterprise. He was surprised, too, to see so few—not half as many men as he expected. He hoped the rest were away at work in the woods, but he feared not.

As soon as possible he (Newport) sought out one of the council, a stalwart man with a rough, heavy beard and a face browned and seamed by a life of exposure and warfare in all the four quarters of the globe—the famous Captain John Smith—to learn what had passed in the colony during his absence. A good deal had happened.

When the ships had departed for England the colonists had been reduced to live on boiled wheat and barley, mouldy and wormy from "frying twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold," as Smith said: for the voyage out—of a piece with the folly of the whole enterprise—had been made by way of the Canaries and the West Indies, and they had loitered months in the tropical waters of those islands. No well had been dug, and the water of the river was warm, brackish, and impure. The site of the settlement was a low bank, surrounded with marshes, so that in warm weather there was a great deal of malaria. One of the council, Gosnold (the first English sea captain who had sense enough to sail straight across the Atlantic from Eng-

land to Virginia) had strongly opposed the site, well knowing the danger of malaria. He was among the first of the many who perished from its ravages. He had favored a location on a high bank twenty miles below Jamestown. Smith, being under arrest at the time, could not aid Gosnold in his protest, and so the colony started badly.

The president of the council, the vain, foolish, cowardly, jealous, greedy, and selfish Wingfield, weighed like an incubus upon the colony, as Smith wrote, "ingrossing to his private, Oatmeale, Sacke, Oyle, Aquavita, Beefe, Egges, or what not," and leaving the others to starve. At last the endurance of the colonists was worn out, and they deposed Wingfield and elected John Ratcliffe to the presidency; but the latter was little better than King Log. They lived on fish and crabs until September, when they managed to get some corn from the Indians. Instead of arriving in time to clear fields and plant crops in the spring, and raise some provisions as they had expected, by ill luck and folly combined they were five months upon the voyage, consuming their provisions. Nearly all the men were unused to labor, and the necessary work in building their houses and planting a stockade under such a burning sun as they had never seen in England had broken them down. Then chills and fever from malaria and bowel complaints from bad food and water seized upon them and carried off more than half their number.

Owing to the incompetence of the rest of the council Smith had to bear the brunt of the work. When he was at the settlement he was constantly urging the lazy fellows, who had never before done a day's manual labor, to the rude toil before the colony. It was a colony made up for the most part of worthless gallants and soldiers of fortune, who had been pressed into the service to escape from debt or prison or other ill destinies at home, or shipped by relatives who wanted to get rid of them. The one practical, masterful mind in the community was the old soldier, sailor, and adventurer, John Smith. It was under these discouraging and unhopeful circumstances that Ralph Morton began his career in America.

Through some careless, drunken, roystering freak the whole village was burned down, and then one of the men discovered a bed of sand, heavily charged with powdered iron pyrites, near the village. The glittering stuff was supposed to be gold and immediately the colony went wild. All other necessary labors were neglected. There was no talk but of digging gold, washing gold, refining gold, and loading gold. There were only two men in the camp whose heads were not turned. These were Smith and Morton. The latter had learned something about minerals, and pronounced the stuff sulphuret of iron.

The romance history of Aristopia was the result of an accidental discovery. The Virginia Company ordered that an expedition be

sent out to explore the Chesapeake. Captain Smith and fourteen men, among them Ralph Morton, set out on the unknown voyage in an open barge of three tons, rigged with a mast and sail, and sailed up the eastern side of the bay. A series of heavy storms delayed and nearly shipwrecked them, so that with bad and scanty food and exposure to the storms in their open boat several of the men fell sick.

The party came to an estuary seven miles broad, which the Indians called Patawomek, and as the sick men were in better spirits, they decided to explore this great river and sailed up it for days. At last, after passing a considerable branch that came in on the northeastern side, they found the river quite narrow, and soon came to some rapids over which they could not get their barge. Smith set out with eight men to explore the river for some distance above the rapids. Ralph Morton was among the six left in charge of the boat. As Ralph had developed considerable skill in marksmanship and had shown himself capable and trustworthy Smith gave him permission to go out a short distance for a hunt, cautioning him to look out for Indians. He set off up the creek and went much farther than he intended, and at last discovers a gold mine of immense wealth. Immediately the thought flashed into his mind what a great influence he could wield for social good if he could control all that wealth, instead of giving it up to the dissolute and worthless crowd at Jamestown and the selfish merchants in London.

So he concealed about fifteen pounds of the precious metal about him, enough to charter a bark and come back for the rest of it, and then replacing the loose earth upon the golden mass he covered it with leaves and stones, so that it was completely out of sight. After cutting some marks on the trees and taking the bearings of the mine from the creek he returned to the boat, and the party set sail for camp.

Ralph obtained permission to sail for England upon the next vessel homeward bound, and he left Jamestown and its fortunes forever.

Arrived in London the young man set himself energetically to work to perfect his plans in the most practical manner. He quietly disposed of his gold to the goldsmiths and then chartered a small bark for a voyage. He engaged his two brothers, Henry and Charles, to make the voyage to Virginia with him, but did not admit them to his confidence in regard to the gold mine. He told them he was going to trade with Indians for furs and load up a cargo of sassafras wood. After passing between the capes of the Chesapeake the bark entered the Potomac instead of the James, and Ralph bought furs from all the Indian villages along the river. He set the crew at work cutting such sassafras trees as grew along the banks, and then set out alone to continue operations at his mine. He found the place without difficulty. It had not been molested, and he set to work and soon

uncovered three great masses of gold. He found that the mine contained immensely greater wealth than he had at first dreamed of. He cut out all the gold he could carry alone, and covering up his work departed. He concluded to work entirely alone and keep the mine a secret even from his brothers. At first he had thought of sharing the mine with them, but as the possible vastness of the wealth occurred to him, certain vague plans began to outline themselves in his mind for an enterprise greater and more ambitious than any yet undertaken by adventurers and conquerors. In these plans he dared seek no confidant and wanted no equal partners who might block his schemes, and so he decided not to trust even his brothers. A few days' more labor, and he had stowed away a thousand pounds avoirdupois of gold in his cabin on board the bark. It was packed in boxes and covered with micaceous earth, so that he could open the boxes and allow anyone to inspect them without their suspecting anything of greater value than the earth.

Arrived in London the company's agent was easily deceived with the worthlessness of the glittering earth, and Ralph proceeded to put his wealth into a form in which he could dispose of it and use the proceeds. The gold was melted in secret and poured into bar moulds of about seven hundred troy ounces each. On the bottoms of the moulds were engraved the words: "Casa de Moneda real. Ciudad de Méjico" (Royal mint, city of Mexico), to make it appear that the gold came from Mexico. Then selling his gold for ready money he repaired to the officers of the Virginia Company and proposed to them to buy a grant of land to be bounded by the arc of a circle whose centre was at the head of tidewater on the Potomac, that part of the circle only lying on the left bank of the river. For this he proposed to pay the company fifteen hundred pounds.

The treasurer was suspicious. The company was always hoping for news of a discovery of gold or other precious metals. "Why do you choose that particular spot?" he asked. "Captain Smith says the cliffs there look in places as if sprinkled with silver."

"Captain Smith sent you a load of that glittering earth and you did not get a grain of silver out of it. The spot I want lies at the head of navigation of a broad river, and such I deem a fit place for a city."

The treasurer was deceived and thought the young man a visionary. As Ralph was to take out a colony at his own expense, and as the Jamestown colony had already cost the company many thousands of pounds, the only return for which had been two or three cargoes of cedar-wood, the company was not loth to take fifteen hundred pounds of good gold and give Morton a grant in fee simple of the soil, waters, forests, and minerals, with the power of lieutenant governor in the local government of the colony, the general government subordinate to the Virginia Council.

Ralph Morton's scheme had been developing rapidly in his mind

during this stay in London while negotiations were pending, and he finally determined not merely to found a new colony, but to found Aristopia, "the best place," a new state, upon entirely new principles.

He now set about procuring colonists, looking for them among the laboring masses — the peasantry and the other industrial classes — instead of among the dissolute gentry from which the Jamestown colony had been recruited. The most difficult consideration in the selection of emigrants was the necessity of reconciling antagonistic religious beliefs and securing that full religious tolerance which Morton was determined should obtain in his colony. It was a time in which religious struggles ran high. England was a hotbed of the fiercest intolerance and bigotry. But Morton was philosopher enough to see that all these contentious sects were far from being actuated with the spirit of the teachings of Christ, and he wanted peace in his colony. He therefore determined to shut out the extremists and intractables as long as possible, and selected, as most of his emigrants, indifferent adherents of the Church of England, among whom religious tolerance could be developed and sustained. Thus the extreme Catholics and the extreme Puritans were not taken, although the moderate Catholics were welcomed.

The colony lost no time in building cabins and houses, and a fortification as a protection against the Indians, and this first village was called Mortonia. The gold from the mine enabled Morton to buy more and more territory and ship more and more emigrants from every quarter of Europe, and in a few years the name Aristopia was adopted as the general name of the state and territory occupied by this numerous people.

After obtaining from the Virginia Company a grant of land extending along the Potomac from the eastern branch to the source of the river, Morton sought King James and obtained a charter. The South Virginia Company had a charter for the region extending from the thirty-fourth to the fortieth parallel and one hundred miles from the coast. Morton asked a charter for the region (besides the five-mile belt along the Potomac from the eastern branch to the source of the river) extending from the thirty-eighth to the forty-first parallel, and from the crest of the highest range of the mountains of Virginia to the South Sea. And so the complaisant James, who granted his request, gave him the dominion of a vast empire. This range Morton assured the king was more than a hundred and fifty miles from the coast. The American continent was then thought by the English to be very narrow, and the South Sea not very far beyond the mountains. Morton, who had made an expedition beyond the mountains and desired to intrench his new state in the interior, took care that no account of the expedition should reach England. This, in spite of the fact that the explorations of De Soto along the lower

Mississippi and of Coronado and Caboza de Valca in New Mexico had long been published, was very strange. The French explorers were very much more enterprising and adventurous, and with a juster idea of the extent of the country were desirous of obtaining dominion over the interior. And yet many English navigators had seen the vast volume of fresh water poured down by the St. Lawrence, which they might have known could only be drained from a great continent.

Morton and his heirs and successors were constituted absolute lords and proprietors of the region. Morton's proprietorship was of the soil, mines, forests, and waters, and the fish in them. He was also to have authority in religious affairs "as any Bishop of Durham within the bishopric or county palatine of Durham." He and his heirs were given power to make laws, with the advice, assent, and approbation of the freemen of the province or their delegates, and ordinances for cases of emergency, "so, nevertheless, that the laws and ordinances aforesaid be consonant to reason, and be not repugnant or contrary to, but (so far as conveniently may be) agreeable to the laws, statutes, customs, and rights of this our kingdom of England."

From this point the author deals with history down to the Revolution and the establishment of the vast republic of Aristopia, with the fantastic license of romance, but everything is related with a simplicity that reads like a plain recital of leading facts. The government and progress of Aristopia are shown in detail. The growth of villages and outposts throughout the domain finally reached beyond the mountains, and the capital city of the community was removed to the head of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, and the settlements stretched away out to the Mississippi. These are some of the liberties the author takes with history, but it all seems very probable and real in his hands. Then again he gives the substance of history, as in his account of the Revolutionary War, with such coloring and fantastic amendments as promote the happiness and fortunes of his favored Aristopians.

Thus Governor Morton rather discounted some more recent history with which we are familiar. He foresaw the evils attending negro slavery, as well as recognized its injustice and inhumanity, and procured a constitutional amendment declaring that slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, should never exist in Aristopia. Considering the depraved public sentiment regarding slavery then existing in England, this position was one of extraordinary courage; and if only Aristopia had been a fact, what a bitter black blot in history would have been wiped out! As was to be expected, in its relations with England no other law of Aristopia was so hard to enforce as this; and the author does not explain why such

an overturning of the English law did not result in harsh measures being resorted to. But we need not harry the romantic historian, who so pleasantly gives us an account of human progress which we can contemplate without heartsickness, and who so agreeably interweaves facts and fancies and anachronisms that we actually get a glimpse of that America of milk and honey of which we have heard so much in song and story and of which we have seen so little.

Aristopia, more truly than the America whose history we know, became the refuge of the poor and oppressed of all the peoples of earth. No disillusionment awaited them. There were peace and plenty and security for all. Under Aristopian rule there were no democratic ironies. It was a social compact of intelligence, not a mere government by counting heads to save the trouble of breaking them.

The pages telling the later romance history of Aristopia are very interesting for the fashion in which the Revolution finally spreads the influence of Aristopia throughout the length and breadth of the colonies. We put the book down with a sense of the irony of the real ending of this experiment in democracy, and the wonder recurs that in the face of reality any can hope for Utopia in all sincerity. But Aristopia, in showing the real barrenness of our much-vaunted progress and civilization, with its burdens of crime and misery, and its mockery of the destinies of the masses, paints a contrast that suggests to the thoughtful that without a deep sense of moral obligation in society all religion, political freedom, and progress are mere empty bubbles on the surface. And the world will never be what it could be for *any* because we do not seek to make it all it could be for *all*.

W. B. HARTE.

A MARKET FOR AN IMPULSE.*

If the reader has ever spent any enchanted days in any of the older New England towns that have escaped the ugly and harsh touch of progress, with its sooty factory chimneys and its grim and miserable army of dependents—say Concord, Marblehead, or Plymouth—he is in the social atmosphere of this story at once. There is no doubt of it. We have the whole scene given us in a few deft touches. The little huddled-up High Street, the winding hill, the scattered houses of the well-to-do people, the little knots of idlers around the hotel and the town hall and the depot. And beyond and all round the hills. All this is more subtly suggested than painted in detail in the opening chapter of the book.

Life in these delightful somnolent old New England towns seems to run more smoothly than in the great cities, and men's idiosyn-

* "A Market for an Impulse," by William Whittemore Tufts. Cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

crasies have more room for natural development. In the city men lose their individuality and become part of a vast social mechanism. The struggle for existence wears away the sharp angles of peculiar temperaments and leads to the suppression of all emotion that will unfit men to play the game relentlessly with relentless opponents. Though of course human nature is the same under all skies it does seem that men are not so moulded by the fear of to-morrow in smaller places as they are in the cities. Thus idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of character seem to be more marked and more abundant in small places than in cities like New York, Chicago, and Boston. Certainly in country towns men appear to be less entirely absorbed in the scramble to get on, and that encourages an independence of character which differentiates the man from his business.

At any rate, in the town of Skye, to which the reader is introduced in "A Market for an Impulse," we get those interesting contrasts of character which we feel could not exist very well out of this social atmosphere. Certainly we should not expect to find them in New York or Boston drawing-rooms. Their good manners are those of naturalness, not those of fashion. But it must not be thought that they are of that transparent simplicity with which conventional fiction and poetry have familiarized us. The deepest of all subtleties are those of nature, especially when pride and diffidence would dissemble love. In a word, artifice comes by nature. And as the author admirably shows, the drama of life is as real and fateful, if less intense, on this smaller stage, as it is on larger ones where the stakes and struggles may be greater.

The title of the book may puzzle some readers for a moment. It is an excellent one, and puts us into the proper mood in which to read the story after a moment's reflection. Its unhackneyed, unusual freshness gives the key to the intellectual and sympathetic qualities which permeate the whole story. If we stop to think a moment the best elements in our lives and characters are our generous native impulses for truth and justice, which after bitter experiences and disillusionments we learn to put aside as hot-headed folly. We learn expediency and worldly wisdom, because experience teaches us that offering opposition to injustice and wrong only lands us in estrangement and friendlessness and necessity. There is no market for impulses. All the forces of society are against the man who would act his life throughout upon his quick apprehension of right and wrong. The great question is self-interest—expediency; the question of right and wrong should only enter into remote abstract questions of doctrinal belief, and so on. But to tangle one's impulses up with one's moral perceptions, so that acquiescence becomes suffocation, silence a crime, and a lie impossible, is to deliberately declare for a place in that army of the seedy and battered and disreputable which has thrown away its *opportunities* in life and ends its days in

beggary and squalor. A man who after considering all the evidence, is forced, at a mature age, to conclude that he cannot trust his will to combat his impulses, that he cannot reconcile his sympathies and Jesuitry, that he cannot lie for the mere sake of conformity, that he cannot strangle his indignation at wrong, is under the strongest moral obligation not to marry. Indeed, he should keep control of himself long enough to save enough to buy some stout cord and then go and hang himself to the nearest lamp-post. *There is no use or place for an honest man in this world.* That is the deliberate opinion of every reflecting world-wise sage, who just keeps his eyes open. At the very least all extravagantly honest men should remain celibate. They have no sort of moral right to curse the innocent by bringing them into a life of misery, perhaps, through the influence of heredity, morally unfit for social survival.

But Mr. William Whittemore Tufts in his story succeeds in finding a market for his man of impulse, and we will return to his story. We must remark, however, since the conclusion of Mr. Tufts' story would seem to invalidate the deliberate verdict of worldly wisdom, that the market he finds for the man of impulse and his ideals is the matrimonial market. This market does not always hold the salvation of the soul. But in the accidents of life it is possible for a young woman to be beautiful and lovable and loving as well as rich, and the man of impulse in this case is blessed to the full extent of his deserts by winning the woman he loves, and with her the luxury of a loquacious conscience.

Peyton Wade, the man of impulse, the principal character in the story, is drawn with unusual skill and certainty, and he fascinates the reader at once, and holds his or her attention and interest and sympathy to the end. He is a man who stands for truth, justice, and right, no matter what the consequences may be. He acts upon impulse, and cares nothing for self-interest or expediency. He is a young lawyer without clients or resources, in debt, and with his way to make. But his straightforwardness and plain-speaking on public questions do not recommend him to the favor of those in place and power in the little town, and his best friends said of him that he had ability, but was too impolitic to succeed. "He takes no account of policy and acts on impulse. A man like that will never get a law practice," one of his critics says of him. And immediately the reader is interested, for in the everyday world men of impulse are almost unknown.

The man of impulse calls upon his friend, Dr. Chickering, who is as much in need of patients as he is of clients, and asks him to help a certain poor sick woman who has found shelter under the roof of another woman, a Mrs. Haverell, almost as destitute as herself. Dr. Chickering advises him not to make any appeal to the select-men of the town, as it will only lead to a fuss, and then Wade's landlord will

want to collect his back rent—an embarrassing contingency. However, he seeks Hilland Hilworthy, one of the leading men of the town, the administrator of the "Hazzard Fund" for the poor. He goes to the great man's house, and some hot words pass, for Mr. Hilworthy refuses to give anything out of the fund and he has reasons of his own for wishing to avoid an investigation as to how and for whose benefit the funds have been applied. Margaret Hilworthy, the sister of Hilland, however, has some property rights of her own, and she gives the young lawyer her estates to look after.

A peculiar will, left by Miss Hilworthy's eccentric uncle, Ashael Hilworthy, involves the playing of "Romeo and Juliet" by a company of amateurs made up out of the residents of the town. If the play is well played and satisfies a committee of critics, a great hall is to be given to the town; if it is ill played a certain person named in the bequest is to get it. Such conditions give the author plenty of room for much humorous and brilliant by-play that adds considerably to the brightness of the love story.

Towne, Wade's landlord, is his rival for the affections of Miss Hilworthy, but the young lady, with the reader, is in love with the man who follows his impulse—and that, fortunately for her peace of mind, is to love her with all the strength of a frank, cordial, generous, aboveboard nature. They play Romeo and Juliet together, and in the rehearsals learn their love for each other and play with genuine feeling and passion. A cloud comes over their happiness through the wanton mischief of a knave hired by Margaret's brother to poison her mind against her lover, but all comes out happily in the end, one sunny summer's afternoon.

The dialogue is especially smart and natural and sparkling, reminding the reader here and there in its bright epigrammatic turns of George Meredith's playful cut and thrust, and again of Charlotte Brontë's keen and deft fixing of moods and character in the exchange of everyday topics, used to subtly touch deeper themes. It glides lightly over the deeper springs of human thought and conduct, and reveals, as few contemporary writers can, the dramatic intensity of the psychological tragedy of life beneath its apparent round of monotony. The story, too, has incident and spirit, and moves quickly. It is distinctly clever and quite out of the ordinary run of fiction. All the characters have reality and force, and the author shows great skill in lighting up unusual types. The story, too, is very original in theme, and the whole shows literary attainments of a high order.

W. B. HARTE.

GLADSTONE: A STUDY FROM LIFE.*

In Mr. Lucy's study of the life of Gladstone we have a work written in a clear, easy, and delightful manner which cannot fail to

* "Gladstone: A Study from Life," by Henry W. Lucy. Cloth, pp. 254; frontispiece, picture of Gladstone; price \$1.25. Roberts Bros., Boston.

interest the reader as much as an equally able work of fiction, while it possesses the added value of being helpful and instructive. Biography, especially when it deals with the noble figures of history, holds a special value for the young. It is character-moulding in its influence. Unconsciously the ideal produced in the mind by the story of the life portrayed lives in the thought-world of the reader. We are all largely what our ideals make us, and from the lives of the noble, brave, and good we draw an inspiration which becomes a part of us. This very important fact has been generally overlooked by parents and teachers in the past. I would have the library of every child liberally provided with well written biographies of those who have helped the world onward and upward; the civilization promoters of all times.

Mr. Gladstone, although one of the noblest figures in the world of contemporaneous statescraft, is by no means a faultless man. He has made many grave and painful errors during his long and on the whole illustrious public career. He sympathized with the South during the slavery agitation. On the subject of woman's enfranchisement he is far behind a number of his conservative opponents, and many times the unbiased student is forced to feel that at important moments the great commoner has evinced more of the politician than the statesman. Nevertheless, the general trend of his life, his thoughts, and his acts has been upward and onward. In his family relations also he has given us a splendid illustration of noble manhood; hence his life will prove an inspiration to the young.

Mr. Lucy has had exceptionally favorable opportunities for making an authentic and readable sketch, owing to his intimate relations with Gladstone for more than twenty years; and the work is enlivened by many personal notes and reminiscences which add greatly to the charm of the volume. The life of Gladstone is in a large degree the political history of England for the past two generations; and in this work Mr. Lucy, while giving a graphic and striking picture of the great Liberal, also presents in a kaleidoscopic way great historic passages during the stirring scenes of the past sixty years. This book ought to have a wide sale. It will interest all lovers of good literature and will prove of special value to the young.

B. O. FLOWER.

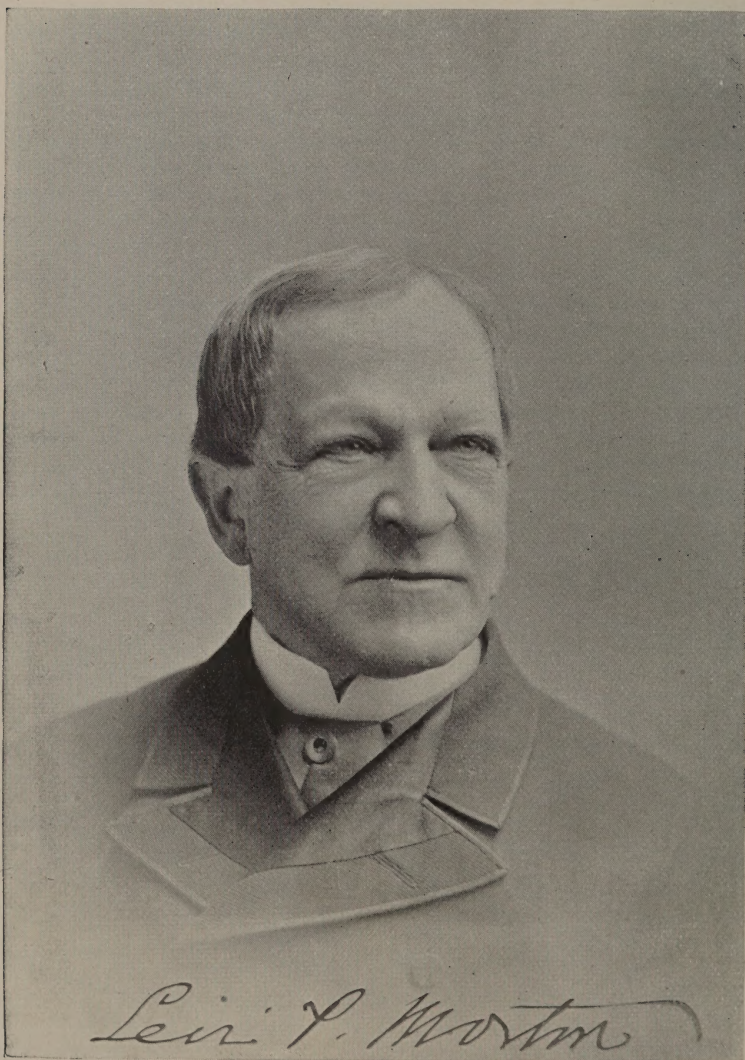
THE POWER OF SILENCE.*

The present period of change and mental activity has produced many works of value to those who are seeking self-culture or strength through self-mastery. A new work of this nature, written by Horatio W. Dresser and entitled "The Power of Silence," impresses me as being of real value. It is dignified and thoughtful, and while

* "The Power of Silence," by Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, pp. 219; price \$1.50. George H. Ellis, Boston, Mass.

thoroughly philosophical is also eminently practical. The parents of the author were pioneers among the successful metaphysicians of our time, and, aside from their success in the treatment of disease, they gave strength and dignity to the new truths by their superior mental grasp and their exposition of a philosophy but little understood by the intellectual world. From these superior parents the author received what so few children inherit or possess—the right kind of prenatal and postnatal conditions. A liberal education has developed his naturally strong mind, and in perusing his book I have many times thought of Emerson, although there is no suggestion of imitation; and Mr. Dresser, while lacking some of the finish of the Sage of Concord, seems to me to be more direct and practical in his thought. Persons interested in rational metaphysical conceptions will find this volume stimulating and helpful. It deals with the life which now is in a broad and vital way. It aims to develop character and to give the individual that self-poise which comes only from a knowledge of the hidden depths of the true self. It is singularly free from anything of a visionary nature and will appeal to men and women of conviction who have hitherto taken small interest in metaphysical thought. If this first book of Mr. Dresser's is an earnest of what is to follow he will become a power among the constructive workers of the new time.

B. O. FLOWER.



THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, WHO SIGNED THE BANNER
AGE-OF-CONSENT BILL.



THE ARENA.

No. LXIX.

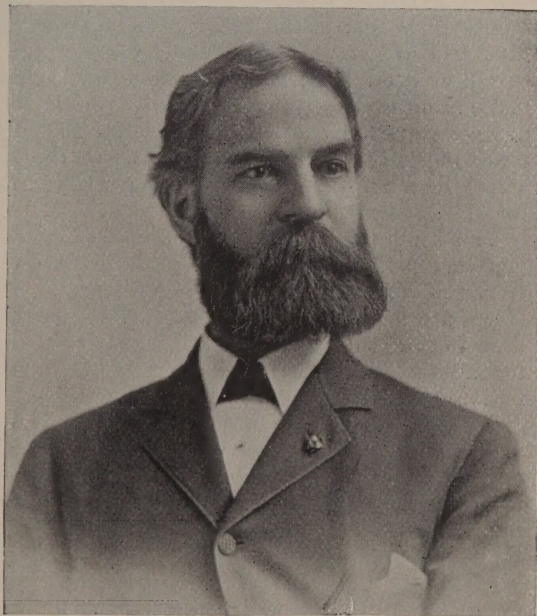
AUGUST, 1895.

A BATTLE FOR SOUND MORALITY, OR THE HISTORY OF RECENT AGE-OF-CONSENT LEGISLATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

PART I. THE VICTORY IN NEW YORK, ARIZONA, AND IDAHO.

In dealing with the question of the so-called "age of consent" (which might better be called the age of protection), I wish to state at the outset that I shall not consider it in the usual way, that is to say, as legislation in the interest of morality, *per se*. What our religious and moral views may be, depends very largely upon accident of location, birth, or training, and these vary widely among equally good citizens. Nor do I believe it wise or possible to legislate morals into



HON. GEORGE W. BRUSH, M. D.

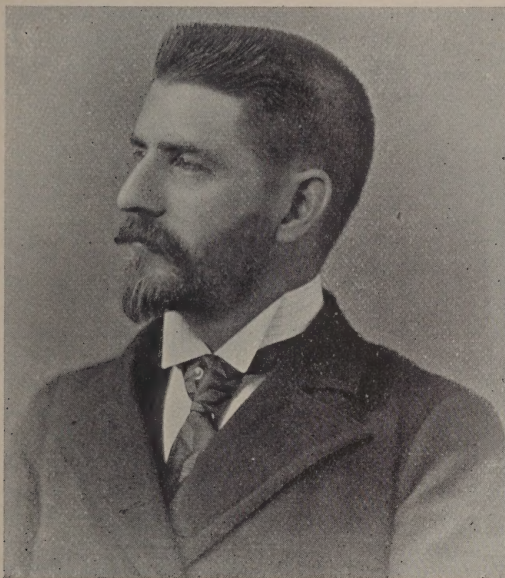
AUTHOR OF THE NEW YORK AGE-OF-CONSENT BILL.

people. In one sense a law against theft is moral legislation ; so is a law against arson or murder ; but it is not *because* of the moral quality of such acts that we make laws to control those who steal or burn or murder. It is primarily because we wish to protect against violence the property and lives of the citizens of the state. It is because property-holders object to incendiarism and theft, and all men object to being murdered ; so that this moral legislation has a natural basis, inherent in the very fabric of life and citizenship, quite aside from the right or wrong of the acts from a religious or a moral point of view — a basis that is far firmer, deeper, and more universal than any one faith or than any single code of ethics.

This is equally true of the legislation sought in the interest of the girl-children of America. They have a right to legal protection of their persons, which is more imperative by far than is the protection which every state has recognized as a matter beyond controversy when applied to a girl's property or her ability to make contracts, deeds, and wills, or to her control of herself in any matters which are of importance to her as an individual, and to the state, because she is one of its citizens whose future welfare is a matter of moment to the commonwealth. The law guards girls against the immaturity of their own judgment. It says : " Until you are twenty-one years of age you may not buy or sell or deed property ; you have not sufficient judgment to make important contracts, and until you have this, the law will protect you even against yourself ; for this matter is of importance not only to you and yours, but to the state in which you are to be a helpful or a harmful or a burdensome unit henceforth."

This same position the state takes in regard to a girl's legal marriage. Experience shows that the children of mothers who were too young have not a fair birthright. The mothers themselves are too immature to give safe and healthy and sound children to the state. Then, too, the cruelty of immature maternity to the mother herself has been held (in the more civilized nations) as a matter of serious moment.

Now, in regard to unmarried motherhood, or prostitution outside of wedlock, the state has temporized with the abnormally developed sex-perversion and cravings of the dominant sex until the danger to the state and to society is very real and all-pervading ; until famous physicians and alienists everywhere declare that " not one family in ten can show a clean heredity, free from the poison of the vilest disease known to the race " ; until the " civilized " countries are filled with epileptics, syphilitics, imbeciles, sex-perverts, and consumptives, and the insane asylums expand to alarming proportions ; until prisons are crowded with criminals

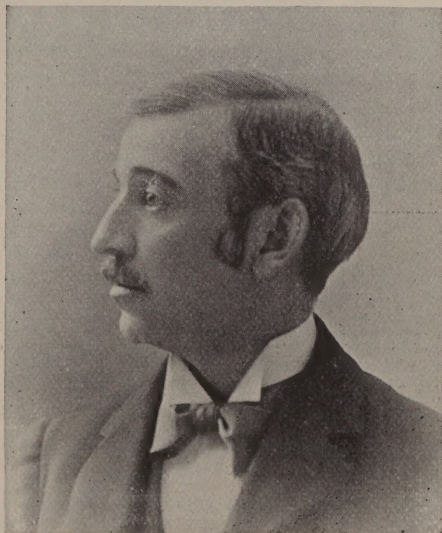


HON. BAXTER C. SMELZER, M. D.
SENATOR, OF NEW YORK.

transmitted and retransmitted until its proportions appall those who understand. Now it is our contention, first, that these children, for and because of their own right to a fair chance in life to be well and happy and successful, are themselves entitled to protection, if need be, from even their own ignorance or desire in this matter as in matters of property, contracts, or marriage, and second, that in the interest of public health and future generations, it is of vast importance to the state to protect

who were born with vice in their blood; until paupers, the offspring of outcasts, burden the state and curse — they know not what.

It is notoriously true that brothels and vice-factories get their recruits from the ranks of childhood — from the ignorance which is unprotected by law. These children's lives are wrecked, and the state is burdened with disease and vice and crime and insanity, which is



HON. D. E. AINSWORTH, OF NEW YORK.

her children in this matter also (even against their own wishes) until their own judgments may be supposed to have matured sufficiently for the state to say; "Now you must choose for yourself and *take the consequences*. If you choose now to pollute yourself and the public fountain of health, I cannot interfere, *unless* you use violence upon others, *until* you become in one form or another a public charge. With your morals, as such, I have nothing to do; but with your capacity and willingness to add to the volume of crime, vice, disease, insanity, and mortality, I *have* something to do, and I will protect myself, also. Until you were of mature age and judgment, I also protected you even against yourself."

This is the position of those of us who urge immediate legislation in every state upon the "age of consent." That most of the writers who have taken part in the agitation have not based their arguments wholly upon this scientific and natural basis is doubtless due to the fact that this form of legislation appeals strongly to many who are accustomed to look upon all such matters from a religious or philanthropic point of view. It has been the policy of the ARENA to let each writer give his or her own views and arguments as he or she saw fit. But the state of New York struck the basic principle and keynote when her two State Medical Associations* (Allopathic and Homœopathic) passed resolutions asking for this legislation "in the interest of public health and clean heredity," in the interest of future generations as well as in that of the unfortunate children whom its protection will save from the physical hell which they do not understand is in store for them and from the social degradation which is also inevitable, and as cruel and relentless as the folds of a python.

The great Empire State passed this measure with but one dissenting vote (Mr. John P. Madden),† and now stands in the

* MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

F. C. CURTIS, M. D., Secretary, No. 17 Washington Avenue.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 15, 1895.

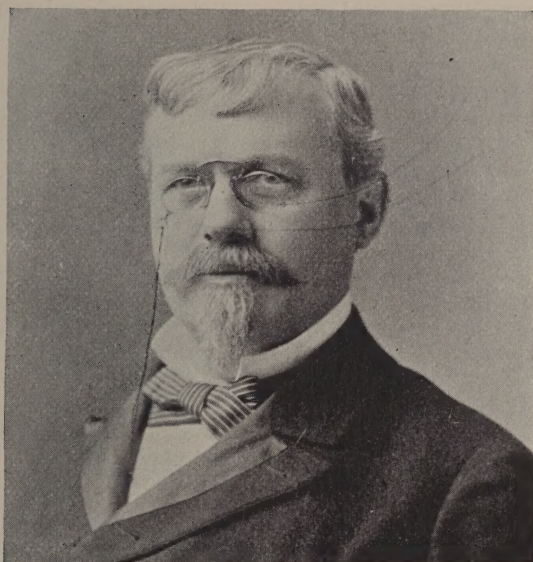
Your letter addressed to me March 30, as President of the New York State Medical Society at New York, City came to hand recently through Dr. George W. Brush of the Assembly. I have only to say in regard to the action of this society in reference to the proposed legislation limiting the legal age of consent to eighteen years, that the resolution of which your letter contains a copy was offered in the society at its annual meeting in February, by Dr. George W. Brush, a delegate to the society from the Kings County Medical Society, and member of assembly. *It was adopted without dissent and referred to the committee on legislation.*

Yours respectfully,

F. C. CURTIS.

The same action was taken by the Homœopathic State Society, but I have not been able to reach its President.—H. H. G.

† Names of those who voted in the negative in assembly: First vote—Jacob L. Ten Eyck, John J. Cain, James A. Donnelly, Samuel J. Foley, Daniel J. Gleason, John P. Corrigan, John A. Hennessy, Henry J. Staley. Final vote—John P. Madden. All who voted in the negative were Democrats.



SENATOR EUGENE F. O'CONNOR.
CHAIRMAN OF JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF NEW YORK.

front rank not only in what she did, but because of the broad and comprehensive basis upon which her action rested. I am pleased to give a full report of the action in New York, and also to give the pictures of a few of those to whom the Empire State owes a debt which reaches far into the future. Many whose names and pictures are not given deserve almost equal credit, but it is impossible in these pages to go more into detail. In a pamphlet for future educational work this may be done.

NEW YORK.

1. *Brief of Dr. George W. Brush, on Bill Increasing Age of Consent to Eighteen Years in New York.*

This bill was introduced by request. I offer no apology for its introduction. I wish I could make its provisions stronger, and hope for its passage.

It is a bill in the interests of morality and the uplifting of society. It throws an additional safeguard around the American home. It is a bill to limit an evil which causes more misery and shame than any other, with perhaps the one exception of the abuse of alcoholic stimulants. It is a bill to protect our sis-

ters and daughters in their innocent childhood and until they shall have arrived at an age when they will know more of their obligations to society and the world.

It is a bill which, if it becomes a law — as I believe it will by the votes of the legislature of this state — will place the great state of New York in the van upon this question and lift higher the standard of purity and morality. Anything which does that makes better citizens, helps the state, and brings a larger degree of happiness to our people. It is the manifest duty of every member of this house to so act that laws may be passed that will preserve the integrity of our institutions; and any measure which comes before us that is a step forward and upward should meet with our cordial support. Such a measure I believe this one to be, and so believing I was glad to be honored by being asked to present it.

This bill is backed by some of the most influential scientific bodies in this state, who have urged upon us its passage. The New York State Medical Society, which met in this city on Feb. 5, 6, and 7, by a unanimous vote passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the proposed legislation limiting the legal age of consent in this state to eighteen years instead of sixteen is a measure calculated to limit the social evil, with its attendant diseases and physical as well as moral degradation; therefore,

Resolved, That the proposed legislation meets with the cordial support and approval of the Medical Society of the State of New York.

The above resolutions were proposed to the Medical Society of the State of New York at its annual meeting held in Albany, Feb. 5, 6, 7, 1895, and were unanimously passed.

(Signed) FREDERICK C. CURTIS, M. D., *Secretary*.

The New York State Homœopathic Medical Society unanimously passed similar resolutions at its meeting one week later. Other organizations and societies have added their voices of approval to these.

Why should the law permit the most precious jewel of womanhood to be bartered or given away before its possessor can legally convey real estate? Why should our daughters be subjected to the perils of the approaches of the "wolves in sheep's clothing" who entice them unwittingly to their destruction, and the brutes be privileged to hide themselves under the cloak of the law?

It is a significant fact that, in the only two states in this great nation where women are privileged to vote, the age of consent is the highest, thus showing what woman will do to lift the standard of purity in politics if she is given the vote.

It ought not to be necessary for me to make any lengthy argument in such a body as this on such a question; there cannot be



MISS FLORENCE FAIRVIEW.
INDEPENDENT WORKER, NEW YORK.

any good reasons advanced against its passage. I do not see how any man can vote against this bill and go home and face his mother, his wife, or his sister without a blush of shame. I ask you therefore, gentlemen of this assembly, on behalf of the medical profession which I represent, in behalf of all who love purity and truth, to pass this just measure by a unanimous vote, and by thus doing place the great state of New York among those which have registered themselves in favor of a larger protection to womanhood.

II. Copy of Bill Passed.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

No. 667, 786, 1068, 2345.

Int. 575.

IN ASSEMBLY,

February 7, 1895.

Introduced by Mr. BRUSH — read once and referred to the committee on codes, reported favorably from said committee with amendments, reprinted, placed on the order of second reading and referred to the committee on revision, reported from said committee without recommendations and ordered to a third reading, amended on third reading and reprinted, further amended and ordered reprinted.

AN ACT

To amend the penal code in relation to the age of consent.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows :

Section 1. Subdivision five of section two hundred and seventy-eight of the penal code is hereby amended to read as follows:

5. When she is, at the time, unconscious of the nature of the act, and this is known to the defendant, or when she is in the custody of the law, or of any officer thereof, or in any place of lawful detention, temporary or permanent, is guilty of rape in the first degree and punishable by imprisonment for not more than twenty years. A person who perpetrates an act of sexual intercourse with a female, not his wife, under the age of eighteen years, under circumstances not amounting to rape in the first degree, is guilty of rape in the second degree, and punishable with imprisonment for not more than ten years.

§ 2. Subdivisions one and four of section two hundred and eighty-two of the penal code are hereby amended to read as follows:

1. Takes, receives, employs, harbors or uses, or causes or procures to be taken, received, employed or harbored or used, a female under the age of eighteen years, for the purpose of prostitution; or, not being her husband, for the purpose of sexual intercourse; or without the consent of her father, mother, guardian or other person having legal charge of her person, for the purpose of marriage; or,

4. Being parent, guardian or other person having legal charge of the person of a female under the age of eighteen years, consents to her taking or detaining by any person for the purpose of prostitution or sexual intercourse.

§ 3. This act shall take effect on the first day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

The above is the form in which the bill was passed. The vote in the assembly the first time was 81 ayes to 8 nays; in the senate, 22 ayes to 0 nays. On the final vote, the bill having been slightly altered, the vote in the assembly was 81 ayes, 1 nay; in the Senate the bill passed unanimously. The governor signed the bill April 27.

III. The History of the Bill.

ALBANY, April 30, 1895.

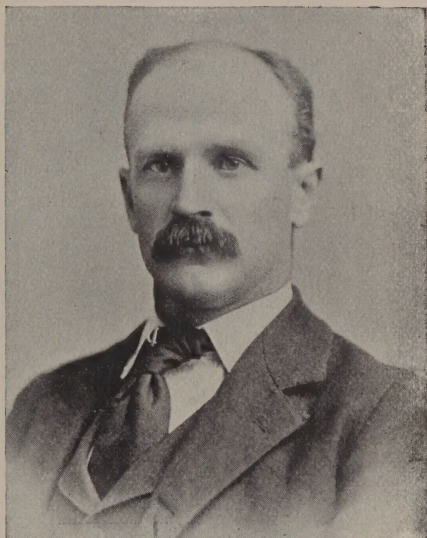
Enclosed is a copy of the bill as finally passed and signed by the governor last Saturday, April 27.

Let me say that the bill has had an earnest advocate in one of your own sex, Miss Florence Fairview, who has been active and zealous in its behalf and is entitled to much credit for its final success.

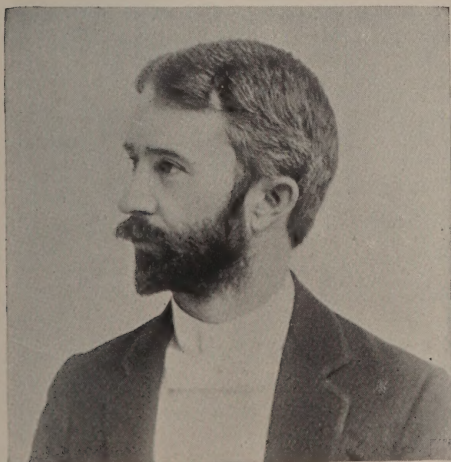
The day of its introduction was the day of the meeting of the New York State Medical Society in this city, and being a delegate to that society from my county it occurred to me that it would be a great help to have the endorsement of that body; accordingly I wrote the resolution a copy of which I sent you, and the next morning, in a conference with the president and secretary, found them in full accord with me. The resolution was presented, accompanied by a few appropriate remarks, and was unanimously passed. Obtaining a certified copy of it I was armed for future work. It so happened that the very next week the Homœopathical Medical Society of the state also met in Albany.

Coming up in the train I chanced to meet the secretary, with whom I was acquainted, and showing him a copy of the resolution, asked him to put it before his society, which he did, and it was passed by that society also.

The bill has had a somewhat varied experience, for while there has been no serious open opposition to it, there have been risks which ought not to have been incurred, and a state-



HON. WILLIAM C. BARNES, OF ARIZONA.



HON. ANCIL MARTIN, M. D., OF ARIZONA.

TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.

United States of America, ss.
Territory of Arizona.

Chas W. Bruce

Secretary of the Territory of Arizona, do hereby certify that
the within copy is a true and complete transcript of the

House Bill - 91
of the
Sixteenth Legislative Assembly
of
Arizona.

filed in this office
the *26* day of *March* A. D. 1895
at *3* o'clock, P. M. as provided by law.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed
my official seal. Done at the city of Phoenix
on this *26th* day of *March* 1895.

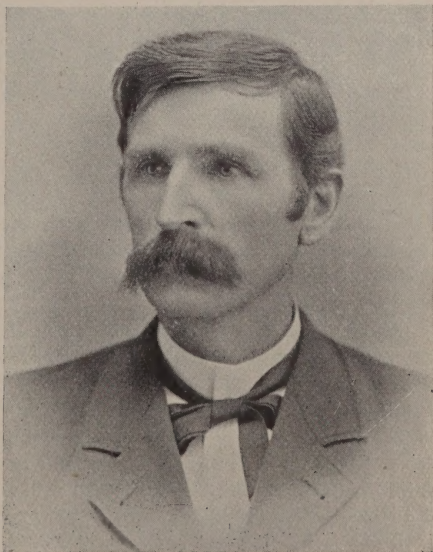
Chas W. Bruce
Secretary of the Territory



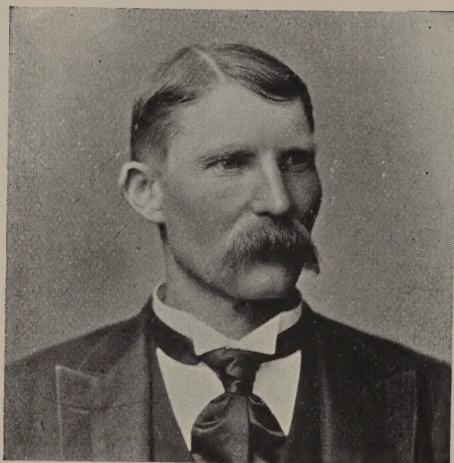
ment of them may be of value in future to others. First, the bill was introduced almost simultaneously in the house and senate. Then some over-zealous friends gave a similar bill to two other gentlemen, and after my bill had been reported out of committee and passed in the assembly, one of the other bills was reported and passed in the senate, and not being identical, one had to give way. In the meantime my bill went to the senate and was passed, and the senate bill was in the assembly committee. In the final form in which my bill was printed and went to the governor one important word was plural instead of singular, and the result was that the bill had to be recalled from the governor, amended, and repassed by both assembly and senate.

My suggestion, therefore, to the friends of this work in other states would be that great care be exercised. Give the measure into the hands of one man only, and let him urge it to final success. The history of the New York bill shows that the assembly passed it twice, and the senate practically three times. This alone would defeat a measure where there was much opposition.

The gentlemen who have aided me in carrying this bill to a successful issue are Hon. Baxter C. Smelzer, M. D., of the senate, and Hon. Danforth E. Ainsworth, of the assembly, the leader of the house. I should also mention the services of Senator Eugene F. O'Connor, the chairman of the judiciary committee, before which committee the measure was considered in the senate. There has been little opposition, however, and no argument on the floor. The work has been done quietly by talking with individual members. I am proud to say that the gentlemen of the New York legislature have needed but little persuasion to see the justice of this measure. One of the weightiest arguments has been that a girl should not legally surrender her most precious possession without her parents' con-



HON. M. R. MOORE, OF ARIZONA.



HON. ROBERT NEILL, OF IDAHO.

sent until she could legally marry without that consent; or, in other words, that, until the law declares a woman to be old enough to choose for herself, it shall be a crime to despoil her of that which the law supposes she is not old enough to know the value of, nor to estimate the consequences of its loss. One of those who voted against the measure on its first passage yielded to this argument and voted for the measure on its second

and final passage. The vote on its final passage in both houses was practically unanimous, only one vote being recorded in the negative, that of John P. Madden, of Queens.

I trust the advance step which New York has taken in this matter will be an incentive to other states to fall into line, and thus lift the standard of purity and public health throughout the nation.

Very cordially and sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. BRUSH, M. D.,

Assemblyman, Seventh District, Kings Co., N. Y. State.

ALBANY, May 8, 1895.

I thank you for your words of appreciation. As a rule this is forgotten. Those who work hard to accomplish a result if they succeed must be content with the satisfaction which comes with final triumph; and I have taken peculiar pleasure in this piece of legislative work, for I have earnestly believed in its righteousness.

As to your questions: The age of majority for the conveyance of real estate in this state is twenty-one years. A girl can convey personal property by will or otherwise at eighteen, and could before the age-of-consent law was enacted marry at sixteen, but this law places the age at eighteen. The law does not take effect until Sept. 1, 1895, that being the rule in all cases of amendments to the code. I am more and more impressed with the great importance of this advance step.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. BRUSH, M. D.,

Assemblyman, Seventh District, Kings County.

From this splendid victory in New York, we leave the southern and eastern states still on the Black List, and find that the West has far outstripped in progress all others except this one great eastern leader. HELEN H. GARDENER.

ARIZONA.

To the medical profession again do we owe much in this contest. To these men, who see and contend hand-to-hand with the ravages of that vilest of social cancers, who try generation after generation to stay the results of diseases whose very name their victims often do not know, is Arizona also indebted. Dr. Ancil Martin, in his address as the retiring president of the Arizona Medical Association in February, 1895, among other true and forceful things said:

The age of consent in this territory is fourteen years. This should be remedied by at least fixing the age to that of the legal majority of women, that is twenty-one years. If a woman in the eyes of the law is too young before her twenty-first birthday to manage her own estate or to marry without the consent of her lawful guardian, then she is surely too young before that age to decide the great question of the barter of her virginity, that which every man demands of the woman he loves, and the loss of which is a cancer which destroys all that is good and pure in her own heart. The everlasting blight upon her life, the horrible shame and the ever-pointing finger of scorn that follows every woman who departs from the path of rectitude, let it be through ignorance or through the affection she places upon the destroyer of her hopes, is a crying shame which the manliness of gentlemen should hasten to rectify. This matter cannot be remedied until first the laws of consent are modified, and second, the man made equally guilty with the woman. The law insists that unless the woman resist to the last the attempt of a man upon her honor she is guilty, and under the laws of consent the man is without guilt. Public sentiment also condemns the woman and unblushingly overlooks the man's offence. Men as lawmakers and gentlemen should blush at the injustice. Let us, therefore, urge the necessity of this change in the statute.

Parents and teachers should instruct their children in matters pertaining to sexuality. A woman's mind can be as pure knowing all the dangers that may befall her during life, as it can be were she cast upon the world and have these horrors come upon her with a shock that at once places before her mind the great sinfulness of the world and the bestiality of man. Place her by education in a position to ward off the first approach of sin, and she will then come in actual contact with it not nearly so often and never so closely. Give her knowledge that she may have some weapon of defence, at the same time be in a better position to aid and elevate the less fortunate of her sex. . . .

While all of this may be true, it is not only possible, but a positive fact that because of this laxity and quasi-encouragement by the medical profession of the marriages of syphilitics, many marry who should not, and the innocent offspring of such parents must suffer the penalty of such a crime. Crime is not too harsh a word,

for it is a crime for one individual by his deliberate act to deprive another of health, perhaps of intellect—a crime if not punishable, at least most shameful. . . .

Great criminals, as great individuals in any direction, are born, not made. A power stronger than themselves—stronger than their education, which may have been good; stronger than their environment, which may be the best—impels them on to their destruction; that is the power of inherited defective or diseased brain cells. Education and environment can greatly modify the tendency of inherent evil, but the inherited defective mental organization will sometimes break the bonds of its educational restraint and impel the individual to crime in spite of his education. There are individuals of defective mental organization who have absolutely no moral sense; who will lie, steal, and commit all manner of evils without in the least appreciating the enormity of their acts. These are among the born criminals. It is as impossible to turn them from their evil as to replace their diseased brain cells with new ones. Tracing the ancestry of this class of criminals shows that they are descendants of neurotics, insane, epileptics, inebriates, or some of the many mental derangements. This is demonstrated in the histories of some of our greatest crimes—the assassination of Lincoln by Booth; of Garfield by Guiteau; the murder of Carter Harrison by Prendergast; the recent attempt on the life of the king of Italy by Passanante, the families of whom were found to be highly neurotic.

The criminal may not be such because of the circumstances that have governed his life, or because of the influence of his environment at the time of the commission of his crime; but the father at the time of begetting his son may have indelibly stamped upon the spermatozoa the impression of his own mental condition at that time, and the child may have been a made-to-order criminal before its birth. The father might not ordinarily be of a vicious disposition, but his mental condition at the time of copulation may have been influenced by some passion, great mental excitement, or he may have been in poor bodily health, or suffering from excesses of some sort, or under the influence of liquor, and have had in mind all the delirious fantasies of a madman. This child must constantly battle against his inheritance if he would lead a life equally blameless as that of his more fortunate brother. Because of the infallible law that like tends to produce like, an individual diseased physically or mentally passes on to his child a tendency to that physical or mental disease from which he is suffering, or transmits a condition so far removed from the normal one of health that some form of disease is surely developed.

The parents are under the greatest obligations to their children, and children are under comparatively few to their parents. The child does not will itself into the world. When its intellect is so far developed as to reason it finds itself brought forth to struggle for an existence, to contend against the hardships of life, through no volition of its own. If a child has any right, it is that it shall be born free and healthy, and that the parents who conceived it should have realized the great responsibility of creating a new life, and have made every effort to bring into the world a being as intelligent and as healthy as possible. The sins of the father shall be transmitted to his children even to the third and fourth generation. This is a most wise Biblical saying, but not sufficiently strong. The sins of the parents may be a lasting curse to their posterity to the end of time.

Heredity being the foundation of all life is as great a power for evil as for good. Right living, education, and physical and mental culture may overcome to a degree the sins of ancestors. Knowl-

edge is not transmissible, but the influence that acquired knowledge has wrought upon character, that is, the individual mental peculiarities acquired by education and training and environment, may be transmitted. Hence all the mental and physical improvement of the condition to which we were born, is to be a pleasure not only to ourselves, but to our children and all future generations. Inebriety, animality, and kindred habits tend to lower man in the scale of life and retard progress to that high standard which nature designed him to ultimately occupy, and cause all misery, all pain, all suffering, and all ills of life.

The men of Arizona responded nobly, and early in April there came to us the certified copy of the age-of-consent bill with the seal of Arizona upon it, together with this brief but wholly satisfactory

Report.

"Enclosed find a certified copy of age-of-consent bill, passed by the legislature recently adjourned. I think it will meet with your approval. This bill was presented by Hon. William C. Barnes, of Holbrook, Apache county. It received the support of every member of the house, excepting Hon. J. O. Marshall, of Maricopa county, he objecting on the ground that there should be no age of consent, in other words, any unlawful intercourse should be rape. In the council, the bill was opposed by Babbitt of Coconino county and Aspinwall of Apache county, reasons not known. Hon. William C. Barnes, of Apache county, was the gentleman who formulated and introduced the bill; and Hon. W. R. Moore, of Pinal county, was active in procuring its passage."

Penal Code, Revised Statutes, Arizona.

Section 423. Rape is an act of sexual intercourse accomplished with a female, not a wife of the perpetrator, under either of the following circumstances:

1. Where the female is under the age of fourteen [now eighteen] years.
2. Where she is incapable, through lunacy or any other unsoundness of mind, whether temporary or permanent, of giving legal consent.
3. Where she resists, but her resistance is overcome by force or violence.
4. Where she is prevented from resisting by threats of immediate and great bodily harm, accompanied by apparent power of execution, or by any intoxicating narcotic or anæsthetic substance, administered by or with the privity of the accused.
5. Where she is at the time unconscious of the nature of the act, and this is known to the accused.
6. Where she submits, under a belief that the person committing the act is her husband, and this belief is induced by any artifice, pretence, or concealment practised by the accused, with intent to induce such belief.

Section 426. Rape is punishable by confinement in the territorial prison for life, or for any term of years not less than five.

AN ACT

Relating to the Age of Consent.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Arizona:

Section 1. In line one, section 423, chapter 1, of Title ix, Revised Statutes of Arizona, in that part known as the Penal Code, the word "fourteen" is amended to read "eighteen."

Section 2. This act to be in force from and after its passage.

Section 3. All acts or parts of acts in conflict with this are hereby repealed.

A. J. DORAN, President.

J. H. CARPENTER, Speaker.

Approved this 19th day of March, A. D., 1895.

LOUIS C. HUGHES, Governor.

Filed in the office of the Secretary of the Territory of Arizona this 20th day of March, A. D., 1895, at 3 P. M.

CHARLES M. BRUCE, Secretary.

By F. B. DEVEREUX, Assistant.

IDAHO.

Next in order is Idaho, and since many states have sent to us for good bills, and others have written saying they will need the best possible bills for their next session, and since this Idaho bill is brief and simple and direct, I give it, together with the report sent by its author in response to our request:

LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF IDAHO

Third Session

H. B. No. 73.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

By Neill.

AN ACT

To amend Section 6765 of the Revised Statutes so as to raise the age of consent to seventeen* years.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Idaho:

Section 1. That Section 6765 of the Revised Statutes is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 6765. Rape is an act of sexual intercourse accomplished with a female not the wife of the perpetrator, under either of the following circumstances:

1. Where the female is under the age of seventeen years.
2. When she is incapable through lunacy, or any other unsoundness of mind, whether temporary or permanent, of giving legal consent.
3. Where she resists, but her resistance is overcome by force or violence.
4. Where she is prevented from resisting by threats of immediate and great bodily harm, accompanied by apparent power of execution; or by any intoxicating narcotic, or anæsthetic substance administered by or with the privity of the accused.

* Amended to read eighteen.

5. Where she is at the time unconscious of the nature of the act, and this is known to the accused.

6. Where she submits under a belief that the person committing the act is her husband, and the belief is induced by artifice, pretence or concealment practised by the accused, with intent to induce such belief.

§ 2. All acts, so far as they are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

Passed. The former age was 14.

1. Report of Representative Neill.

Your information as to my being the member who introduced and secured the passage of the age-of-consent bill in the Idaho legislature is correct.

The bill was a house bill, for an act to amend section 6765 of the Revised Statutes of the state of Idaho, so as to raise the age of consent to eighteen (from fourteen) years. The bill passed as introduced at eighteen years. There was no other bill on the same subject introduced.

The penalty for rape in our state is incarceration in the penitentiary for a year or more, to ten, depending upon the aggravating circumstances surrounding the case.

My bill did receive some opposition in the house, but when the opponents saw that there was such a determined effort on the part of the friends of the bill to pass it, they retired and set up an opposition in the senate, where they hoped to defeat it. When the bill came up in the senate it was referred to its appropriate committee, a member of which Vincent Bierbower (Republican), from the town of Shoshone in Logan county, moved to strike out the words and figures eighteen (18) and insert in lieu thereof the words and figures sixteen (16) years. In support of his motion he stated that in looking over the list of the different states of the Union, he found that sixteen years would be the average, and that we should be governed by the action of the majority of our sister states in matters of this nature, and not act independently and alone when there was such a departure from the general rules or custom of other states as desired by the supporters of my bill.

In reply to Senator Bierbower, Senator Edward Boyce, of Wardner, Shoshone county, Idaho (Populist), stated on the floor of the senate that Senator Bierbower was either trying to deceive the members of that body or he had not looked the matter up to be sufficiently well posted to state the facts correctly; there were no states in which the age of consent was over eighteen, only one or two as high as eighteen; very few states where it was as high as sixteen

or seventeen, while the great majority were very far below even fourteen; and that no mathematical calculations would warrant Senator Bierbower in his conclusion. We all have too high a regard for Senator Bierbower's intelligence to think that he didn't know that sixteen years would not be the average age of consent, as he stated it would be. Senator Bierbower is a lawyer by profession and of such recognized ability as to be the attorney for the Union Pacific R. R. for his section of the state.

When the vote was taken on the amendment, it prevailed; all the Republicans voted aye on it, while the one Democrat (there being only one Democrat in the senate) and every Populist senator voted against the Bierbower amendment*.

The political complexion of the Idaho State senate is eleven Republicans, six Populists, and one Democrat, who was elected on a fusion with the Republicans.

Now when the W. C. T. U. people found out that the senate had been guilty of so great a crime they began in earnest to work and talk, beg and pray that the senate would reconsider the vote by which they substituted sixteen for eighteen years. The W. C. T. U. enlisted all the good people who had not already been at work (both men and women) to try and prevail upon the members of the senate to reconsider their vote on the bill. Among the good women who worked and labored for a reconsideration of the senate vote was Mrs. Rebecca Mitchell. No one did more to secure the enactment of the law as we now have it, making it a penitentiary offence to entice and ruin our girl-children; and I thank all the good women and men for their work in this direction. The W. C. T. U. people did great and good work in this matter, and are doing more to raise the morals of our state than anybody else. The senate did reconsider their vote and raised the age again to eighteen years, where it was as passed in the house.

* It will be observed that while all the negative votes in New York were Democratic, all in Idaho were Republican. It will also be observed that a new method of argument and a wholly original reason for defeating the bill were here used. It is fortunate for Idaho that her legislators were sufficiently well-informed as to the laws of the other states to be able to meet this insidious form of argument promptly, and prove its entire falsity in a manner which reacted disastrously upon the legal member who attempted by a misstatement of fact to defeat the bill. The four leading opponents of the bill were Charles A. Myer, of Placerville; George D. Golden, Rocky Bar; Robert S. Browne, Moscow; Vincent Bierbower, Shoshone. The most hearty supporters of the bill were Robert Neill, Wallace; James Hanrahan, Challis; Tannis E. Miller, Genesee; John E. Rees, Lemhi Agency; Cassius M. Day, Lewiston; Henry Heitfeld, Kendrick; Edward Boyce, Wardner; John E. Steen, Murray; Gilbert F. Smith, Meadows; Joseph D. Daly, Hunter; Albert Walters, Hailey; Wilford W. Clark, Montpelier; Robert V. Cozier, Blackfoot; John L. Smith, Oakley; John J. McCarthy, Challis; Willis J. Hicks, Challis; Joshua G. Rowton, Grangeville; William L. Thompson, Mason; John S. Randolph, Palouse, Wash.; Ira S. Waring, Soldier; Charles C. Vance, Salmon City; Richard J. Monroe, Lewiston; Thomas A. Davis, Malad; John T. Bennett, Silver City; John J. Sanders, Burke; James D. Young, Wallace; Harley L. Hughes, Gem. — H. H. G.

The Populist party as a party in our state is pledged to this class of legislation, and the Populist members tried hard to live up to the pledges of the party on this subject. I think that by the enactment of laws of this kind in every state in this great government, we should do more to elevate and purify our race than in any other way. A girl-child would not be ruined before she could reason, and our homes would not be entered by the low, licentious, and hellish seducers, who would make them desolate, and in many cases cause mothers and fathers with heavy and broken hearts to long for the time when the grave would open and hide them and their shame and grief.

Yes, I might say more, but I will not, feeling assured that the ARENA and the other good journals and people will never rest satisfied and stop work till much more good shall have been accomplished in this direction.

Senator Vincent Bierbower, mentioned above as leading the opposition, was honored by the Republican members of our state senate by being elected president pro tem. of that body.

Enclosed you will please find a roster of the present members of the Idaho legislature, marked so as to show you how each member voted and also the active and passive workers. John J. McCarthy, Populist, was the best support I had, although the others named did splendid work.

Thanking you for the honor you have conferred on me thus far in your endorsement of my honest and humble work, I remain

Yours very respectfully,

ROBERT NEILL.

THE TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND.

BY JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

As taxes upon the diffusion of intelligence among men and deficiencies in the postal service affect everyone, I condense the following from the official report on the workings of the government telegraph in England made to our government by the United States consul at Southampton, Eng., and printed in the last number of the "Consular Reports." He says:

On Jan. 29, 1870, all the telegraphs in the United Kingdom were acquired by the government from the corporations which had previously operated them, and thenceforward became an integral part of the postoffice. The English people owed this great measure in their interest, like so many others, to Mr. Gladstone, who bore down all opposition from the companies, who were making big profits. Till then the districts paying best had ample service, though at high rates (as is still the case with us), while whole sections off the lines of railway were destitute of telegraphic facilities. The government at once extended the telegraph to all sections and reduced the rate to one cent a word. The following is the result. In 1870, under private ownership, seven million individual messages and twenty-two million words of press dispatches were annually sent. Now that the telegraph is operated by the postoffice the annual number of individual messages sent is seventy millions (ten times as many), and over six hundred million words of press dispatches (thirty times as many) are used. This at a glance demonstrates the overwhelming benefit to the public of the change and their appreciation of it.

The press rates have been reduced so low that every weekly country paper can afford to print the latest telegraphic dispatches as it goes to press, and a telegraph or telephone is at every country postoffice. In London the telegraph has largely superseded the mail for all the small and necessary details of life—to announce that you are going to dine at a certain house, or to inform your wife that you are detained on business and not to keep dinner waiting, and the like—over thirty thousand telegrams being sent daily in that city alone.

The following is quoted from the consul verbatim: "The service is performed with the most perfect punctuality. It is calculated that the average time employed to-day in the transmission of a telegram between two commercial cities in England varies from seven to nine minutes, while in 1870 (under private ownership) two to three hours were necessary.

"The rate of one cent a word includes delivery within the postal limits of any town or within one mile of the postoffice in the country. Beyond that limit the charge is twelve cents per mile for delivery of a message. The telegraph being operated as a constituent part of the postal service it is not possible to state how much profit the government receives from it, but the English government does not consider that it should be treated as a source of revenue. It regards it a means of information and education for the masses and gives facilities of all kinds for its extension in all directions."

This unbiased and impartial report, officially made to our government, is worthy of thought and consideration. It may be added that in every civilized country except this, the telegraph has long since been adopted as one of the indispensable agencies of an up-to-date postoffice department. Even in half-civilized Paraguay (as we deem it) they have better postal facilities than we, for the postoffice there transmits telegrams at one cent a word and rents out telephones at one dollar per month.

At present, owing to high rates, forty-six per cent of all telegrams in this country are sent by speculators (who thus get an advantage over producers) and only eight per cent are social or ordinary business messages. In Belgium, where the government rate is less than one cent per message, the social and ordinary business messages between man and man are sixty-three per cent of the whole. Figures could not be more eloquent as to the vast benefit this confers upon the great mass of people, who bear the bulk of the burdens of any government and receive so few of its benefits. With the telegraphs and telephones operated by our postoffice department at moderate rates, say five or even ten cents per message, a similar change would take place here. Individual and news messages would increase tenfold to thirtyfold, as elsewhere—probably more—and the monopoly now held by speculators would cease.

The average telegraph rate now charged in this country, by the reports to congress, is thirty-one cents per message—three times the average rate in all other countries

under postoffice telegraph service; and experts say that our government could probably afford, with the vast increase of business, a uniform rate of five cents, as the average cost of a message is about three cents. According to experts the telegraph plants now in use could be superseded by the government with a superior plant at \$15,000,000, while the present corporations are strangling commerce to earn heavy dividends on a watered stock of over \$150,000,000.

According to English experience the transfer of the telegraph to the postoffice department would result in (1) a uniform rate of ten cents for ten words, between all points, or possibly less; (2) an increase in individual messages of at least ten for every one now sent; (3) an increase in press dispatches of thirty words or more for every one now sent; (4) a popularization of the telegraph for all uses, social or business; (5) an increase in the promptness of delivery, the average there being now seven to nine minutes as against two to three hours formerly; (6) no section would be destitute, but at each one of our seventy thousand postoffices there would be a telephone or a telegraph. By adopting the telephone at most postoffices, instead of the telegraph, the increase in the number of postoffice employees would be inconsiderable.

The vast influence of the great telegraph monopoly can be used for political purposes by coloring news and in other more direct ways. When the telegraph service is made a part of the postoffice and placed under civil-service rules and subject to the direct force of public opinion, the experience in other countries has been that it exerts no more power on party politics than the army or judiciary. Originally the telegraph (in 1846) belonged to the postoffice. When it was abandoned to private corporations on account of its supposed expense, Henry Clay, Cave Johnson, and other leaders of both parties had the foresight to foretell the mischief done in abandoning an essential governmental function to private monopoly.

To prevent this great benefit being given to the masses and to preserve to consolidated capital the control of the most efficient avenues of intelligence with the great advantages thus given that element, in addition to the enormous tolls it can thus levy on the rest of the nation, there is practically only the inexorable will of one powerful and exacting corporation which has fastened itself on the body politic. It is the oldest trust in this country. It is the pioneer on which so many others have been patterned. It is the most burdensome because its oppressive tolls restrict

communication between men and levy a tax on knowledge. It is illegal, since the constitution requires congress to establish the postoffice, to leave this most essential function of a modern, up-to-date postal service in the hands of private corporations.

The telegraph is a source of gigantic emoluments to these corporations, while the government restricts its postal services to antiquated and more dilatory processes. It is no wonder that such a postal service is not self-sustaining and shows an annual deficit while the telegraph companies pay enormous dividends. In other countries, where the telegraph is a part of the postoffice, that department shows annual profits; but the monopoly fastened on us is intrenched in the sympathy of all other trusts. It has the support of the large city dailies (all owned by large capitalists) who fear the competition of dailies in small towns and of the weeklies if news should become free, and its transmission cheaper, over a government postal telegraph. It is backed by the powerful lobby which it constantly maintains at Washington, paid out of the excessive telegraphic rates still exacted in this country alone out of a long-suffering and too patient people. And not least, it is said that it distributes franks to every senator and every member of congress. How many accept these favors and how many are influenced by them no one knows except the corporation officials, but that *they* do know may be seen from the fact that tenders of such favors have not ceased.

AN ARBITRATION TREATY BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. EMMOTT.

The part taken by Great Britain in a series of transactions now extending over some seven or eight years establishes, I believe, in the clearest possible manner the desire on the part of a large portion of the electorate of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to enter into a permanent treaty, providing for the settlement of all international disputes which may hereafter arise between that country and the United States, not involving the existence of the national life, by means of arbitration.

I should like in the first place to quote verbatim the memorial signed by three hundred and fifty-four members of the British House of Commons and recently presented to the President and Congress of this country. It is in these words:

In response to the resolution adopted by Congress on April 4th, 1890, the British House of Commons, supported in its decision by Mr. Gladstone, on June 16th, 1893, unanimously affirmed its willingness to co-operate with the government of the United States in settling disputes between the two countries by means of arbitration. The undersigned members of the British parliament, while cordially thanking Congress for having, by its resolution, given such an impetus to the movement and called forth such a response from our government, earnestly hope that Congress will follow up its resolution, and crown its desire by inviting our government to join in framing a treaty which shall bind the two nations to refer to arbitration disputes which diplomacy fails to adjust. Should such a proposal be made, our heartiest efforts would be used in its support, and we shall rejoice that the United States of America and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have resolved to set such a splendid example to the other nations of the world.

Three hundred and fifty-four members of the British House of Commons have thus indicated in a formal manner to the United States that, in their belief, the initiative should come from her. They have expressed a willingness

* This article is the substance of an address delivered before a convention at Lake Mohonk, June 6, 1895, called to consider the question of influencing public opinion in favor of the settlement of international disputes by means of arbitration.

to use every legitimate means to urge the matter upon the attention of their own government as soon as any move is made by the government of the United States, and they have promised to do their very best to obtain a hearty coöperation on the part of their own government with any measure of practical importance which may be suggested by the government of the United States.

The significance of this movement on the part of three hundred and fifty-four members of the British House of Commons can hardly be overestimated. A careful perusal of the names shows that amongst the signers were men of every shade of political belief. There are, as one would expect to be the case, a large number of Liberals, including the Right Honorable Sir John Lubbock, the Right Honorable C. P. Villiers, the lifelong friend and associate of Cobden and Bright, and many others; but the list also contains the names of Sir Richard Webster, the late Conservative attorney-general, widely known and universally respected as one of the leading members of the English common-law bar, and a large number of the leading Liberal Unionists.

Now, speaking as an Englishman, and yet as one a very large part of the last ten years of whose professional life has been spent in the service of one of the great universities of the United States, in close contact at Baltimore, Washington and elsewhere with much of what is best and noblest in your noble country, and loving it, as I have long since learned to do, next only to my own, I have no hesitation in saying that this memorial expresses the heartfelt sentiment of a large part not only of the House of Commons, but also of the British electorate.

This memorial was in no sense a suggestion of the British government as such. I do not see attached to it—I hardly should expect to see attached to it—the names of any of the more prominent members of the British cabinet. I am inclined to believe that this is a movement on the part of the great masses of the British people, who realize very fully that their interests are one with those of the people of the United States.

Now, if I may be excused for referring for a moment to my own personal history, I think I can show that, from the various circumstances in which I have been placed, I am in a rather peculiarly favorable position to know something about the wants and feelings of the laboring classes in England. Born and brought up in one of the great manufacturing centres of industry of the north of England; living there, with the exception of my school, college, and univer-

sity life, until close upon thirty years of age; and from then down to the present time spending a substantial part of each year in the same place, where my father, a large employer of labor, lived until the close of his active life, and where two of my brothers still live, I may say that I have all my life lived either amongst or in close contact with the laboring classes of the north of England.

Consequently I know what I am talking about when I say that the feeling of the great body of the people in Great Britain is entirely different towards the people of the United States from their feeling towards the people of any other country. I regret to say that I believe the average Englishman might not be unwilling, in the event of certain circumstances arising, to make considerable sacrifices in order to engage in a war with France; but I believe that he would be extremely unwilling to raise a hand, however great the provocation, against this country, which he justly regards as connected with his own by so many ties.

I hope that I have now made it abundantly clear that the feeling in England now is that the next step should come from the United States. I hope I may not be thought discourteous when I say that many of my countrymen believe that Great Britain has gone far enough. Everything therefore depends upon the attitude of the United States. Great Britain is ready, as she has abundantly testified, to coöperate heartily in any feasible scheme which may be proposed by the government of the United States for the practical solution of this question of judicial decision.

On the reading in the House of Representatives of the memorial to which I have referred, Mr. W. J. Coombs, on January 19th last, moved the following resolution:

Whereas, in response to the resolution adopted by Congress on April 4, 1890, the British House of Commons, on June 16, 1893, unanimously affirmed its willingness to coöperate with the government of the United States in settling disputes between the two countries by means of arbitration; therefore

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to take such further steps in the matter, in order to secure the results contemplated in those resolutions, as to him may seem expedient; and to that end, if he deems it necessary or expedient, he is authorized to appoint commissioners to meet an equal number appointed by the government of Great Britain to negotiate a treaty to accomplish the purposes of said resolutions.

This resolution, together with the memorial, was referred to the committee on foreign affairs, and there, I believe, it has since remained, and I think it is very important that the people and press of this country should use their influence

to urge suitable action on the part of the President and, if necessary, on the part of Congress at the earliest possible opportunity.

In England at the present time, out of every twenty shillings collected in the shape of imperial taxation, something like sixteen shillings and sixpence goes towards the expense of armaments, past and present; while only something like three shillings and sixpence goes towards the support of the various objects of a non-warlike character that press for constant attention. When I went, some two or three years ago, to the library of the British Museum, to look up some topic of special interest in the field of comparative jurisprudence, I found that the books published in France and Germany, and even some published in England, during the last three or four years had not been purchased. On inquiry I was told that the government had found it necessary to cut down by £10,000, or nearly \$50,000, the grant made every year to the library of the Museum. In fact, it is not too strong an expression to say that the present condition of things in France, Germany, and even in England is only one degree better than that of actual war. Italy is already practically bankrupt; Russia, there is reason to fear, is not far from it.

While I hope that we may earnestly strive towards the establishment of a permanent tribunal, consisting of representatives of *all* the great civilized powers, as an ideal to be steadily looked to and striven towards, yet most assuredly we ought now to do that which is present to our hands. It has taken much hard and laborious work for many years to bring the British people to the point at which they now are, and this is the point where rests, for the present at any rate, the solution of this question. If the offer which Great Britain has made to the United States be not accepted, if it be even left over indefinitely, the cause of international arbitration may receive a setback from which it will take a very great number of years to recover. If, on the other hand, we can bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion between these two great countries, the cause of international arbitration will have taken a great step onwards.

Not only have we, as Dr. Austin Abbott has shown, the precedent of the supreme court of the United States administering many widely differing systems of law, but also in England we have that of the judicial committee of the privy council which tries cases involving even more widely differing systems of law than those which exist within the con-

finer of the United States. To-day the judicial committee of the privy council may be engaged with an appeal from Lower Canada, based entirely on French Law; to-morrow it may be engaged with the construction of an English statute, or with the application of the equitable principles laid down by the court of chancery; the next day with an ecclesiastical appeal from an English court; and the day following with an appeal from the furthest removed British colony on the face of the globe. With such precedents English and American lawyers can surely try all cases that can possibly arise between two nations which have, to a very large extent, the same system of common law, and whose jurists are on terms of constant association and consultation with one another.

Each of the three obstacles referred to by Dr. Abbott under the heads of love of contention, material interests, and the large degree of approbation given by society to the war system, applies with tenfold force in a country like Great Britain. The latter point is one which it is almost impossible to overestimate. Owing to the union between the Anglican church and the state, the pulpit in England is not a force against war; rather I should say, great as its service is in many ways, the pulpit of the Anglican church is almost without exception the friend and the ally of war. The best and most devoted Anglican clergymen are found blessing colors, and in other ways lending the sanction of their consecrated office to a system closely associated with the state.

I feel that it is of the greatest importance that something should be done *now* in this matter. From the close contact that I have with my native land, I feel that the like opportunity may never occur again. And I can conceive of no nobler work than to take any step, however small, to bring together these two countries, which are being every day knit more closely together. I can conceive of no higher or more sacred duty, no higher blessing, for any man or any woman, than to take a share in cementing that union, which—broken for a time by circumstances which we all regret, by circumstances for which each was partly to blame—every day and every hour tends to make more permanent, and to bind together in a tie never again to be broken as long as this world lasts. To use his or her influence, however small, towards the attainment of this end ought to be the object of every man or woman who desires to hasten the time when “war shall be no more.”

THE PEOPLE'S LAMPS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

PART I. ELECTRIC LIGHT (*Continued*).

§2. *The Remarkable Economies Effected by Public Ownership* attract the attention of the investigator even more emphatically than the chaotic condition of private charges. Look at the facts.

TABLE X.

Cost per lamp per year before and after public ownership, the "after" service being the same as or better than the service it replaced.

	Before.	After.
Bangor, Me.	\$150	\$48
Lewiston, Me.	182	55
Peabody, Mass.	185	62
Bay City, Mich.	110	58
Huntington, Ind.	146	50
Goshen, Ind.	156	77
Bloomington, Ill.	111	51
Chicago, Ill.	250	96*
Elgin, Ill.	266	43
Aurora, Ill.	326	70
Fairfield, Ia.	378	70
Marshalltown, Ia.	125	27
Jacksonville, Fla.	24	5

Look well at these marvellous facts, — a difference sometimes of five-sixths between the two payments, before and after; in one case, more than five-sixths; in two cases, more than four-

* The statements of Table X rest upon official reports and returns of municipal officers. The figures of the "after" column represent the cost per lamp per year as ascertained in the first two or three years after public ownership began, except where subsequent years show a higher cost than the early years, in which case the said higher yearly cost has been taken. As a rule the cost in later years is less than the cost in the first years of public ownership; for example the present cost per lamp per year in Bangor is only \$34, in Lewiston \$43, in Bay City \$46, etc. The case of Chicago is peculiar. The public plant was started in 1887. Census bulletin 100 places the cost in Chicago at \$68 per lamp, but this is the average rate for all the electric lamps, rented as well as public, and of all candle powers. Professor Ely's "Problems of To-day," third edition, in an appendix written in 1890, puts the cost in Chicago at \$55. In 1893 and 1894, the department reports make the cost \$96. Mr. Foster, Prof. Meyers, and M. J. Francisco make the cost much higher, but as we shall see hereafter, their methods of calculation will not bear examination either in the light of reason or

fifths; in five cases over three-fourths; in eight cases over two-thirds; and more than one-half in every case but one. The detailed analyses set forth in § 3 of this report show that the "After" column correctly represents the total cost of production, operation, depreciation, insurance, everything but taxes,

authority, and give results totally at variance with the experience of electric light plants, private as well as public. Chief Walker of Philadelphia has just come from a visit to Chicago, and he informs me that Professor Barrett told him they were running the lamps now at a cost of \$79 a year, and the chief added that \$85 or \$90 a year ought to cover interest, depreciation, and all, even in the Chicago plant, which is a very costly one—the wires being underground, and only a little more than half the capacity in use. The following letter from Prof. Edward W. Bemis tells the true story of Chicago's light plant.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, May 29, 1895.

Dear Prof. Parsons: The public-owned Chicago electric-light plant works under a great disadvantage from not being able to secure from the legislature a permit to sell commercial light. Therefore it has only one lamp for each 500 feet of wire. A mile of wire dissipates as much energy as a 2,000 candle-power light. The men are only worked eight hours, are paid \$2 a day and two shifts are employed, while the private plant works one shift and pays less—\$35 to \$50 a month. The private company lights 56 lamps for \$137 each, in the district where wires have to be buried, and by a new contract 230 lamps at \$105 a year each in other parts of the city. The cost of the city-owned lights, nearly all of which are in the district where wires have to be buried, is about \$96, and would be much less if the plant could be fully utilized. This includes, Chief Barrett claims, such full yearly repairs and improvements as to cover all depreciation, but not interest. The private company agrees to light the few street lamps it has charge of, at a reasonable figure in order to secure the chance to do commercial lighting at one cent an hour per 16 candle-power-light, *over four times* what the chief of the public-owned works says the city plant could do it for.

As to political influences, Mr. Frank Barrett has been in charge of the electrical work of the city for thirty-three years, and his assistant, Mr. D. M. Hyland, has served the city twenty-one years, while the experts in charge of each of the four city stations keep their places in all administrative changes. The common labor has been changed with each new mayor, but *the city by 45,000 majority has just adopted rigid civil service rules for every class of employees.* The people of Chicago, afraid of the bugbear of socialism or ignorant of the vast superiority for commercial lighting of the city plant, whose possibilities seem never to be adequately written up in the papers, are asleep, while corporate influence prevents the securing of a permit for commercial lighting. Very heartily,

EDWARD W. BEMIS.

Referring to Chief Barrett's report for 1894, p. 164, we find that the labor cost per lamp was \$52.60. If the public plant had treated its labor in the fashion followed by the private companies—if it had employed one shift at \$35 to \$50 a month instead of two shifts with short hours at \$2 a day—the labor cost per lamp would have been but \$17.50 and the total cost per lamp per year \$61. That is really the figure we are entitled to put in the after column of Table X for the Chicago rate under public ownership. The city receives two services from its public light plant—the production of light, and the lifting of labor. The former alone (which is all it received for the \$250 it used to pay the private companies) now costs it \$61. If it abandoned the other service and put labor back on the private enterprise level, it could get its light for \$61 a lamp; wherefore the other \$35 (of the \$96 total) is not really paid for light but for the elevation of labor. For \$61 a lamp Chicago gets the light without the lifting of labor—the same service for which it used to pay the private companies \$250 a lamp and with all the reducing effect of growing public ownership, still pays \$137 a lamp; while St. Louis, with no public plant in its borders, obtains the same lamp for \$75 a year. This, and the refusal to let Chicago's plant sell light to the citizens, and the changes of labor in the public works, are due to political causes. Labor should be steady, the plant should be operated to its full capacity, and the public system should be greatly extended. There are 18,500 arcs and 433,400 incandescent lamps in Chicago and the city plant runs but 1110 lamps,—small plant, run half capacity, no day load, only night load for street lamps, and superintendent's control of labor hampered by politics. Like nearly every public interest in Chicago, the light plant has been rendered comparatively inefficient by the demoralizing influence of a corrupt government; and yet it has cut the cost of arc lamps down to one-fourth of what it used to be, and is able to reduce the price of incandescents to one-fourth of the present rates.

It is to be hoped that the recent powerful awakening of civic patriotism, and the triumph of the reform element in Chicago may remove the political fetters from the managers of her public business, and permit them to make a record worthy of their ability, and of the city's reputation for enterprise and capacity. It is to be carefully noted that the fact that Chicago does not manage her light plant as well as many

which amount on the average to only \$2 a lamp, and are more than offset in many cases by the superiority of the public service over that formerly obtained from the private companies. For example, the Fairfield lamps used to run to midnight on the moon schedule, now they run *all* night on the moon schedule; so Lewiston's lamps ran only to midnight before public ownership, afterwards they ran all night and every night.

Imagine a city, one year paying a private company \$200 or \$300 for a street lamp, and the next year making the light itself at a total cost of from \$40 to \$70. Is it not an object-lesson of most wonderful power? The tax-payers of the world will not fail to see its force.

Those who oppose public ownership complain that the reports of municipal plants do not pay proper attention to fixed charges—interest, taxes, depreciation, and insurance. It is quite true that these matters, except the last, receive little or no explicit attention in most municipal reports; it does not follow, however, that the results set forth in the said reports fall short of the truth. The returns from public plants set down in the "After" column of Table X, include not only the cost of maintenance and operation, strictly so-called, but insurance (wherever the municipality thinks it best to insure, as most of the towns and smaller cities do) and also the cost of labor and materials used in making many little extensions and improvements, which really belong in the investment account, and which, together with the replacement of new for old, incident to ordinary repairs, more than balances the depreciation of machinery, buildings, poles, etc. (See § 3, for the proof of this.) The taxes lost by making the enterprise a public one amount to very little—not more than \$2 a year per standard arc on the average (see § 3)—an item that, as we have said, is more than balanced in many of the cities of Table X by the superiority of the public service over that formerly received from private companies.

Interest is the sole remaining item of the complaint, and with public ownership, interest is not an element of the cost of production. If the public plant is free of debt, no interest is paid. If the council should say, "The lamps cost \$50 an arc for running expenses, and \$10 more for interest, so we must levy \$60 an arc on the tax-payers," the result would be the same—the \$50 would be disbursed on account of electric lights, and the \$10 would go back into the pockets of the people, and the effect would be the same as if no interest were calculated on electric light. It is one of the

other cities, is not an argument against public ownership of electric light, any more than the fact that she does not manage her streets as well as many other cities is an argument against public ownership of streets—it is an argument for good government in Chicago in each case. The fact that a certain married man does not act as well as other married men because he is under the influence of an evil woman, is no argument against marriage *per se*, nor even against that particular marriage, for maybe he was a great deal more under the evil influence before he was married than after. That is the case with Chicago—compared with herself, before and after, she makes a good showing for public ownership. Whether with private ownership or public, she is worse off than most other cities under the same system. But she is better off with public ownership than she was with private. Her record with public ownership is not as good as it ought to be, but it is far better than her record with private ownership of corporations and monopolies.

It may be well to state here that all the plants of Table X confine themselves to street lighting, except the Peabody and Jacksonville plants. In Peabody the superintendent is able to separate with satisfactory accuracy, the cost of the street lamps from the cost of commercial lighting. In Jacksonville, the lamps are incandescent. The private company has been charging \$24 a year for all-night service. The public plant, which has just been built, offers to supply the same service at \$9, and the cost of operation is estimated at less than \$5 a year. The commissioners have carefully studied the workings of municipal plants, and are confident of a good profit at the prices they advertise. The plant does not aim to be entirely coöperative—it is coöperative in respect to the street lamps, but expects a profit from commercial lighting. This expectation of the commissioners is fully confirmed by the tables in the next section of this report. All the plants of Table X except that of Jacksonville, have been a considerable time in operation, and the figures given are the results of actual experience on the spot. Most places that possess municipal plants did not have any electric light until the public plant was built. If it had not been for this circumstance, Table X would be much longer than it is. It is long enough, however, to tell its story pretty effectively.

advantages of public ownership that *the people* get the interest and profits, so that in effect they get the service free of interest or profit charges; instead of paying interest and profits to somebody else, who retains them, the people pay interest and profits to themselves (if any such formal payments are made at all), which is equivalent to paying no interest or profit. In estimating the fair selling price of light under ordinary competitive conditions a reasonable interest ought to be added, but on entering the domain of public enterprise, free of debt, we leave interest behind. If all the means of production were held in common, there would be no such thing as interest at all. The cost of production in a public enterprise is simply the cost of operation as above, *plus* a pro-rata contribution to the maintenance of order and government, which is the equivalent of present taxation; the entire product beyond this is profit. Interest is money paid for the use of capital, and when the producer works with his own capital, all he pays for the use of it is the cost of keeping it in repair, which, in the case we are considering, is included in the expenses of operation. It is evident that there is a good foundation for refusing to allow the introduction of an interest charge among the items of expense in a municipal plant free of debt. It will not do to say that the town might have put its money out at interest instead of building an electric-light plant; if it had, it would simply have received \$10 interest with one hand, and paid out \$10 interest with the other to a private electric-light company, and have been, in respect to interest, precisely where it is now, with an investment on which no interest is figured. Moreover, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, the municipality would never have been able to invest such money at interest — would never have had the money to invest — except for the movement toward public operation of city franchises. The common people are just so much ahead every time a municipal enterprise is started; it is just that much more property than they would otherwise be able to accumulate.

Public ownership does not involve the payment of interest by the people, it relieves them from the payment of interest. In the process of attaining public ownership, interest may have to be paid if money is borrowed to build or purchase the plant; but such interest is no part of the cost of producing light under public ownership, it is only a part of the cost of the change to public ownership; the moment the change is complete, and full public ownership really exists, interest ceases.

The ownership of a municipal plant is supposed to be in the people, although the plant may be in debt. In respect to control and other very important attributes of ownership, this is true, but in respect to the attribute of free use without tribute, it is not true; the creditor is in substance a part-owner, and public ownership is not perfected until the title is clear of debt.

The whole matter may be made very clear, I think, in this way. The total cost of production during a given time is the entire amount expended in investment and operating expense, minus the remainder values on hand at the end of said time. If the plant is worth as much at the end of the year as at the beginning, the actual expenditures during the year constitute the cost of production. If the plant is worth \$1,000 less in productive value at the end of the year than at the beginning, \$1,000 of the original investment has been ground up into product, and not replaced or balanced, so that the cost of the year's product is the year's expenditure, plus \$1,000. If the labor and material put into the plant not only balance the depreciation, but make the plant worth \$1,000 more at the end of the year than at the beginning, the cost of production during the year is the year's expenditure minus the \$1,000 which did not go into the product, but into investment, and is still on hand. The application of these principles will evidently give the true cost of production, and clearly there is no place for interest in these calculations, when the plant is free of debt. Actual current expenses for operation, insurance, and safety, plus the portion of the investment that has gone into the product, which is another way of saying depreciation — that formula covers the whole cost. The application of the said principles is a very simple matter, when once we know the probable life of the capital invested, or, in other words, the rate of depreciation. In respect to about six-sevenths of the investment, we can determine this rate with a high degree of certainty, and in respect to the other one-seventh, the rate is determinable within limits which reduce the possible error per standard arc to about \$4 a year. The evidence of this will be given in § 3. It is sufficient now to disclose the principle of our calculations, so that the reader may see that they cover all the elements of the case.

Some of those who criticise municipal officers for not adding taxes, interest, etc., declare that if due allowance were made for fixed charges, the results would show that the people pay more for their lamps under public ownership than under private. It needs but a moment to see that even at the most extravagant rates, interest, taxes, etc., could never fill the gap between the two columns of figures in Table X. The investment per lamp in Bangor is \$160; even if we allow 15 per cent for interest, taxes, and depreciation (which is more than is claimed by Mr. Foster, the strongest writer among those who oppose public ownership) — even at 15 per cent, the fixed charges in Bangor would be but \$24 a lamp, making a total below \$72, and leaving still a saving of more than half. In Peabody the investment is \$177 per lamp; making a total cost of \$80 a lamp if we add 15 per cent for fixed charges; and still more than half the old cost would be saved. In Aurora, the investment per lamp is \$250; 15 per cent is \$38, making a total cost of \$96 per lamp against \$326 — seven-tenths of the former cost saved, even admitting the largest claims in respect to fixed charges. So we might go through the whole list (as the student may do for himself with the data respecting

investment tabled later in this report), and we should find everywhere the truth which these few illustrations taken at random abundantly prove, viz., that it is an error to suppose that any fixed charges, even at the highest claimable figure, can fill the space between public cost and private charges.

It may be said that private companies no longer charge such prices as are recorded in Table X. This is happily true in some cases, and one of the reasons is that the movement toward public ownership has compelled a reduction. When a city builds a municipal plant, it usually accomplishes not only a great saving in its own expenses, but a considerable saving also in the expenses of the neighboring towns and cities whose companies are not sufficiently intrenched to be beyond fearing the effects of too great a contrast. In some parts of the country the tremendous fall of prices in the vicinity of public plants is almost as striking as the saving effect in the public plant itself. The increasing cheapness of the means of production has been in part the cause of lower prices, but the success of municipal ownership has also been a powerful factor in the fall. These considerations do not apply to Jacksonville, where the figures express the public and private cost of an all-night incandescent 16 candle-power lamp in 1895; nor to Peabody, where the comparison is of 1892 and 1893; nor to seven of the other cities, whose former payments to private companies are paralleled in a multitude of places to-day. Even in respect to the four cities whose former payments were larger than those now demanded by private electric companies, the fact does not weaken the contrasts set forth in Table X, for it is not a comparison of the charges of private companies at some early date with the cost of municipal production at a much later date, but a comparison of payments to private companies immediately before the change to public ownership, with the cost of municipal production immediately afterward, or as soon afterward as the said cost could be definitely ascertained. A leap from a balloon 300 feet above the ground is none the less a tremendous and most interesting and instructive descent because the gentleman in the balloon afterward brings it nearer the earth, in the hope thereby to appease the longings manifested by his passengers for the solid earth.

The gap between private prices and public costs is partly due to the economies of well-managed public enterprise, partly to the uncertainties of a new business, which are now, however, reduced to a comparatively narrow margin, and partly to the rapacity of powerful private monopolies. The latter generally operates most strongly in the larger cities. In many of the smaller places, as we saw in § 1, the private charges are not unreasonable, but at the best, a private company cannot afford to work at the rates which will sustain a public plant. Even Mr. Foster, in speaking of the forty-nine municipalities whose public electric-light works he studied, declares that "more than half the number are places where it is very doubtful if a private plant could be made to pay under any circumstances." A municipal plant requires no dividends.*

Here are some interesting contrasts in the style of § 1, except that these are comparisons of public ownership with private instead of the former comparisons of one private plant with another.

TABLE XI.

The italicized cities are served by private companies; the others have plants of their own.

Group A. Cost of Standard Arcs, 2,000 candle-power, all night, every night.

Bangor, Me. \$34 (46)

Lewiston, Me. \$43 (52)

Boston \$139

* See other reasons for municipal success stated in comments on Table XI., p. 389.

Dunkirk, N. Y. \$46 (59)

West Troy \$61 (75)

New York \$150

Allegheny \$64 (73)

Easton \$85

Philadelphia \$160*Group B. Cost of Sub-Arcs, 1,200 candle-power, all night, every night.**Cambridge, Mass.* \$115*Brooklyn* \$146

Peabody, Mass. \$62 (70)

South Norwalk, Conn. \$47 (59)

In this table the unbracketed figures following the names of cities having public plants, denote the total cost of production per standard arc, including depreciation, insurance, and all the elements of the said cost, as above explained. The bracketed figures represent the cost of production, plus taxes and interest at four per cent on the investment; these figures serve to show about what the cost would be to a city borrowing its capital. Anyone who still believes that interest must always be added to find the cost of municipal production may use the bracketed figures for all comparisons; he will find the results only a trifle less surprising than when the real cost is used as the basis of comparison. The committee feels like asking its own pardon for supposing that any one *can* hold the belief just referred to after the convincing argument it has just made to the contrary in the preceding pages of this report. It might also be well to ask the pardon of your honorable bodies for entertaining a suspicion that any one of you may be so dull or so prejudiced as not to be convinced by the said argument, if, indeed, you needed conviction on the subject at all. The committee hastens to excuse itself on the ground that its report may possibly be read by persons in other parts of the country where the people are not so intelligent as within your borders, nor so free from that density of ideas and impenetrability of prejudice which formerly possessed the human race, and enabled it to give a welcome to new and unfamiliar thoughts somewhat similar to the welcome Corbett gives a rival in the ring or that which Napoleon used to give the Austrians when they introduced themselves to him in Italy, during the Mantua and Rivoli campaign.

It may be worth while to dwell a moment on some of the contrasts of Table XI. Boston pays four times as much per standard arc as Bangor. As compared with Bangor, Boston is at a disadvantage in the cost of power, but has a better volume and distribution of output, so that there ought to be very little difference in the cost of the service in the two cities, the probability being that it should be lower in Boston. Similar remarks apply to Lewiston, which has a still smaller plant than Bangor—100 and 150 arcs respectively.

Turn to Dunkirk and New York. Both use 480-watt lamps burning all night, every night. In both the motive power is steam; coal is \$2 a ton in Dunkirk, \$3 in New York, a difference of \$5 per arc in favor of Dunkirk. But this is more than overcome by the volume and density of business in New York. The Dunkirk plant is confined to the business of lighting seventy-five street arcs, while the New York plants run 2,625 street arcs and an enormous commercial system that gives them a heavy load all day as well as all night. If New York owned her electric system, and managed it with honest efficiency, she would get her light for less than the Dunkirk cost. A few miles north of Dunkirk the heedless city of Buffalo still pays \$127 $\frac{3}{4}$ an arc, although her coal is as cheap as Dunkirk's, and the volume and density of business are vastly greater.—West Troy

has to pay \$3.25 a ton for her coal, and runs her lamps extra hours. The figures given are from a report made in 1894. A letter to me dated April 30, 1895, gives 115 arcs of 2,000 candle-power, burning fifteen hours out of each twenty-four, at a cost of about nineteen cents a day, which would indicate about \$55 to \$58 for the ordinary all-night arc.

The Allegheny plant lights 3,000 incandescents in the public buildings as well as the 620 standard street arcs, so that the cost of the latter cannot be ascertained with entire precision. The superintendent estimates that the street arcs cost twenty cents a night, or \$73 a year, including interest, which would give \$64 for the cost of production. The coal used in the Allegheny plant is 95-cent slack, while Philadelphia plants use pea coal at \$2.75 a ton. With coal of the same quality, and plants of the same size and build, this difference of price would mean \$9 difference in the cost per arc. But the pea coal is superior, and the cost of fuel per lamp per year is not very different in the two cities, \$15 in Philadelphia and over \$10 in Allegheny. Even if we add the whole \$5, and take no account of factors tending to reduce the cost in the city of Brotherly Love, we still find Philadelphia paying twice as much for her light as she would if she had a public plant as well managed as that of Allegheny.

Easton reports a steam street plant with 122 standard arcs, at \$85 a lamp—coal \$3 a ton. The plant is in debt, but upon the report sent to me it is not clear whether the \$85 includes interest or not. If not, it is one of the least economical of all public plants, and yet it produces light at little more than half what Philadelphia pays—less than half, all things considered, for the \$160 is only the payment made to the electric companies, and does not include the expense of maintaining the city bureau of lighting, a part of whose duty it is to inspect the lamps, and watch the electric companies, to see that they fulfil their agreements, and to make the usual payments, and the customary annual reports; whatever share of the cost of maintaining the bureau of lighting is fairly attributable to the electric lamps, must be added to the amount paid the private companies. This is true also in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn. It is only one more illustration of the fact that competitive industry requires one man to do the work, and another one to watch him. In the public plants of Table XI, and in every well regulated public enterprise, there is but one charge for superintendence; the head of the electric works inspects the lamps, looks out for the interests of the city, and makes the reports, which is much more efficient than the Philadelphia plan, as well as more economical, because if anything goes wrong, the inspector is not confined to an impotent complaint, often disregarded with impunity, but

has the power to *command* the immediate correction of the trouble.

To return to the table. Group B contrasts a few places that use the sub-arc. For 151 lamps of 1,200 c. p. burning an average of 9.65 hours a night, Peabody pays \$62 per lamp per year—\$70 including interest on the electric debt, the plant not being yet owned clear by the people.* For the same service, Cambridge, an inoffensive village thirteen miles south of Peabody, is compelled to pay \$115, or \$45 more per lamp, although the advantages of production are strongly with Cambridge. Brooklyn, with still greater advantages, was reported last year as paying \$182½, and is reported now (May 16, 1895) as paying \$146 for the same lamp, burned the same number of hours. Forty miles northeast of Brooklyn is the town of South Norwalk, with a little municipal steam electric-lighting plant, running 98 street arcs. The dynamos are provided with switches, which enable the engineer to burn the lamps at 1,200, 1,600, or 2,000 candle-power—the average for the year being 1,400 c. p. As the lamps are run till 1.30 or 2 o'clock on the "Philadelphia schedule," they are substantially comparable to all-night arcs of 1,200 candle-power. The capital in the plant is not yet owned by the people, and the 4 per cent interest on bonds brings the total cost per lamp up to \$59 a year; the cost per lamp, including depreciation and everything but interest, is \$47 a year, which represents the entire cost of production under complete municipal ownership—a cost that is less than one-third of the total expense in Brooklyn.

In Table XI we used only the records of places close to the cities in whose behalf we are specially writing, because a comparison near home is most effective; but when we come to take a look at the whole country in § 3 we shall find many other examples of economy through public ownership, quite as marked as those we have mentioned. For example, La Salle, Ill., has a little steam street plant, making arcs at the rate of ten cents a night. It uses slack at 75 cents a ton, and runs 98 full arcs all night on moon schedule, at a total cost—deprecia-

*Danvers, which is close to Peabody, and also has a public plant, obtains results very nearly like those of its neighbor—bare operating expenses \$46 a lamp, total cost \$70. Its 78 lamps run only to midnight. Braintree, a few miles south of Boston, possesses a steam plant, running 118 arcs of 1,200 c. p. all night on the moon schedule at a cost of \$47.55 per lamp for operation including insurance, and \$69.65 including 4 per cent interest and 5 per cent depreciation on the whole cost of the plant. Pittsfield, Mass., pays a private company \$100 per light for the same lamp run on the same schedule; and Milford, Mass., pays \$100 for the same sort of lamp run only till 11 P. M. Thomas A. Watson, superintendent of the Braintree plant, tells us in his report for 1894, p. 136, that "The price charged other towns in Massachusetts by private companies for 1,200 c. p. arc lamps run as ours are run, averages \$95.38. The cost to the town from its own plant shows a saving of \$25.73 per light, or \$3,036.14 on all lights in use, which amount, if placed in a sinking fund each year at 4 per cent interest, is sufficient to pay the whole cost of the plant in less than ten years."

tion, interest, and all — of about \$40 a lamp. Before the public plant was built, the city paid \$112 per arc till midnight, on the moon schedule. Marshalltown, Ia., has a steam street plant, using coal at \$1.40 a ton, and running 64 full arcs an average of six hours per night at an operating cost of \$19 per lamp per year and a total cost of \$27 per lamp, instead of \$125 as formerly, etc.

The question naturally arises, "How is it that public plants are able to make such tremendous savings?" The reasons are many; here are some of them:

1. A public plant does not have to pay dividends on watered stock.
2. It does not have to pay dividends even on the actual investment.
3. It does not have to retain lawyers or lobbyists, or provide for the entertainment of councilmen, or subscribe to campaign funds, or bear the expenses of pushing the nomination and election of men to protect its interests or give it new privileges, or pay blackmail to ward off the raids of cunning legislators and officials, or buy up its rivals, etc.
4. It does not have to advertise nor solicit business.
5. It is able to save a great deal by combination with other departments of public service. The mayor of Dunkirk says: "Our city owns its water plant, and the great saving comes from the city's owning and operating both plants. No extra labor is required but a lineman. The same engineers, firemen, and superintendent operate both plants, and the same boiler power is used." So in Bangor, Marshalltown, and a number of other places, the municipal lighting system is run in connection with the public water plant. In La Salle the fire, water, and light departments are consolidated. A great saving in the cost of labor and superintendence results. The larger the cooperation under a single skilful management, the greater the economy and efficiency, other things being equal. The plants in Allegheny, Easton, West Troy, South Norwalk, Peabody, Danvers, and Braintree do not have this advantage of combination.*
6. Public ownership has no interest to pay. Even if the people do not own the capital, but borrow it, they can get the money at much lower rates of interest than private companies have to pay. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia can borrow at three per cent — have borrowed many millions at that rate. Dunkirk borrows at the same rate; Allegheny pays three and one-half per cent when she borrows; Easton, West Troy, South Norwalk, Peabody, Braintree, etc., four per cent. Few places have to pay over five per cent. There is no debt on the Dunkirk, Allegheny, or West Troy plants, but these are the rates those cities pay when they borrow. As a rule private companies are obliged to pay from two to four per cent more than the municipality in which they are located. The Boston Electric Light Company reports its interest payments at six per cent — three per cent higher than the rate at which the city can borrow. The average interest paid on borrowed money by the private companies in Massachusetts is between seven and eight per cent, while the average at which the towns and cities of the state are able to borrow is between four and five per cent.

In view of these considerations we cannot expect the private companies to furnish light as cheaply as the municipal plants. Under similar conditions of production they could not even come down to the bracketed figures of Table XI without forfeiting their profits. A consolidated public plant can produce light at a lower cost than is possible to a private company with equal efficiency of management, equally good construction, and an equal volume of business. These qualifications must never be

* The South Norwalk plant is combined with the fire alarm, but as the total cost of the latter is \$300 a year, it is practically nothing as far as concerns its power to bring into operation the law of economy by consolidation.

lost sight of, for in them lies the explanation of some mysterious variations in the cost of production both in private and municipal plants. The few cases in which municipal operation is not as successful as it should be, are due to bad management or poor construction or both. The management may be bad because it is hampered by politics, or because the manager himself is not the trained electrician and practical business man he ought to be. Cities are more liable to this kind of error than private companies, though the owners of the latter not infrequently place some favorite or relative in command with little regard for his fitness or ability. The excellent results of public electric plants show that, on the whole, their management has been very good, but there can be no doubt that if civil-service principles were firmly established, and all appointments were permanent and were made on grounds of merit and ability alone, the results would be still better than they are.

Cheap construction is very poor policy. It pays, in the long run, to buy the best engines and dynamos, and build the whole system with solidity and care. It does not appear that public works have suffered more than private from inferior construction. The associations of private electric companies that meet each year are doing much toward making such errors impossible in the future, and for the development of better methods of production. It might be well for the managers of municipal plants to form an association also, and meet every year to exchange ideas. It is certain that the formation of a National Coöperative Supply Company to furnish materials at cost to all municipal plants would still further reduce the cost of light in public systems.

The third qualification above mentioned, the one that relates to the volume of business, is scarcely less important than the others. Very many municipal plants are simply street plants; that is, they do not light stores or residences, or sell any light at all to the citizens, but are confined to providing light for the streets. It is a great mistake to limit a public plant in this way. If it is allowed to do commercial lighting as well as street lighting, the volume and density of its business is largely increased; it has a day load as well as a night load, and the cost of production per lamp is materially reduced. The truth is that there should be but one electric system in any town or city, and that should be a municipal system consolidated with the fire department, water works, gas works, and street-car lines, and should supply light, heat, and power to all the citizens at or near cost, as well as illuminating the streets and public buildings. In many places substantially such a system is already a realized fact, and we will now proceed to examine the results.

With the single exception of Peabody, none of the public plants in Table XI supply commercial lights, a disadvantage which makes their returns all the more wonderful when compared with the prices of the private companies of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, with their enormous commerce.

Here are some public plants that sell light as well as provide for the streets.*

TABLE XII.—COMMERCIAL PUBLIC PLANTS.

Group A.

	Yearly cost per street lamp.	
St. Clairsville, O.	\$28	2,000 c. p. average 9 hours a night.
Swanton, Vt.	10	2,000 c. p. all night, moon.
Chehalis, Wash.	8	2,000 c. p. all night, every night.
Indianola, Ia.	7	1,200 c. p. average 6 hours.
Wellston, O.	7	1,200 c. p. " "
Grand Ledge, Mich.	6½	
Madison, N. J.	12	incandescent 30 c. p.
Newark, Del.	4	incandescent

(Grand Ledge is taken from Professor Ely's figures, and Chehalis from Director Beitler's report to the Philadelphia Councils; the rest are from returns made directly to me.)

Group B.

Albany, Mo.	\$0	"Commercial lights pay all expenses" (30 street lamps 1,200 c. p. burned all night).
Batavia, Ill.	0	"Costs nothing—all expenses paid by commercial light" (120 street arcs all night).
Crete, Neb.	0	Commercial lamps more than pay expenses (50 street arcs 1,200 c. p. till midnight).
Council Grove, Kans.	0	"Commercial lamps pay all expenses—operation and interest."
Middleton, Pa.	0	"500 incandescent pay all expenses."
Oxford, O.	0	"1,300 incandescent pay for the street lamps."
St. Peter's, Minn.	0	"Lights cost nothing—1,000 incandescent pay all expenses."

* Some public plants that sell light do so at rates that leave little or no margin above its cost, including interest, so that taxes may not be reduced till the debt is paid off. In other cases the field is so small and the lights required by the citizens are so few, that although there is a margin of profit on the commercial lamps, the total is not large enough to make much of a showing. With a fair volume of business, a moderate profit produces wonderful results, as the table shows. Where there is no debt even a small commerce at very low rates is quite effective in reducing taxes. For example, Kendallville, Ind., owns a steam plant with coal at \$2.55 a ton. It runs 43 standard street arcs and 17 commercial arcs of 2,000 candle-power at \$60 a year each. The result is that the total cost to the taxpayers for street lighting, depreciation, taxes, operation, and all is only \$30 per year per standard arc.

Group C.

	Profit	
Farmville, Va.	\$340	above all expenses, fixed charges, and operating, and giving the city free 25 full arcs averaging 6 hours per night.
Luverne, Minn.	520	above all operating and fixed charges, and 12 street arcs, free, of 2,000 c. p.
Falls City, Neb.	650	above all operating and fixed charges, and 150 street lamps free.
Rockport, Mo.	900	above all operating and fixed charges, and 65 street lamps free.
Alexandria, Minn.		Blends the light and water accounts. The report for the year ending March 1, 1895, puts interest and operating expenses at \$5,896 for the combined departments. The income of the departments, aside from taxes, was \$6,052. At current market rates the street lighting was worth \$1,000, and the fire-plugs \$1,575, so that the total service of the departments is represented by \$8,627, a profit of \$2,731.

Let us examine more closely a few of those splendid facts. St. Clairsville runs its plant at a total cost of \$2,350 (including 5 per cent interest on the whole investment). It sells 600 commercial incandescents, 16 c. p., and its income from them is \$1,300, leaving \$850 as the cost of the thirty 2,000 candle-power street arcs, burning practically all night and every night — \$28 a lamp for substantially the same service that costs New York \$146 to \$182 per lamp, and Philadelphia over \$160 per lamp.

Swanton sells 1,650 incandescents at exceedingly low rates, as we shall see in Table XIII. Its income for light and power is \$3,356, and its expenses are \$3,649, including interest at 5 per cent on the full value of the plant, leaving \$293 for the taxpayers to shoulder as the cost of 24 all-night arcs, 2,000 c. p., and 15 all-night incandescents, 32 c. p., and 2 arcs near the station for which no charge is made — equal in all to about 30 full arcs, at a cost of less than \$10 each — \$10 for nearly the same service that costs Boston \$139 a lamp; exactly the same, except in respect to the moonlight, which makes a difference in cost of about one-sixth; the cost of power makes another difference of one-sixth, so that the Swanton equivalent for Boston is about \$14 per standard arc.

Indianola runs a steam plant at a cost of \$3,900, interest, depreciation, and all, with coal at \$1.25 a ton. Its income, aside from taxes, is \$3,600, leaving \$300 as the cost to the town of 120 32-candle-power lamps, and four 1,200-candle-power lamps, equal to 44 lamps of 1,200 candle-power or 132 lamps of 32 candle-power burning an average of six hours a night. The cost per lamp is therefore \$2.25 per year for a 32 candle-power lamp, and \$7 a year for a lamp of 1,200 candle-power. — Wellston has to pay 5 per cent interest on the whole value of its plant, yet its income from 1,000 incandescent lamps leaves only \$400 as the total cost to the city of 58 street arcs of 1,200 candle-power, averaging 6 hours a night — less than \$7 a year for an arc. Before it owned a public plant, the city paid \$120 per lamp for the same service. — Hudson, Mass., pays \$91 to a private company for a lamp of the same power, burning the same number of hours. Milford and Lynn pay \$100 for the same lamp burning fewer hours. The lowest price charged for such lamps by Massachusetts private companies is \$75 a year. The charges for 32 candle-power lamps burned an average of 4 to 6 hours per night, run from \$15 to \$25, in place of Indianola's \$2.25.

The latest report I have been able to get from Madison only brings the account down to March 31, 1894. The plant then ran 1,777 domestic lamps and 411 street lamps. The net cost per street lamp was \$9 a year, including interest, but depreciation brings it up to \$12. The commercial lighting was rapidly increasing, 840 lamp applications being on file awaiting fulfilment at the date of the report. The business of Newark, Delaware, is also growing fast, and the superintendent thinks that, next year, the commercial business will pay for the street lamps.

The results in Group A are very good, but a zero for the cost of electric street lamps is better still. It means \$800,000 a year saved to the taxpayers in Philadelphia, \$400,000 in New York, \$260,000 in Boston. It is better yet to have a moderate profit from the public lighting system.

In Farmville, the operating cost is \$2,580, the fixed charges are \$600, and the income is \$3,520 — a profit of \$340, and 25 full arcs, averaging 6 hours a night, free. At current rates these lamps would cost from \$2,200 to \$3,000, so that the Farmville plant saves at least \$2,500 to the taxpayers every year. — The Luverne plant costs \$2,925 for running expenses, \$392 for depreciation and taxes, \$423 for interest, \$3,740 total. Its income from commercial lighting is \$4,260, leaving \$520 profit, and 12 street arcs, free 2,000 candle-power, burning an average of 5 hours a night, worth, at current rates about \$1,000; wherefore the Luverne light plant saves the taxpayers \$1,500 a year. The Alexandria plant, as we have seen, saves \$2,700 to the taxpayers every year.

And we are only on the threshold yet. Our towns and cities are just beginning to see the virtues of combining commercial lighting with their street work. The business is developing rapidly, and in a few years a city that levies taxes to pay for its street lamps will be regarded as a lingering relic of an embryonic age. In time we may even do as well as Berlin and Paris, which make the city franchises pay eighteen and twenty-two per cent, respectively, of all municipal expenditures. I hope we shall do better; I hope to see the day when public business will pay the whole volume of public expenses.

One more point the committee must make in this section. The transfer of business from private to public plants is a benefit to consumers as well as to those who pay taxes. To a large extent the two classes are one, and a man who buys light for his store or his house, and helps with the street-lighting tax, is doubly benefited by the public plant, once by the diminution of taxes, and once by the cheapening of commercial light.

Braintree, Mass., sells incandescents at 6 mills per meter hour and $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 dollars a year. St. Clairsville sells incandescents, 16 candle-power, at two-fifths of a cent a meter hour, or 40 cents a month. Farmville charges 50 cents a month. Swanton, Vt., sells incandescents, 16 candle-power, at 1 to 3 dollars a year, or one-third of a cent an hour by meter, and 2,000 candle-power arcs at \$50 a year. In Boston the citizens have to pay 50 to 90 cents a night, or \$182 to \$328 a year for an arc, and 1 cent per hour by meter, or \$10 a year, for an incandescent 16 candle-power.

Public lighting not only reduces the cost of street lamps one-half, two-halves, or even three-halves, but it lowers the cost of commercial light also about one-half on the average, and, in some cases, a great deal more than that. Here are the facts.

TABLE XIII. — PRICES FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT.

To get the full force of this table one must keep in mind the fact that 1 cent per meter hour, and 20 cents per 1,000 watt hours (or 1,000 watts as they are called for short), are different expressions for the same rate of charge. Nominally the 16 candle-power lamp takes 60 watts, but electricians tell me that 50 watts are all the lamp generally gets, so that 1,000 watt hours will run the lamp 20 hours, and 20 cents per 1,000 watts is the same as 1 cent per hour by meter or clock. In the same way, 10 cents per 1,000 watts and one-half cent an hour are equivalent rates. Companies charging 1 cent an hour, or 20 cents per 1,000 watts, generally charge \$1 a month and \$10 a year for the ordinary service of a 16 c. p. lamp; and plants charging one-half cent per meter hour usually charge about 50 cents a month. The monthly rate usually varies with the location of the lamp in a store, hallway, bedroom, etc., the probable number of hours of lighting being estimated from the location. As the average time of using the lamps varies with the habits of the people in different places, the monthly rates even for lamps in similar locations are not so sure a basis for comparison as the rates per meter hour or per 1,000 watts or per lamp in all-night service.

A. Ordinary Service, 16 candle-power lamp.

PUBLIC PLANTS.

PRIVATE PLANTS.

	Per month	Per meter hour	Per 1,000 watts		Per month	Per meter hour	Per 1,000 watts
Swanton, Vt.	10 to 30c.	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	7c.	Boston, Mass.	\$1 to 1.50	1c.	
Braintree, Mass.	25 to 45c.	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.		Brookline, Mass.		1c.	
Peabody, Mass.		$\frac{1}{2}$ c.		Cambridge, Mass.		.85c.	
				Gardner, Mass.		1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	25 to 50c.
Westfield, N. Y.	40c.	($\frac{1}{2}$ c.)		New York City.		1c.	
				Brooklyn.		1c.	
				Binghamton.		1c.	
St. Clairsville, O.	40c.	$\frac{2}{3}$ c.		Cincinnati, O.		$\frac{3}{4}$ c.	15c.
Clyde, O.	30 to 50c.			Private Cos. Clyde neighborhood.	.75 to \$1		
De Graff, O.	40c.*	($\frac{2}{3}$ c.)		Quincy, Mass.		1c.	
Wellston, O.	50c.			Fall River, Mass.	\$1	1c.	
Shelby, O.	30 to 50c.			Hyde Park, Mass.	.85c.		20c.
Ashtabula, O.	50c.			Lowell, Mass.	\$1		12c.
Galion, O.	50c.			Hull, Mass.	60c.	1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	
Oxford, O.		$\frac{1}{2}$ c.		Lynn, Mass.	\$1 to 1.25		
Crawfordsville, Ind.	40c.	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.		Logansport, Ind.		1c.	
Peru, Ill.	50c.	($\frac{1}{2}$ c.)		Chicago, Ill.		1c.	
				Marseilles, Ill.	40c.		
Tipton, Ia.	50c.			Private Cos. in lo- cality of Tipton	75c.		
Indianola, Ia.	30 to 50c.			Chelsea, Mass.	\$1.25	1c.	
Chariton, Ia.	40c.			Framingham, Mass.	\$1.	1c.	
Atlantic, Ia.		1c.		Bath, Me.		1c.	
Wilson Junc., Ia.	35c.						
Fulda, Minn.	25 to 50c.	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.—		Duluth, Minn.		1c.	
Luverne, Minn.	50c.		10c.	Newton, Mass.	\$1		20c.
Alexandria, Minn.	65c.			Charlestown, Mass.	\$1.90†		
Sleepy Eye Lake, Minn.			8c.	Webster, Mass.			30c.
				Milford, Mass.			25c.
				Salem, Mass.			18c.
				Lexington, Mass.			27c.
				Winchendon, Mass.			30c.
Falls City, Neb.	50c.		10c.	Omaha, Neb.			20c.
Schuyler, Neb.	50c.			Waltham, Mass.	\$1.35	1c.	
Lyons, Kan.	60c.			Topeka, Kan.		1c.	
Herrington, Kan.	50c.			Wichita, Kan.		1c.	
Hannibal, Mo.	50c.	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	10c.	St. Louis, Mo.		1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	
Albany, Mo.	28 to 50c.			Springfield, Mo.		1c.	
Shelburne, Mo.	50 to 70c.			Springfield, Mass.		1c.	
Savannah, Mo.	35 to 50c.			Little Rock, Ark.		1c.	
				Colorado Springs, Col.		1c.	
				Leadville, Col.	\$1	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	
				San Jose, Cal.		1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	
Madison, Ga.	50c.			Baton Rouge, La.	50c.		
				New Brunswick, N. J.		.8c.	16c.
Madison, N. J.		$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	10c.	Mount Holly, N. J.		$\frac{1}{2}$ c.	20c.
				Birmingham, Ct.			
Quakertown, Pa.			8c.	Philadelphia, Pa.		$\frac{3}{4}$ c.	(15c.)
				Harrisburg, Pa.			15c.
Newark, Del.	5 to 50c.‡	$\frac{1}{2}$ c.		Wilmington, Del.	10c.—\$1§	$\frac{6}{10}$ c.	
Farmville, Va.	50c.		(10c.)	Washington, D. C.			15c.
High Point, N. C.	35c.			Taunton, Mass.	\$1	1c.	
Jacksonville, Fla.	30c.	$\frac{3}{4}$ c.	7c.	Beverly, Mass.	\$1		25c.

* De Graff. Two or more lamps, 25c. each. Churches, lodges, etc., 8c.

† Charlestown. Price for each of a group of 8 lamps.

‡ Newark. 50c. 1 lamp; above 15 lamps, 15c. each in stores and 5c. each in houses.

§ Wilmington. \$1 for 1 lamp; 3 or more lamps, 60c. and 80c. each; where used not over 1 hour a day 10c. each.

B. All night-service, 16 c. p.

Public Plants.		Private Companies.	
	Per month.		Per month.
Hannibal, Mo.	75c.	Springfield, Mo.	\$1.50
		St. Louis, "	(2.00)
		Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	2.50
		New York City	(2.00)
		Worcester, Mass.	2.00
		Boston, "	(2.00)
		Franklin, "	1.50
		Bath, Me.	1.25
		Logansport, Ind.	1.50
Herrington, Kan.	75c.	Wichita, Kan.	1.50
		Leadville, Col.	2.50
		San Jose, Cal.	1.50
		Duluth, Minn.	1.75
Peru, Ill.	\$1.00	Chicago, Ill.	(2.00)
		Baton Rouge, La.	2.00
		Anniston, Ala.	1.50
		Wilmington, Del.	1.50
Jacksonville, Fla.	75c.	Jacksonville E. L. Co.	2.00

The figures of Table XIII as to public plants are taken from returns made by municipal officers. As to private companies the rates are taken from returns made by their own officers or from information given by city officials. The rates in parenthesis are estimated.—In Group B the four cities whose charges are in parenthesis have sent me meter rates but no specified all-night rate; the meter rate would give \$3.30 a month for all-night service, but as other cities with the same meter rate make a discount of about 40 per cent for steady all-night service I have allowed the same discount in the cases named. It is quite probable, however, that the large city companies would not make any such discounts except to a customer using a large number of lamps. I have the printed contract forms used in the cities named, and a customer's monthly bill must run up to \$400 or \$500 before he can get 20 per cent discount from the meter rates, let alone 40 per cent. So that small consumers like those who get all-night service at 75c. a month from the public plants would probably have to pay the full meter rates, or \$3.30 per lamp per month, in New York, Chicago, etc. It is unfortunate that more of the public plants do not supply all-night service, or if they supply it do not report their rates for it. Next to the meter rates per hour and per 1,000 watts the all-night rates are the most satisfactory basis of comparison, representing a more definite service than the ordinary monthly rates, which relate to hours of lighting that vary somewhat in different places with the habits of the people. The committee has given all the rates known to it except some in Massachusetts that are mere duplicates of the examples given from that state. Many municipal plants, as I have before remarked, are confined to public lighting, and a number of those that sell light do not report their rates, else Table XIII might have been longer. It is long enough, however, to make it very clear that public plants serve their customers at much lower rates than are usual with private companies.

An examination of Table XIII discloses the fact that, as a rule, the charges of private companies are double, and sometimes threefold, fourfold, fivefold, tenfold the rates in public plants. The ordinary charges in private companies are one cent per hour, 20 cents per 1,000 watts, and \$1 a month for a 16 candle-power lamp; and the prevailing rates in public plants are one-half cent per hour, 10 cents per 1,000 watts, and 50 cents a month for the same lamp. In several instances the public rate is only seven to eight cents per 1,000 watts, while the lowest private rates per 1,000 are 12 cents in Lowell and 15 cents in Cincinnati, Harrisburg, and Washington. In only one instance known to the committee, does the public rate per 1,000 exceed 10 cents—in Atlantic, Ia., the rate is one cent per hour, or 20 cents per 1,000 watts; but private rates more frequently run above than below their ordinary level of 20 cents, being 25, 27, 30, and in one instance 50 cents per 1,000.

The Swanton rate is one-third of a cent per meter hour. The usual private charge is one cent per meter hour, or threefold the Swanton rate. A number of public plants serve light for 30 cents a month, which is less than one-third of the usual private charge, one-quarter the Chelsea charge, and one-fifth the Brookline rate. Charlestown citizens pay \$15 a month for a group of eight lamps 16 candle-power, or \$1.90 per lamp. Newark, Del., asks \$2 a month for a group of ten-lamps 16 candle-power, or 20 cents each — a public charge less than one-ninth of the private rate. At the reported rates a group of 32 lamps would cost \$3.85 a month in Newark, and over 10 times that much in Charlestown. The Newark charge of five cents a month for each residence lamp beyond 15 is the lowest known to the committee.

The all-night service tells the same story. The usual public rate is 75 cents a month, while the usual private charge is \$1.50 to \$2 per lamp 16 candle-power. With higher candle-powers similar contrasts exist. St. Clairsville, O., and High Point, N. C., supply a 25 candle-power lamp for 45 and 50 cents a month respectively; while the private company of Northampton, Mass., asks \$1.35 to \$2 a month for a 20 candle-power lamp. The public plant of Westfield, N. Y., sells a 32 candle-power lamp for 70 cents a month; while the Boston company asks \$6 a month for the same candle-power. In respect to arc lights the differences are quite as marked. We have already seen that the citizens of Boston are paying private companies three and a-half to six and a-half times as much per arc as the citizens of Swanton pay for the same service from their public plant. The usual municipal charge per arc is \$50 to \$75 a year, while the citizens of our cities give the private companies \$100 to \$200 per arc under circumstances that ought to make the cost of producing light much less than in most of the public plants; even in the city of Brotherly Love the people pay 45 cents a night or \$164 a year for commercial arcs. The next section is designed to go to the bottom of the arc-lighting question, so we do not need to dwell upon the subject here.

It is abundantly clear that the people of our cities and towns could save at least half the money they pay for electric light by going into the business on their own account. Even in Chicago, though the public service ranks among the three or four most costly in the whole list of public systems — yet even in the heart of Chicago the city plant could save the citizens more than half if it were permitted to sell electric light; such, at least, is the opinion of Professor Barrett, superintendent of the Chicago works (see note to Table X).

It is true that some private companies sell light at very rea-

sonable rates. This serves to show that the companies could give the people cheap light — cheap for competitive enterprise, that is — if they chose to do so. The Wilmington Electric Company, whether through fear that the success of Newark may cause a movement toward public ownership in other Delaware cities, or for some other reason best known to themselves, have made electric rates that are surprisingly low when compared with the charges in other plants, many of them more advantageously situated than itself. It is a steam plant, pays more for coal than Philadelphia or New York, and has not so large a business, yet its rates are much lower than those of Philadelphia companies, and only about half the New York rates for incandescent lighting. Cheap as it is, however, its charges are cut in two by the public plants of its neighbor Newark, twelve miles to the west, a little steam plant paying \$3.15 a ton for coal and with nothing like the advantages of the Wilmington Company in respect to loading or volume and density of business. When we turn from incandescent lamps to arcs, we find the Wilmington Company making up to some extent for its low incandescent rates. It charges the citizens 10 cents an hour for a 1,200 candle-power arc, and the city \$125 a year for a street arc.

It is not to be expected that private companies will sell as cheaply as public; with equal efficiency of management it costs them more to produce light, and they must have interest and profits. A private company is run, not for the benefit of the people, but for the profit of the owners. It is perfectly natural for an electric-light company to make all the money it can; that is no more than is done by the majority of business men and corporations in every line of trade. This committee wishes to make it emphatic beyond the possibility of mistake, that it is no part of its present intention to throw blame on any individual or company whose methods do not involve the corrupt use of money or influence. So far as the ordinary methods of competitive business are concerned, even when highly exorbitant charges result, they are merely the outcome of a strong monopoly in the presence of an ignorant or inert community; and thousands of men all over the country who are good, honest citizens according to the light of the prevailing nineteenth-century ethical standards, would make the very same charges if they owned the same monopoly under the same circumstances. According to the true standards, an exorbitant charge is simply a form of theft; but so long as our boys are brought up to call it "business" and "exchange by the law of supply and demand," and to think it honest, and that money-getting is the end and aim of life, so long will extortion continue. There are men who do business

in a way they know to be immoral — men who would not dare to tell their wives and children the details of their business transactions. Such men are worthy of all contempt; but as to the great majority of men, what we need is not so much a campaign of censure as a campaign of reconstruction. When we have passed from competition to coöperation, and its lofty ethics have taken possession of our souls, the moral element of the community will wonder how the upright Christian business men of this decade could be so confused in thought and feeling as to think it right to take from a brother man 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 20, 100 times the value of what they give, just as we wonder now how a Christian gentleman could ever have held his brothers and his sisters and his children in bondage and sold them at auction like so many horses and cows. A great deal of what is now called "fair exchange" will be classed with robbery, embezzlement, and breach of trust by the standards of the future.

One of the immediate steps toward coöperative industry should be a municipal lighting plant in each of our towns and cities. To the people of Boston and neighboring towns it would mean a saving of nearly half a million in taxes, and a very great benefit to consumers of light besides.

TABLE XIV. — BOSTON AND VICINITY.

	Receipts from taxpayers.	Total Electric income.	Taxes paid by Company.
Boston E. L. Co.	\$217,610	\$540,967	\$21,036
Edison Co. (Boston) . . .		587,514	26,854
Brookline Co.	45,333	70,227	1,576
Cambridge Co.	59,915	103,471	4,191
Charlestown Co.	31,244	40,015	2,163
Chelsea Co.	26,655	38,780	1,376
Newton Co.	25,041	42,348	800
Somerville Co.	49,363	71,686	2,532
Suburban Co.		65,335	762
Total for street lights . .	\$455,161	\$1,560,343	\$61,290
Subtracting taxes paid by street lighting Co.'s we have	\$33,674	Subtracting Edison and Suburban Co.'s taxes	\$27,616
Net cost of street lights . .	\$421,487		\$33,674

The total income of the Boston Electric Light Company is \$540,967, and its charges are one cent per hour for incandescent, and 50 to 90 cents a night for arc lights. The

Edison Company does not light the streets, but has a commerce of \$587,514 a year, and pays \$26,854 taxes. Its charge is one cent per meter hour. The Suburban Company also has no public lighting, but a commerce of \$65,335, pays \$762 taxes, and charges 20 cents per 1,000 watts. The Newton Company and the Somerville Company make the same charge; Charlestown, \$1.90 a month; Cambridge, one cent per hour, with 15 per cent discount for prompt payment, which amounts to .85 cent per hour; Brookline and Chelsea, one cent per hour.

If the people would take these plants or build new ones of their own, and manage them as well as the systems listed in Table XII, they could lower rates 50 per cent, build up the business,* and economize in the cost of production; and in a few years there would be a zero, or perhaps a profit, in place of the \$421,487 our taxpayers pour into the pockets of the electric light companies, and consumers of light would pay less per lamp by a half at least. At the very start the total savings of the people in taxes and light rates would exceed \$800,000 a year. This is what Tables X to XIII predict that Boston could do, and the facts of the following section, disclosing in detail the cost of producing electric light, will be found to confirm the prophecy fully. In Philadelphia and New York the savings would be larger still, and even in St. Louis—I'm no longer afraid to say it, for the facts of this section have proved it—even in St. Louis a municipal plant would save the people \$300,000 a year.

It is all a very simple matter. If the people acquire a business that M now owns, the people will get the profits that M now gets. This plain fact, and the other plain fact that economy comes with coöperation, explain the phenomena of this section. It pays men better to pull together than separately or in opposition to each other, and it pays a man better to own a thing himself than to have somebody else own it. If a thing is worth owning it is better owned by A and B than by B alone, better at least for A.† If B owns the farm or grocery or clothing house, A will pay more for provisions and clothes than if he were partner with B. It is the same with electric light. If A, B, C, etc., are partners with M, O, N, in the electric-light works they will be better treated and get their light at less expense than if M, O, N own the plant by themselves. The more a man owns the better off he is, if he lives an honest life; and the rule holds good of a dozen, a thousand, or a cityful. The sooner we recognize this truth and adopt the policy of extending city

* Confidence, good feeling, cheapened service, and a realization that the profits go into the public treasury, prompt the people to patronize a public institution more freely than a private monopoly, a fact so prominent as to cause especial comment by the census department (see Bulletin 100, eleventh census).

† There are things, of course, that it is best to have some one else own—a corn, for example, or a taste for strong drink, or too high an idea of oneself, or the undue affection of another man's wife, or money or goods unjustly obtained. But when property is honestly come by and is of a nature that it may justly be held in partnership, as is the case with material means of production generally, then it is true as a rule in respect to men of ordinary common sense and character that it is better for A to be co-owner with B than to have B the sole owner.

ownership — enriching the “common” people by returning to them the lands and franchises that have been given away by their corrupt or foolish agents — the sooner we shall be well started on the road that leads where poverty of honest toil and willing industry will be unknown forever.

(To be continued.)

THE AUGUST PRESENT.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

"Life is a mission." — *Mazzini*.

"To-day is a king in disguise." — *Emerson*.

"The golden age is before, not behind." — *Charles Sumner*.

"To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right, and duty welded into the heart. To live is to know what one is worth—what one can do, and should do. Life is conscience." — *Victor Hugo*.

The present is big with possibilities for the human race. Every man, woman, and child with convictions can be real factors in the march of progress. The opportunities afforded to-day come only to those who live in transition eras, in periods of widespread and profound unrest. To those who desire to help the world onward, but who are chafing under the limitations which hedge them round about, I would say: your opportunities to-day for leaving a lasting impression on civilization are far greater than those enjoyed by men and women who have occupied more commanding positions in ages marked by contentment, or in periods when sullen hopelessness rankled in the hearts of earth's millions. And this brings me to the point I wish to emphasize, because it shows *why* no man or woman need be a cipher in society at the present time.

Nations and civilizations, no less than individuals, pass through great crises or turning points in existence, when fate holds up the interrogation point and cries "Choose"; and after the choice has been made, periods of comparative quiet follow. Sometimes they are eras of contentment, when the public mind may be compared to the pulsating ocean lulled into a profound calm; there is motion—there are the multitudinous wavelets and ripples—but as a whole the vast expanse is tranquil. At other times the thought-waves are fatal to growth, because they are poisoned with hate. Millions of men and women, having lost hope, feel themselves vanquished by cunning or power in a struggle for justice, freedom, and happiness, and they naturally send forth an atmosphere of sullen, hopeless bitterness, while from the masterful few in society the dominant or prevailing spirit is that of the alert conqueror rather than the compassionate brother. This condition is especially unfavorable to growth in an upward direction. There may be bloody outbreaks, but they are the struggles of brute

pitted against brute, a contest in which hate and savagery eclipse the divine, and the immediate result of such struggles will always be appalling, though to the student of history they will occasion no surprise; indeed he will see that they have been rendered inevitable through the inhumanity and brutality of man.

In contrast with these periods of contentment and nightmares of hate, there are the epochs of light and growth—supreme moments, which accomplish for humanity more during the space of a generation than is achieved in centuries when the brain of man is dormant, or when he lives in an atmosphere of despair. These epochs of unrest, though they be accompanied by the pangs of labor, are the birthdays of progress; they lift man from a lower to a higher state; they unfold to him a broader horizon than he has hitherto conceived to be possible. Such periods are at once the inspiration and the hope of civilization.

One of the most striking illustrations of a luminous age in the annals of a single people is afforded by the history of Greece from 500 to 400 B. C. This century witnessed the declining years of Pythagoras and the opening manhood of Plato. It was also made immortal by Æschylus—the Shakespeare of Greece—Sophocles, and Euripides; Herodotus, the father of history; Thucydides, the Athenian historian; Xenophon, the soldier and historian; Hippocrates, the father of medicine; Pericles, the statesman and patron of learning and art; Pheidias, the greatest of all sculptors; and Socrates.

In the annals of our civilization the first century of what historians term modern times, or the Renaissance, furnishes another example of an epoch of unrest, or an age of the interrogation point. Here we see an awakening extending over many nations and reflecting the mental and ethical conditions of more than one stage of growth, as well as the social and national characteristics of various peoples. This was the most marked awakening known to western civilization. It was an era in which the past and present were challenged, and the future critically interrogated. It was a time of unrest and of growth, and responding to the exhilarating but disturbing thought-waves which surged over western Europe, we find Savonarola, Erasmus, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Melancthon, Latimer, and Knox calling the church to judgment. Rabelais employs the shafts of merciless satire against hypocrisy. Sir Thomas More reveals the essential brutality, injustice, and absurdity of political and social conditions, by contrasting the civiliza-

tion of his time with his Utopian commonwealth. Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, Correggio, Titian, and their companions in the field of art, made the stiff, narrow, and wooden paintings of the Dark Ages appear harsh and crude in the presence of truer and freer expressions of genius untrammelled. Copernicus interrogated the heavens; Columbus discovered the New World; Vasco de Gama reached the Indies by way of Cape of Good Hope; Magellan's ships circumnavigated the globe.

The press which Guttenburg invented a few years prior to the opening of this century aided marvellously in stimulating the public mind, which had been already profoundly stirred. Colet, in founding the St. Paul's Latin Grammar School, laid the foundation for humane and rational popular education. Caxton's press, which began printing books in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, greatly aided the general intellectual awakening in England. And throughout Italy, Germany, England, France, and the Spanish Peninsula, humanity felt the profound agitation which beat upon the brain of the age in so marked a way that positive and clearly defined revolutions in religion, art, science, commerce, and politics followed. It was a civilization-wide awakening, as much grander, broader, and more far-reaching than the quickening of brain, heart, and soul in the Periclean Age as a family or group of nations is greater than one nation.

At the present time we are in the midst of a many-sided revolution as much more far-reaching in influence and greater in possibilities than the Renaissance as was that period greater than the golden age of Greece. For the restless spirit of growth and inquiry which permeates the thought of our age is not only found in every field of research, but is world-wide in its extent. The telegraph and cable have threaded the nations of earth together as beads on a single strand, and the utilization of steam has brought remote lands within easy distance of one another. The revolution in philosophical theories occasioned by the wider knowledge resulting from the interchange of the intellectual concepts of nation with nation, race with race, and civilization with civilization, is only equalled by the far-reaching influence which the marvelous revelations in psychical science are exerting. The revolution in religious thought occasioned by modern critical methods, the discoveries of discrepancies in the various ancient manuscripts and the new truths revealed by archæological research, is only eclipsed by the profound agitation and

change going on throughout Europe, America, and Australia in regard to social and political economics and educational theories.

These are some of the phenomena which make the present the most august moment in the history of civilization, and it would seem as though destiny was shaping things so that all nations in the world which make any pretence to civilization, should come under the influence of this world-wide mental quickening. Suppose that in 1893 someone had predicted that within two years China would be compelled to throw open her ports to civilization and give audience to modern progress, and, more than that, that the great empire would be brought to these momentous concessions by the little island nation of Japan. Men would have ridiculed the idea, if they did not regard it as too wild for even contemptuous notice. All things point to the fact frequently predicted by thoughtful philosophers of the Orient that the closing years of this century will be a grand climacteric period in the history of the world. *It is in a very special sense a day of judgment*; for, while all days are judgment days in that whenever a new truth comes to man it calls him to pass upon it, and his passing is in a way his own sentence, yet the period upon which we are now entering is a culminating moment of world-wide proportion.

If we take the story of the journeyings of Israel from Egypt to Canaan as a marvellous allegory of the progress of humanity, we may compare mankind at the present moment to the Children of Israel when they had reached the boundary of Canaan and were listening to the report of the spies sent to view the land. It is an hour of readjustment, and of marvellous possibilities for the race, if reason, justice, and love can be made to conquer prejudice, selfishness, and savagery. But it is for the individuals, the nations, the civilizations, and the races to determine whether they will enter the higher estate where truth shall hold regal sway over the mind, where altruism shall dominate the heart, and love shall slay hate, or whether, like Israel, earth's children shall turn back into the desert to wander and to wait for weary generations until the lessons which we have so often blindly refused to learn are through repeated and bitter experience burned into the soul of a wiser posterity.

The tremendous issues which hang upon the choice of this supreme hour should prove sufficient to fire every man and woman of conviction, and lead to a great renunciation—a renunciation of the love of self, and dedication of brain,

heart, and hand to humanity's need. But there is another reason why the present speaks in urgent tones to every soul. The possibilities for influencing the lives of others were never greater, if indeed they were ever so great as to-day, because the public mind is in an attitude of expectancy, for at every crucial moment like the present the thought-waves of the nations, civilizations, and peoples who come under the spell of noble discontent surge to and fro much as do the mighty billows of a sea when profoundly moved by a great tempest.

The present is august because the spirit of God is moving on the waters of thought, and the coming and going of the turbulent waves lash into life or consciousness all but the most dormant and self-paralyzed brains. At such periods the brain of man becomes abnormally sensitive; it is as the prepared plate of the camera, ready to catch and hold a dominant idea, an all-mastering ideal, a life-controlling thought; or, to change the figure, the public mind resembles the iron at white heat ready to be shaped into sledge hammers to break the shackles of bondage, or to be forged into links which may enslave.

To every one—I care not how humble may be his station, I care not where or what his position—to every one strong enough to do right, is given at this splendid moment the opportunity to awaken and influence some soul or souls to come into the light. To those who live in hamlets, villages, and towns, or whose lives may seem very circumscribed, I would say: What you lack in station or scope is more than made up by the opportunities which the present affords to throw a vital thought or a divine ideal into the minds of those around you; to impress a young life, or to lead a thoughtless brain into the light.

Remember, moreover, that the peculiar mental attitude of humanity to-day is not proof against old-time prejudice or the subtle poison of ancient ideals. Humanity is rising, but we must not forget that man is linked by a thousand ties to the lower life from which he has so slowly risen and which still holds so strong a sway over the mind of millions. We are not so far from the lower animals, not so far from a state of barbarism, that we are proof against animalism or savagery; it is not safe for men to see blood. And this suggests something which illustrates the point I wish to emphasize touching the dangers which threaten civilization from the presence of strong prejudices or passions, and the influence of ancient ideals on the mind at a moment of expectancy and unrest like the present.

There never seemed a more hopeful moment for the civilization of western Europe than that presented during the heyday of the new learning, when such men as Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Colet, and their co-laborers were scattering abroad among thinking men and women the noble dream of a purified church and a redeemed society; when justice and toleration were being preached, and when the strong moral protests of Savonarola, Luther, Zwingli, and Melancthon were awaking the moral energies of man; while Copernicus was broadening the conceptions of humanity in regard to the heavens, and while art, science, and a higher conception of education than man had heretofore entertained were taking on marvellous proportions.

And yet while this glad prophetic song of the dawn was still young, when the mind of man was tense and ready to receive and act on any powerful or dominant thought or ideal, which should be pressed home with intensity and persistency, the prejudice, dogmatism and bigotry of conservatism, and the savagery latent in the heart of man were suddenly aroused and stirred into aggressive activity by the upholders of ancient thought, and the Spanish Inquisition marked the opening of a night-time for civilization, as terrible as the promises of dawn had been glorious. Spain answered the momentous question of this hour of judgment in no uncertain tones. She chose, and her choice was marked by persecution and slaughter which still sickens the heart of man. The spirit of a savage past dominated, and in the midst of her power, glory, pride, and prosperity, she fell, prostrate and paralyzed, by virtue of her choice of death instead of life, progress, and unequalled glory.

The sight and smell of human blood is always dangerous as is the arousing of the savage in man. Other nations were not slow to imitate in a milder degree the merciless persecutions of Spain, and it is a noteworthy fact that in proportion as they turned from the light of tolerance and free thought, and disregarded the principle of the golden rule, these nations suffered. The inspiration given by the light which came into the hearts of men during the time known as the Renaissance, the time of the new learning, and the morning of the Reformation, gave to western civilization a powerful impetus toward the day, and the number of individuals who chose the light was at this time so large that civilization went forward, slowly and lamely, it is true, but her movement was onward and upward. This illustration from the history of the most marked of the great awakenings of our western civilization is especially worthy of con-

sideration at the present time, inasmuch as the spirit of religious intolerance and unreasoning prejudice is already being manifested throughout the Christian world.

Another ominous shadow creeping across the sky of civilization, which at the present time is so laden with promises of triumph and progress, calls for attention, for it is a grave menace to all that is finest and best in the dawn of to-day. I refer to the general fostering of the military spirit in young and old, and the astounding attempt on the part of certain literary journals and publishing houses of the Old World and the New to create an interest and admiration for Napoleon—one of the most perfect manifestations of an incarnate demon of conscienceless ambition and destructive war afforded by the annals of the ages. In many cases this despoiler of nations and arch butcherer of mankind has been idealized and rendered a hero. In other instances, while the portrayal has been more impartial, the glamour of war and victory has been so thrown over the pages which describe the life of this colossal failure, this scourge of the race, that the effect upon the expectant public mind at the present time cannot be other than most unfortunate; especially since the church, which claims to be the home of the Prince of Peace, is at the same time displaying unprecedented activity in instructing her young in military drill and the manual of arms, thereby associating with religious ideals the images of war and visions of soldier life in the youthful mind.

This military craze rampant in governmental, educational, and religious circles, and this attempt to rivet the attention of the tense mind upon the master murderer and tyrant of the past is the most ominous spectre which darkens the sky of our present civilization, and it is saddening and discouraging when we remember that arbitration, or the settlement of national and international disputes rationally, has recently proved so successful that many of the finest minds of our century believed that Christian civilization had at last risen above the level of the savage brute, and that instead of wanton murder and the measureless waste, desolation, and destruction of war, we should hereafter see all disputes and misunderstandings settled reasonably and justly by an impartial court of intelligent human beings. Believing that man had reached a point in his slow ascent where he might begin to lay claim to being a rational creature, Victor Hugo thus characterizes the vision of the incoming day:

"The diminution of men of war, of violence, of prey, the indefinite and superb expansion of men of thought and peace; the entrance of the real heroes upon the scene of action; this is one of the greatest facts of our era. There is no more sublime spectacle—mankind's deliverance from above; the potentates put to flight by the dreamers; the prophet crushing the hero; the sweeping away of violence by thought. Lift up your eyes; the supreme drama is enacting! The legions of light are in full possession of the sword of flame. The masters are going and the liberators are coming in."

And this splendid spectacle is not only practicable and feasible, but is inevitable, if the public mind be educated along higher lines than those of wholesale homicide. This lofty conception is no impracticable dream; it merely pictures the state to which man must and will come, as surely as he rose from cannibalism to his present stage of development. It reveals the next step for enlightened humanity, and a step which might be taken to-day, if it were not for the reawakening of the savage in man, which is being industriously fostered by church, school, popular literature, and the state, at the present intellectual crisis. To-day the youth of Europe and America are having their imagination focused upon an idealized warrior who represented the cruel, savage, and selfish side of man as has no other character in modern history. And it is the ideals and thought-images which color life and give bent to character. Professor Drummond observes that "The supreme factor of development is environment. A child does not grow out of a child by spontaneous unfolding; the process is fed from without."

We do not see the plant assimilate the elements of air and earth. We cannot look into the laboratory of the rose and behold the reaching out of the plant to the sun and air for those subtle elements necessary in order that it may produce that miracle of color and perfume which in time delights our senses. We know that in some mysterious way the sunshine, the rain, and the earth give to the miracle-worker that which is essential to produce the rose. So, we do not see exactly how the thought-seeds thrown into the garden of the imagination, the ideal held before the retina of the mind, the harmony or discord which the child-brain encounters during the formative period, give color and expression to life; but we know that these subtle influences are destiny-shaping in their effect. And as before observed, this is especially true in periods like the present

when the public mind is tense, when the imagination is stimulated and receptive; when, in a word, the civilization reaches the edge of a new Canaan, and the question is put whither humanity shall move—forward, to encounter unknown danger on the road to progress, or back into the wilderness of the known to feed afresh upon the ideals and old-time thoughts, which, though they were an inspiration in an earlier age, can no longer satisfy or sustain the best in man.

The slothful, the fearful, the worshipper of the past, and those who love ease and self-comfort, no less than those who are so low on the plane of development that they have more confidence in brute methods than in reason and the divine impulse are striving in a thousand ways to turn humanity backward; like the ten spies who brought an evil report of Canaan to the children of Israel, these voices seek to turn humanity backward by appealing to prejudice, superstition, fear, the love of ease, and the savagery resident in the human heart. They are seeking to outlaw daring science and investigation; to replace the spirit of tolerance, charity, intellectual hospitality and ethical religion with the savage dogmatic faith of darker days. They are fanning the spirit of hate between religious factions; they are cultivating the war spirit, and turning the contemplation of the young from the noble ideals of a Victor Hugo to the bloody triumphs of a Napoleon. They are endeavoring to raise authority above justice and to discourage man's faith in a nobler to-morrow. They sneer at the efforts of philosophers and reformers to substitute justice for injustice. In a word, they are striving to turn civilization backward at the moment when strong and clear the order to march forward should be given.

If we hearken to these voices of the night, we assist in the commission of a mistake of measureless proportions, a mistake which must necessarily result in clouding the face of civilization for generations to come by checking the rapid march of progress; if we remain neutral, refusing to bear arms in the stupendous battle now in progress, we are recreant to the urgent duty which confronts us, and by so doing neglect the splendid opportunities given to us to be torch-bearers of progress in the most critical moment in the history of civilization.

If prejudice, selfishness, and ancient thought triumph over knowledge, altruism, and justice in the present crisis, humanity will have another long night before her, another, forty years in the wilderness,

He who at this moment realizes that his duty and responsibility are commensurate with his opportunity will rise to the august demands of the hour, becoming a greater force than he dreams possible if, realizing his own limitations, he loses sight of the tremendous fact that the time and environment of the present give him a potential power not given his fathers. We cannot do better than ponder on these words of Hugo, when with prophet voice he spoke a living truth for each awakened soul to make his own:

"The human caravan has reached a high plateau, and the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. To every widening of the horizon an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal—concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony—that is far off."

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN ON REAL SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

II.

IS THE SINGLE TAX ENOUGH?

BY LONA INGHAM ROBINSON, ALTONA A. CHAPMAN, AND
FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

FIRST PAPER.

It is claimed that the taking, for public uses, of all land values, unequally produced as they are by the good and the bad, the busy and the idle, the wise and the foolish, is a socialistic measure; and, indeed, the claim is not unfounded. It is, furthermore, considered but a logical sequence of this claim to extend the socialistic principle into the nationalization of industries, and this extension is advocated on the ground that the single tax cannot alone fully accomplish an equitable distribution of the products of labor.

Now there is a fundamental difference between nationalism and the socialistic principle involved in the single tax; the latter would take for collective or public use only that wealth which is earned collectively and which, moreover, the individual could get in no other way. It is impossible to find out the rightful individual owners of values earned collectively and indirectly by a community whose members have various degrees of efficiency. There is no evidence that any values are so earned except as we see the visible wealth accumulating from the ownership of land. Each man appears to be paid in full when he gets the product of his toil, but he only gets the wealth or value which he directly creates. In working for ourselves, in merely being worthy members of society, we unconsciously benefit the community; and such value as we thus are, attaches in precise measure to the land of the community and materializes only for the landlord. Indeed our present system is worse than the "World Governed by Chance" in the old story where "We put the kettle on and sometimes it boils and sometimes it freezes." Now when we raise the fallen,

reform drunkards, remodel tenements, improve health and increase longevity, we but raise the rents in that locality and thus impoverish the very ones we aim to help, indirectly adding to the sum of human misery. It is only with these indirect though none the less real earnings that governments, municipal, state, and federal, should concern themselves, and take for public purposes that fund which cannot be collected by the ones who earn it. On the other hand any governmental interference with the direct earnings of men for purposes of taxation or even for purposes of equitable distribution, includes a violation of their individual rights not to be tolerated except as temporary expedients.

One declares: "I am unable to see that free access to land will make it possible for all to obtain what we now consider a good living so that wages will be permanently raised in all departments." They who think that the single tax means merely "free access to land" overlook the vast gain to all, as consumers, which will attend the disappearance of tariffs and trusts based on tariffs or on land monopoly, of corporations fostered by other corporations thriving by means of land monopoly, and all taxes or fines on buildings or merchandise or other wealth used productively. The general cheapness which would ensue, would be a clear gain to consumers without causing any loss to productive capital. Not only would wages remain undiminished, but they would increase, for the net product of a given industry would be as great when all products were uniformly cheap as when they are dear, and the portion of this product to be obtained by labor depends upon the ratio of labor to employment. The produce and the number of men remaining the same, reduction in prices would be equivalent to higher wages.

Again, the removal of all taxation upon the products of industry, besides making things cheap, removes the annual fine for their possession and invites greater investment of wealth in homes and all untaxable property. This kind of property is only made with hands, so that a greater investment in it means employment to labor—an increased number of jobs—which, the number of men remaining the same, must increase wages.

So from the operation of the single tax we have:

First the opening of land for use and increased self-employment upon it—a greater number of jobs, which, by drawing off many unemployed, must permanently increase wages.

Second, the removal of all taxation upon the products of industry, causing reduced prices and virtual increase of wages.

Third, the inevitable flowing of capital into untaxed property—homes and productive instead of speculative business; result, increased employment, higher wages.

Total result of the single tax entire; three distinct forces permanently in motion, each increasing the proportion of net products accruing to labor. At whose expense is this triple increase to labor's share? It is not at the expense of capital, either productive or stored; but only at the cost of speculative business established with the sole intent of getting something for nothing.

After all this were done, I do not believe people would long be reduced either to borrow at unfair rates or to sell their products to speculators; gone would be the power of national banks and of the various food trusts based on people's dire necessities. It is not the magnitude of industries that threatens our just interests; not the business, however large, that thrives according to the amount of work done; but that business, like the Standard Oil company, the beef trusts, and the real estate business, which thrives chiefly according to the amount of commodities cornered.

I do not believe we are tending solely toward centralization, nor entirely toward individualism; but that these two forces alternately give way to each other. The fair competition possible a hundred years ago, when a wilderness of free land invited the pioneer, succeeded by a strong centralization of privileged wealth when that land is locked up, will in turn be followed by still more equitable competition when we secure the use of our public domain and the abolition of that excuse for unfair privileges—the tariff. And the same economy of which nationalists dream would be possible, and far less dangerous, through voluntary coöperation.

LONA INGHAM ROBINSON.

SECOND PAPER.

Is the single tax enough to solve the labor problem and all other social problems inseparably connected with it? I reply unhesitatingly, Yes, and for the following reasons:

1. Because the *single* tax, as its name signifies, involves the abolition of all other taxes—tariff, internal revenue, and license, as well as all other tax burdens upon production,

improvement, or exchange. It thus removes all hindrances to the *natural* solution of these problems.

2. By abolishing *privilege* and putting all citizens upon the equal footing of *rent-payers to the community*, the single tax affords the only just and practical method of bringing about that equality of condition or "equal sharing" in the products of labor and benefits of skill that socialists demand. That genuine equality that consists in securing to each the power to gratify all his desires, be they few or many—to satisfy *all* his needs, of whose nature and extent he is the best judge—is the equality to be desired; not an artificial and compulsory equality that consists in equal distribution of land or leisure, or arbitrary limitation of income or industry. No higher authority as to the reasonable requirements of each can be found than the individual most nearly concerned; and to no central arbitrary power, however well meaning or intelligent, can be safely entrusted the task of apportionment which can only be justly and satisfactorily effected by natural laws.

Now all that is needed to secure this most genuine and satisfactory equality of condition is *equality of access* to nature's storehouse of raw material—the land—and perfect freedom to exchange with others the products of individual industry. These two essentials can be secured by taxing land values and freeing trade, and I know of nothing else that will so perfectly secure them.

The single tax, however, can hardly be termed the *nationalization* of rent, since land values will be collected, and, for the most part, distributed *where they are created*; the greatly simplified functions of the general government necessitating a much smaller revenue than at present. Wilmington, for instance, will not expect to share the larger revenues of Baltimore; nor can Boston justly claim a portion of the vast wealth of New York in land values; but the people of each municipality will be the chief beneficiaries of the wealth which they have themselves created, and which will be used mainly for local purposes. Thus the single tax will secure to each community, as to each individual, undisturbed possession of *its own*.

As Mr. George has very clearly shown in all his leading books, the fundamental laws of production are the same under simple or complex methods of operation. The laws of economics, like those of mathematics, have not changed since he began writing, because they are unalterable; and it is as true now that "all wealth is created by the application of labor to land" as it is that two and two make four and no more. The inventing or operating a labor-saving machine

is as truly an act of labor on the part of the inventor or operator as is working with the bare hands; he who runs a steam cultivator is as truly a laborer as he who uses the more simple and primitive device of plow or spade. And the returns to labor will be, under the single tax, in exact proportion to its grade, skilled or brain labor receiving higher wages than unskilled, and justly so. This will prove a powerful incentive to the acquisition of skill and knowledge.

While all wealth is the product of labor applied to land, it is created much more easily and rapidly as well as more abundantly by coöperative effort; in fact, some forms of wealth are obtainable only in this way. This being a law of civilized life, it may be safely trusted to assert itself under the condition of equal freedom maintained by the single tax, which is in no sense a *substitute* for coöperation, any more than it is for eating and drinking. The first is as natural to society as the last two are to the individual; and voluntary coöperation will be the order of the day, without the necessity of nationalizing industries, simply because it is *inevitable*.

The ability to labor intelligently and effectively, like land and life, is the free gift of God to the race. The best we can do is to get out of God's sunlight and let it do its appointed work unhindered—the physical sunlight in fructifying and blessing the union of land and labor; the spiritual sunlight in enlightening the minds of men with intelligence and wisdom and warming their hearts with the glow of fraternal love.

Mrs. Russell seems to doubt the practicability of the maxim that "Wages belong to each according to the value of his product," and puts the question: "In a watch factory, for instance, who can determine the amount of each one's product? How much of the total product of the factory comes from the accumulated knowledge how to make watches?—the inheritance of the race. Who has an individual right to that enormous portion?"

To the second question I would reply that the accumulated knowledge how to make watches would never of itself make a watch in this world, or even the smallest part of one, if somebody did not make that knowledge his own by his individual study and application, and then carry it into effect by his individual effort. The earth is also the inheritance of the race, but not an acre of it would afford even the poorest living to any one without the expenditure of individual skill and energy upon it; and in this case, as in every

other, his just wages will be according to the value of his product.

As for determining the amount of each one's product in a coöperative form of industry, that easily and unerringly determines itself by the cost of replacing it. Let us reckon the factors of production in our illustrative watch factory, for instance, as consisting of

First, the location—land or natural opportunity; its proximity to the market, facilitating the ready exchange of its product for any equivalent wealth-form desired, having a direct influence upon the volume and exchange value of that product.

Second, the capital; i. e., the buildings, machinery, tools, etc.; in other words, the whole plant.

Third, labor of superintendence—chiefly brain work.

Fourth, skilled labor, such, for instance, as putting together the various parts of the watches, regulating, finishing, and preparing for market.

Fifth, unskilled or mechanical labor—such as feeding the machines with metal strips to be transformed into wheels, springs, plates, etc.

Now as land is the most indispensable factor of all, since without a suitable location there can be no factory, it would seem at first that the larger share of the product would necessarily go to that factor which had the most to do in determining its value, and *so it does to-day*. But under a condition of freedom to appropriate all unused opportunities, which the single tax would maintain, neither the community nor any individual could claim a larger share of the product in the shape of rent for any given location than any other site of equal advantages and accessibility could command. And the natural increase of population and the growth and multiplicity of cities and towns would create such opportunities so rapidly that rent could never absorb an abnormal amount of any industrial product. And as land rentals would be in any case the property of the community, this part of the product, whether large or small, would be redistributed among its members in the form of public benefits and utilities that all could share.

When we consider, in the second place, that *money* can no longer be advantageously employed in holding vast natural opportunities idle for speculative purposes, and that freedom of access to these natural opportunities will enormously increase the amount of surplus wealth or "stored-up labor" to be used in facilitating further production so that the cost of replacing buildings, machinery, or tools of any

description will be but slight, it will be seen that capital's share of the product must necessarily be the most insignificant of all.

Where, then, will go the large remainder of the product that will be left after capital and rent are both paid—where can it go except to labor? and to that according to its degree of efficiency measured by the cost of replacing it. As long as brains cost more effort to replace them than hands, brains will have—and justly, too—the larger share of their joint product, since they represent the expenditure of a greater amount of labor. Should skilled hands ever become more difficult to replace than educated brains, then the hands will claim the premium, and get it, too. But as, no matter how vigorously hands or brains may be exercised, neither, in the normally developed man, ever grows so large as to absorb all or nearly all the nourishment of the body, so there is no fear that any one grade or class of labor will ever receive so much of the product as to impoverish the rest. For whatever grade of labor can command the highest wages will attract the most workers, and their brisk *competition* will so reduce the cost of replacing it as to preserve a reasonable and just average along the whole line.

The power of monopoly so dreaded exists only by government permission, or, rather, by government *interference* with the rights of labor. Without the whole power of government to back it up, no monopoly of any sort could maintain itself twenty-four hours. Either free competition would put a speedy end to it, or dispossession by force would be its fate. But by government help it can defy the wrath of outraged labor; and how promptly and effectively government comes to the aid of its imperilled protégé has been abundantly demonstrated in the recent conflict between labor and monopoly. The single tax, by repealing the unjust laws which now sustain monopoly, will deprive it of government protection; and it will die as quickly and inevitably as a tree cut off from its roots.

Monopoly, like everything else human, must have *land* in some form as a foundation or it cannot stand. No monopolistic wall that does not *come down to the ground* can shut in any product of the earth from human hands that crave it. It is difficult to see, for instance, how the possessor of "the lately invented mining machine" can *long* "defy competition" from those having equally good natural opportunities to develop, and equal freedom of access to the market, unless the latest is also the last—further invention being prohibited by law. Unless protected by a patent,

which is one form of legalized monopoly that could be abrogated under the single tax if found inimical to the public welfare, competitors could help themselves to the idea, and reproduce the machine in quantities at a small cost. Or if fenced out by a patent, they could make it worth while for inventive genius, which is proving itself practically inexhaustible, to speedily produce something equally good or better for some rival concern. Monopoly being not a natural growth, but the artificial product of human legislation, the quickest and safest way to abolish it is not by making *more* laws, but by *unmaking* the unjust laws already enacted which produce and foster it. Greater *freedom*, not greater restriction, is the divinely appointed way out of our difficulties and distresses.

The intelligent physician knows that the *vis medicatrix naturae* has more to do with the cure of disease than all the drugs in his pharmacopœia, and that his principal care must be to *remove obstructions* and leave the natural healing power free to do its appointed work. So the intelligent political economist must realize that this *vis medicatrix naturae* inheres not only in the individual, but also in the larger social organism, and needs but to be given free play to cure all the social ills with which humanity is afflicted to-day. We single taxers not only do not presume to make a programme for Providence—we do not even presume to *legislate* for Him, except in the way of *undoing* our own obstructive and restrictive legislation of the past. We believe that the laws of equilibrium which govern all social functions and relations for the promotion of the general welfare are as unerring as those that control the motions of the heavenly bodies; hence our motto is "Hands off!"

So it is not claimed for the single tax that it will bring about the desired results by *doing* so much—that it will of itself automatically feed, clothe, or educate, for instance—but that it will ensure these things being done in the best way by removing all that now hinders their accomplishment. The one thing that it surely *will do* is to guarantee a just equality of opportunity to all men, leaving God and Nature to do the rest. And the case could not be left in better hands.

ALTONA A. CHAPMAN.

THIRD PAPER.—A FEW COMMENTS, QUOTATIONS, AND QUERIES.

It seems probable that some of us have been misinformed as to the relative exactness and importance of the laws of political economy and the laws of nature. Politics

are merely the garments of the social body, liable to be worn out or outgrown. A good eye-opener is the article on "Political Economy," treated historically in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. John Stuart Mill, after publishing his famous work on Political Economy, wrote of the subject in his *Autobiography*, as—

Not a thing by itself, but a fragment of a greater whole; a branch of Social Philosophy, so interlinked with all the other branches, that its conclusions, even in its own province, are only true conditionally, subject to interference and counteraction from causes not directly within its scope: while to the character of practical guide it has no pretensions apart from other classes of considerations.

Ricardo's "law of rent" seems like a great discovery in the field of economics, especially as it has been worked out by Henry George. I don't know who first discovered that other unearned increment, the "rent of ability." I met the expression first in the *Fabian Essays*. W. H. Mallock has much to say in his economic books and essays on Ability with a big A, as a fourth factor in production. It is the genius of the discoverer and the ingenuity of the inventor; or—another class of exceptional ability—the shrewdness and foresight of the organizer or manager. These are "gifts of character, not the results of education," says Mr. Mallock.

If the individual "ability to labor intelligently and effectively," which any average man can acquire, is, as Miss Chapman says, "the free gift of God to the race"—"like land," as she admits,—how much more a free gift of God *to the race* is the rare inventive talent or gift of discovery embodied in those who have not sought it or deserved it more than others.

Mr. Mallock declares that "the monopoly of Ability grows stricter at each fresh step of progress"; and we can see that this is so as machinery becomes more intricate and expensive and great industrial establishments sweep the field. But Mr. Mallock seems to think it quite the just and proper thing that capitalists should buy up this concentrated Ability and pocket the profits.

Mere personal skill has advanced little through centuries, and has to be acquired each for himself; but inventions have accumulated as the legacy of one age to another, and are crystallized in elaborate and costly machinery and localized in great manufacturing works, where the hundreds and thousands of individual workers (less skilled hands being required as machinery is more perfected) are each of so little importance relatively to the whole, that the cost of replacing one of them would now be only that worker's cheapest

board and clothes, were it not for the resistance of labor unions.

In the summary given of the factors of production in a great factory no account is made of accumulated Ability, except under the head of capital, and it is again confused with money.

Suppose the great building to be in its location, unlimited money at command, managerial talent prepared, plenty of hands trained to general skill and ready to turn to a specialty, and unskilled labor in abundance—but no machinery and no idea of its construction in the brains of any living man! What then?

Here is land, here is labor, here is capital. Bid them go fetch the machinery. In time they may do it, for "what man has done man can do"; but it has taken centuries to bring inventions, by gradual accretions, to their present power. Lacking the machinery and tools and the accumulated knowledge they embody, of what value would the product of each one be? And what the economic rent of the location?

Mrs. Robinson says of economic rent, "There is no evidence that any values are so earned except as we see the visible wealth accumulating from the ownership of land." May we not say the same of the rent of Ability, and the visible accumulating *as dividends for stockholders*, after the payment of rent, interest, wages, and superintendence? I fail to see any "fundamental difference" between the socialization of economic rent and the socialization of the rent of Ability under combined labor; and I should favor both as soon as "we, the people" can make up our minds to it and see the way.

Speaking of what may be, a century hence, Edward Bellamy says:

It is recognized that ninety-nine one hundredths of the value of any person's work, and often the very possibility of the work itself, is created by the social organization which is the joint and indivisible inheritance of all, so that even if any body of metaphysicians and mathematicians were able to determine the elements in the value of an individual's work which he had absolutely originated and independently created, it would doubtless be a pittance too beggarly to support life.

The single-tax plan of economic salvation, as set forth clearly and concisely by Mrs. Robinson, seems to work admirably if you look only at the plan and ignore the conditions.

Whether the drawing off of the unemployed to work for themselves on land set free for their use by the single

tax would materially or permanently increase wages in factories, depends on the profits of manufacturing. It is to the poorest land in use, or to the best business locations for which there is no competition, that the unemployed would go with their empty pockets. What these could make working *for themselves* on their land or in their shops, would depend upon their ability to compete with capitalistic methods; and Mr. George has said, what all observers must see, that the little shop and the small farm have no chance of financial success. Yet their degree of success is the single tax measure of just wages for the lowest grade of workers employed by masters; and to their earnings could the wages of the lowest grade be held—a bare living by long hours of hard work. Is it not so?

Capital would not flow into manufacturing unless that could be made profitable. The single-taxers insist upon free trade with all the world—abstractly just and desirable and possible, *as a part of a perfect whole*. But what can American factories do in competition with those now rapidly increasing in Asiatic countries? In the new cotton factories of Japan the employees are mostly women, working twelve hours a day for a wage of threepence. And our “kings of commerce” are making arrangements to bring us their products.

I do not deny that the single tax would keep the now unemployed alive without charity on free land, or that free trade would give us cheap goods; but factories would not start up here if unable to compete with those of other nations; and business men and workingmen would not find it safe to build houses for themselves or to rent, when the fluctuations of business are likely to drag men from their homes and transfer them from place to place under the risks of competition. “Free competition” now means “nation against nation.”

The single tax is merely one *method* of putting into practice the *principle* that all mankind have equal rights to the use of the earth. It is the *principle* which is precious, and that is not assailed when we question the inadequacy of the *method* (helpful as it may be) to solve the *whole labor problem*. The *same principle* may be seen in practice, imaginatively, in Mr. Bellamy’s picture of industrial coöperation in the year 2000. There need be nothing “compulsory” about that national industrial coöperation if *rent* is nationalized instead of such national ownership of the land as to give no chance for disgruntled individualists to go off alone and “produce” for themselves everything they want,

from pins to printing machines, and to enjoy the dear delight of bargaining and trading with others like-minded. There should certainly be a way of escape to free land, from the economy and leisure and harmony of united labor, for people who prefer the "self-seeking" of individualism.

But Mr. Bellamy's picture is of no consequence, as he himself has said, except as suggestive of how coöperation on a national scale *might* be managed, the details to work out as they may. Any one of us has as much right as another to imagine future Utopias. Mr. Bellamy defines nationalism as "industrial democracy." He has lately written:

If nationalism means uniformity, it is most undesirable. I see in it, on the other hand, the promise and basis of an unprecedented development of individual tastes and preferences, to result in a wealth of variety and diversity such as we do not now dream of. Nationalism is nothing new, but merely democracy, and equality is but the right way to spell liberty.

Kindergartens are needed, in which individualists can learn the meaning of democracy, till they cease talking about "the functions of *government*," as a power outside ourselves; "governmental interference," when we, the people, talk of managing our own industrial life unitedly for the benefit of all and the danger of "restriction" and "more laws," when national coöperation is talked of as a means of getting rid of restrictive laws.

The municipalization of public utilities is always implied in the idea of nationalism, and is the point where Mr. Bellamy first directed practical work. I learned the term "nationalization of rent" from the president of the San Francisco Single Tax League, and afterwards from an editorial in the *Single Tax Courier*. It does not necessarily mean centralization.

Just what do our friends mean by "voluntary coöperation" which they say is "inevitable"? Do they like the kind which is coming on rapidly?—the "communism of capital," the "voluntary coöperation" of the financially strong in pools and trusts? If monopolies exist "only by governmental permission," it is because they are stronger than the government—*make* the government, in fact. The question is whether we shall have *industrial self-government* by national organization of our industries for the benefit of all, or become the virtual slaves and puppets of combined capital. An article in a late number of the *Westminster Review* of England, entitled "Should Capitalists Advocate State Socialism?" and arguing that they should get the

English nation to buy up and work their industries (because they are no longer profitable to capitalists!)—is suggestive of—unutterable things! “State socialism” is quite other than “nationalism.”

Consider a few facts: England is called very rich and prosperous (in spite of “darkest England”), but the Report of the Royal Commission on Agriculture says that the balance of trade *against* her, in 1894 was £134,000,000; and that her land values are falling and the profits of agriculture have disappeared before “foreign competition” and the “gold standard” and the late “death duties” on land—so that much good land is going out of cultivation. England can no longer afford to raise her own bread and meat; and her factories (except those which are making the machinery to send abroad to take employment from British workmen) are most of them no longer considered good investments. Mr. Mallock said, in his book on “Labor and the Popular Welfare,” that about one and one-half billion pounds of England’s wealth—about equal to the value of her land—represents *a share in the industries* of other countries!” The stockholders of the great flouring mills in Minneapolis hold their meetings in London; and the dividends of the cotton factories of Japan are said to be “very satisfactory to the stockholders,” wherever they may be.

There is more than one way of riding on the back of labor. Only last week I heard a member of the Chamber of Commerce explaining that no one is now willing to invest in land and mortgages, and that the rage for investment in manufactures has passed also, there being so little profit and so much risk. Bonds are the favorite investment—wanted by investors here as well as in England—town, county, and state bonds, as well as national bonds. This may show how much more faith investors have in the *whole people* than in private business or corporations; but it is a means by which the many are made to pay tax to the few. The interest on the bonds—usually for a long term of years—and finally the bonds themselves, must be paid out of the public treasury and raised by taxation. Should the public revenue be made up wholly from ground rent by the taxation of land values, all these bonds and their interest will be drawn through the public treasury from *ground rent*—that fund which single taxers expect to have redistributed among the people in payment for public services and public improvements. The bondholder can live wherever in the world he pleases, on the rent of our land supplied him by the single tax, free from toil and from taxes, with less

anxiety and more freedom than the landlord of to-day. Tell me if this is not so. It is not an argument against the single tax but against bonds.

Whether the oft-repeated assertion that the single tax will put an end to all monopoly has been proved, the readers of these papers will judge for themselves.

I believe that it is a dangerous thing to advocate a half-measure, however valuable it may be, as a full solution of the pressing labor problem.

As for trusting to "Nature" to bring us out of economic and social distresses, let us listen to the latest teachings of the evolutionists; to Huxley, for instance, who speaks of "the fanatical individualism of our time" which "attempts to apply the analogy of cosmic nature to society." He says: "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."

FRANCES ELDREDGE RUSSELL.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

BY FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN.

ROME could have presented a situation no more dramatic in her consternation when she found the hordes of Attila or Genseric at her gates than that of the modern world when it suddenly discovered itself besieged by innumerable armies more merciless and more deadly than the Vandals or the Huns. The insidious cohorts of cholera microbes from Asia, the yellow-fever bacilli from the South, the typhoid and diphtheria from the pestilence nurseries we cultivate in our own midst, inspire, by the invisible and silent persistence of their campaign, a certain uncanny terror unknown to war. We are surrounded by invisible legions of enemies, and if we look up, like the servant of Elisha, we may behold the mountains full of the horses and chariots thereof. We wonder that we have not found out before that an infectious disease is the invasion of countless and venomous little beasties or the growth of infinite numbers of infinitesimal deadly fungi; and the modern sick man may well feel sensations like those experienced in a dark hour by Schopenhauer when he said he felt like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, overcome by a very large number of very small men.

But modern science has also conceived a new idea of national defence. While it has been inventing heavy guns and steel ships and sinister rifles, and, what is better than all, boards of arbitration, it has also been studying the nature and habits of these insidious enemies of man. It has tracked them to their lairs. It has pursued them to their haunts. It has not only studied their natures and habits, but has discovered the weapons and defences which nature puts into our hands ready made, for protection from invasion and for cutting off supplies when once they have effected landing upon our shores. The idea is dawning vaguely upon the world that human life is too noble to be left a prey to wild beasts, be they large or small, human or inhuman, animal or vegetable. No questions more "vitally" concern a nation than the preservation and conservation of the life of that nation, together with all the defences of that life from hostile invasion by land or water or air. The purpose of this paper is to present facts enough to make it plain that there is before mankind a new era for life and the pursuit of happiness,

by practising politically or socially what modern science is now preaching with the unction of infallibility.

It is hardly too much to say that we are actually in possession of such facts and methods as to make it seem definitely possible to banish contagious and infectious diseases from the world. The superficial observer is unable to form any adequate idea of what has been accomplished and what by proper methods may still be accomplished, until he has made a careful study of the statistics. These figures will warrant a rough estimate that there are doubtless more than 200,000 people alive in the United States at the end of every year who under unsanitary conditions that once prevailed would have been in their graves; and that there are 200,000 people in their graves at the end of every year who might be alive if we had had the best facilities known to preventive medicine, to say nothing of the much larger number of cases of sickness that have been or might have been prevented with proper precautions. We are brought to consider what an adequate system of vital economy under state control can do when we remember that by ten years of national sanitation Germany has saved as much in life and health as she lost in the whole Franco-Prussian War. In this connection it is not amiss to quote some words of a sanitary engineer in the English military service, who said to a member of the Army Sanitary Commission of the Crimea, that if the money spent by Russian militarism in the fortifications of Sebastopol had been applied in opening up the fine territory thereabouts with roads and such sanitary works as would fit it for settlement, an amount of civil population and of force would have been raised there that would have withstood the combined armies of France and England, which the fortifications failed to do. To which one may venture to add that the amount of money spent by the government on armories and what-not, applied to the problems of national defence in the direction of making strong men and women, would go far toward making a healthy and happy people.

In this era of transformations, there has been no greater change than in the world's outlook upon all the subjects which relate to health. There is as wide a difference between the scientific physician of to-day and the private practitioner of a generation ago as between the latter and the medicine man of the Sioux tribe, or the medicine man of the good old days of Governor Winthrop who was willing to heal disease with the powder made from a live toad baked in an earthen pot in the open air. Sir John Simon, whose writings on public health questions are already classic, has said, "In proportion as medicine has become a science it has ceased to become the mystery of a caste." The

world is well rid of priesthoods, be they sacrificers to Æsculapius or the saints or the "bosses"; and any profession, be it divinity, politics, or medicine, must be able to bear exposure to the open light of day. So it comes that the better part of modern pathology is now a common possession, because it stands for prevention, not cure. This science seems to have been settled for all time, in the case of infectious and contagious diseases, upon a basis of micro-biology.

The theory of a living contagium has been so thoroughly investigated within a score of years as to yield a science of bacteriology, which has shown us the nature and position of the foe, and has made possible an organized defence. That defence, simply stated, is cleanliness — national cleanliness. The microbe is the particular and tangible enemy of mankind, and it thrives in filth. When cleanliness is scrupulously observed, the microbe disappears. It may not be amiss to remind the *Nation*, or any other journal complaining that the modern fear of dirt is degenerating into mysophobia, that, so far as infectious diseases are concerned, it is absolutely the only safeguard, and is sure to be developed into a new and very important branch of civil government.

The primary aim of preventive medicine is by means of systematic and thorough cleanliness to prevent the invasion of man's tissues by disease-producing microbes. No other enemy of the human race is so bold and audacious as the microbe, which infests the houses we live in, the water we drink, and the air we breathe. To state the matter in the language of a celebrated authority, spoken before the International Medical Congress of 1881, "We have learnt as regards those diseases of the animal body which are due to various kinds of external cause, probably all the most largely fatal of these (impossible yet to say how many) represent but a single kind of cause, and respectively depend on invasions of the animal body by some rapidly multiplying form of alien life." Although the science of bacteriology is only a few years old, some knowledge of bacteria has been obtained since Leeuwenhoek, a Dutch lens-polisher, made a microscope powerful enough to enable him to discover their existence. This was before 1675. After him Linnæus was able to prophesy, though he was not able to prove, that these little living things would be seen to be the actual contagia of certain eruptive diseases and of acute fevers, as well as the cause of fermentation and putrefaction. Little further real advance was made until Bassi, in 1837, and Pasteur and others later demonstrated bacteriological processes in fermentation and putrefaction and also in disease. Sir Joseph Lister made the idea fruitful in the application of germicidal substances to wounds, and

inaugurated a new era in the progress of surgery. Later Pasteur discovered the method of cultivating bacilli outside the living body and attenuating them, thus revealing the *rationale* of Jenner's method of inoculation. Koch followed the epoch-making discoveries of Pasteur by the discovery of the tubercle and cholera bacilli, and these men and their contemporaries are working out on these lines the problems and possibilities of the world's health.

Some idea of the problems confronting preventive medicine is shown in the extraordinary minuteness and vitality of the pathogenic microbes that are characteristic of particular diseases, and the wonderful swiftness with which they multiply. In the case of any specific contagious or infectious disease it is only necessary for one microbe to have found its way to its chosen host. It has been found that some of these micro-organisms, multiplying by fission (or dividing in two, each half becoming a whole, and so on), reproduce every thirty minutes; although this is an extreme case. With proper conditions, under these circumstances, it will be seen that one bacterium invading human tissues would lead in twenty-four hours to the production of several billions of bacteria. Their size, while it cannot be appreciated, is such that a cubic inch could be made to contain, according to different calculations, all the way from 50,000,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000. When we add to this the fact that air and water and nearly all else is swarming with them, we are at last facing the problem.

Experiments have been made in Paris by Miguel and Davy, showing the ratio between the number of bacteria inhabiting high and low, frequented and unfrequented altitudes. At the lantern of the Pantheon (three hundred and ten feet high) the air is twenty times purer than in the Rue de Rivoli. In high altitudes of two thousand metres no microbes have been found, whilst in the open parts of Mt. Louxis at Paris seven thousand were found in the cubic metre, and in the Rue de Rivoli there were thirty-five thousand in the cubic metre. They possess a vitality greater than man's, no temperature having been found cold enough to kill them, and some of them being able to thrive in boiling water. But there are means of killing them. A most curious and effective weapon within our reach is sunshine. Everyone hears of the insatiable greed of those monopolies by which men have undertaken to turn the natural products of the earth in the ages past to their own account; for example, the coal and oil products, which they have done nothing to create, everything to keep from the use of those for whom they were divinely designed in the ordering of the world. But what American monopoly would dare tax the air and sunshine? Yet this is exactly what Eng-

land has done until recent times. There are people living who have seen the windows of the houses of the poor nailed up because they could not afford to pay the window tax. Taxing the sunlight! Yet what are the oil and coal spoken of but the sunlight stored up by a bountiful Nature against the growing darkness and cold in the advancing age of the world?

Much of our health and happiness is dependent upon sunshine. Our dependence upon it in all things is being recognized more and more. Within a very few weeks an act has been passed by Parliament requiring all houses erected in London to be restricted in height and all streets to be at least forty feet wide so that sunlight may have free access. In the records of the Royal Botanic Society for 1888 is a very suggestive discussion by Mr. Symons, F. R. S., of the influence of sunshine upon plant life. "There is no fructification without light, and indeed few plants can flower without it." Another writer says: "Sunlight is seen to be the active force maintaining the purity of the atmosphere . . . splitting up carbonic acid into carbon and oxygen, the plants absorbing the carbon . . . and restoring the oxygen to the atmosphere. . . . The lower the forms of life the more does light act in a contrary fashion and become inimical to it, as in fungi, etc. . . . If it were not for the sunlight every pond would become a breeder of pestilence." The sunlight, while friendly to the higher forms of life, such as man and animals and plants, is deadly to most micro-organisms. Here emerges an important truth. The sunshine seems to be Nature's friend. It seems to bear some such relation to life as to deeds of good and ill. Well may the enemies and outcasts of Nature fear the light, "neither come to the light." Dr. Janowski has proved that the sunlight will kill typhoid bacilli in from four to seven hours. Tyndall's experiments on the Alps with fungoid growths bear similar testimony concerning the bactericidal action of sunshine. Dr. D. J. Hamilton in his masterly work on pathology describes the experiment of passing sunlight through a culture of anthrax spores on glass and destroying them, and adds that the sun's rays kill most microphytes. Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson (now Sir Benjamin) describes an experiment with the poison from the fangs of a cobra sent to him from India. The sunlight took away the poisonous properties altogether. It has been reserved for the modern bacteriologist to tell the story of how Apollo slew the Python with his arrows.

We know that in nearly all contagious diseases there are certain conditions analogous to those Mr. Justice Cunningham of Bengal describes of cholera in India: "Cholera is a crop which requires its seed-bed to be carefully prepared and the conditions to be congenial; and these conditions are dirt in air,

water, and food, acting on enfeebled constitutions. Directly a locality or community is freed from these conditions, cholera disappears from its midst." This is almost the universal rule of all infectious diseases. The mortality rates of the city of Naples have been transformed by the introduction of the pure water of the Serino from the Apennines, and by the demolition of some crowded old streets. The city of Berlin has been made over by proper water supply and sewage disposal. The death-rate of the poor children of New York, which had been steadily increasing, has shown a decrease of ten per cent since the introduction by Nathan Strauss of the sterilized milk charity. Foul air and water are the media of contagion. Improper food is as bad. And here one would suggest a stricter oversight of food dealers, and a more rigid enforcement of the penalties against selling adulterated or stale or rotting comestibles. These are sold, especially to the poor, in scandalous quantities.

We have seen enough to make it clear that in our continued and unequal warfare with pathogenic bacteria common sunshine is one of the most formidable defences with which Nature has supplied us. The same is true of pure air, pure water, and wholesome food. These are the weapons which lie at the hand of every man, and which ought to be *in* his hand. It is only needful to establish his possession of them, and then for him to rest secure in that possession. Let him make constant and utmost effort against disease, then let him trust his endeavor. There is a Turkish parable of two ghastly phantoms who passed through the world sowing misery and death.

"I am Cholera," said the first, "and thousands are mine."

The second and more terrible, who followed in her wake, said, "I am Fear, and I claim my tens of thousands."

The story expresses a well-known truth of psychological hygiene. Panic is one of the first and surest causes of disease, as we saw on Fire Island in 1892. The great plagues of the Middle Ages, ascribed to "sorcerers," "poisoners," and "anointers" by the frenzied and ignorant crowd, were given a tremendous impetus by the unhealthy and morbid mental conditions, the superstitions, terrors, and fantasies, which obtained. Mind and body so subtly subtend each other, and are so mutually sympathetic, that "*mens sana in corpore sano*" is not only the ultimate desideratum of health, but is means as well as end.

The history of sanitation is very much older than that of modern pathology. The Jewish system of sanitation is known to every reader of the Old Testament. The idea of public health as a matter of legislation was a living idea to the Jews. Traces of sanitation are found with the earliest records of the existence of the human race. The kitchen-middens familiar to the anthro-

pologist are the monuments of a sanitary idea, namely the systematic disposal of refuse materials, by burial or by cremation, which found some expression in the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna of the New Testament. Hippocrates, twenty-three centuries ago, had noticed that health was not a matter of magic or superstition, but depended on the condition of air and water and food, and the personal habits of the people. Hippocrates knew nothing about bacteria, but he had more common-sense than the generation who, when the cholera came, blasphemously cried out "a providence of God," and to whom men like Kingsley preached sermons and wrote novels to tell them it was not Providence at all, but their own filthiness. Over three centuries before the Christian era Rome had a system of sanitation and of sanitary engineering which would put to shame many ignorant vicinities of the nineteenth century. "The city," Mommsen tells us, "was divided into four police districts for the efficient repair of the network of the drains, large and small, by which Rome was pervaded, as well as by public buildings and places for the proper cleansing of the streets, for preventing the nuisances of ruinous buildings, dangerous animals, or foul smells, for the removal of wagons from the highway except during the hours of evening and night, for the uninterrupted supply of the market with good and cheap grain, for the destruction of unsound goods and the suppression of false weights and measures, and for [the special oversight of baths, taverns, etc.]" (Bk. II. ch. viii.). Compare this with the magnificent system in this enlightened age, existing in New Jersey fifteen years ago, when no more was expended in that state on the entire work of the board of health for a whole year than the pay of two policemen.

It is only by the slowest process that medical science, as we now understand it, has come to be based upon an accurate physiology, and the science of medicine has kept pace with the scientific spirit. For example, a most instructive fact is that Harvey published his *Exercitatio de Motu Sanguinis* in 1628, or eight years after Bacon published his *Novum Organum*. A century later Dr. Richard Mead published a short discourse concerning "Pestilential Contagion," which passed through seven editions the first year, the secretary of state conferring with the author as to the best precautions for national safety in the likelihood of a revisitation of the Levantine plague which had wrought such devastation fifty years before. The eighteenth century closed with the publication of Dr. Jenner's immortal work, which occupies the neutral zone between curative and preventive medicine. In 1838 an epidemic broke out in White-chapel near a stagnant pond. Sir Edwin Chadwick, secretary of the Poor Law Board, secured the appointment of a commit-

tee, consisting of three of the most eminent physicians in London, to investigate the matter. One of them pointed out to what extent the shameless water-supply of the metropolis contributed to disease and death. This created a sensation so deep that commissions followed, and modern sanitary science may be said to have had its beginning then.

Since that time progress has been rapid. Not to enter into details such as are available to everyone, wherever systematic and scientific sanitation has been given a fair chance the most astonishing results have appeared. Lord Ripon reports that by simple cleanliness the death-rate of the British army in Algeria was reduced from one hundred to twelve per thousand. The sanitary system which saved the second army in the Crimea brought the death rate of the army in India down from sixty-nine to fourteen per thousand. The first board of health in England secured a reduction beyond any other European country of fifty thousand lives saved. Sanitary science during the Victorian age has prolonged the life of every man, woman, and child in Great Britain two years, says Sir Edwin Chadwick; three and one-half years, says the president of the Association of Sanitary Inspectors. The same authorities think it possible to prolong every life from five to eight years, by spending more money in the same way. The most satisfactory results have been secured by the diminution of overcrowding. In the model dwellings for the poor the average duration of each human life has been actually increased ten years. Here are the greatest gains, here are the greatest needs, and here are the gravest responsibilities.

Sir Edwin Chadwick has shown that the average duration of life among the gentry and professional classes (the few) is sixty-three years; while the average age amongst wage-earners (the many) is twenty-eight and four-fifths years. This fact is a commentary, hideous enough, on the hybrid civilization, commercial in spirit, Christian in name, which tolerates such infamous conditions of life. Here is a question of vital economy more important to the laboring man than any question of political economy; except that the existence of a decent political economy would have made such unsanitary conditions impossible long ago. To the average American who has not with Mr. Mallock seriously addressed himself to asking whether life is, in any event, worth the living, there is something uncompromisingly brutal in the ordinary English regard for the Malthusian doctrine which declares with approbation that "Pestilence is a great check to the growing excess of population," and which made it necessary for Sir Edwin Chadwick (in an address before the Society of Arts, recorded in the journal of that

society, Sept. 7, 1888) to seriously answer objections to saving lives by sanitation, by saying that "Pestilence is attended by a rapid augmentation of births, and does not reduce the population." It would seem, then, that the curse of living is not mitigated by pestilence. The high mortality rates are with the children of the poor, most of whom die from scarlatina, measles, typhus, and diphtheria. In the children's hospitals in London there are *no* deaths whatever from these maladies.

It is needless to multiply facts that are open to all. We have seen something of the technical nature of the health problem, and something of what has been and what is possible in the way of accomplishment. Although we are not likely to find the fountain of youth, or the *elixir vitæ*, or the ageless river of olden dreams, we have found that it is possible in a very prosaic and scientific and political way to stamp infectious, possibly contagious, diseases practically out of the world. We have seen enough, moreover, to warrant the conclusion that the only adequate defence, to fall back upon the more modest wish of saving our nation before the plague-spots of the world, is in a concerted and national defence. The first great need is in the education of public opinion. A step has been taken toward this in the compulsory study of hygiene in the public schools. Another might be in establishing a national health laboratory, with as complete an endowment as West Point Military Academy, a certain sum of money to be set aside for rewards and medals for original research and discovery, another adequate sum to be distributed in a great system of annual prizes for the best essays on public-health problems in the high schools. When public opinion will tolerate the idea of systematically preserving the nation's life and health, the matter must be lifted out of the realm of private effort, and made a question of politics. The task of the postponement of death for a few years for all of us and for all of our friends and the remainder of the people, and of increasing the vitality, happiness, and soundness of all, of procuring the utmost possible immunity from disease and its interruptions, is a task well worth the consideration of statesmen.

"As sanitary laws and sanitary administration," says a celebrated English physician, "mean to me laws and administration for the saving and strengthening of human life, so the worth which they have or promise in outcome of that sort is the only worth I have cared to measure in them. . . . This is the province where medicine joins hands with common-sense, and I appeal to common-sense for its recognition." Here is the whole point. It is a question of national common-sense. The very nature of the micro-organism which is the cause of disease, from toothache to typhus fever, shows the utter inadequacy of any

individualist, "every-fellow-for-himself" theory of defence. An impenetrable and completely organized system is the only possible one which can fulfil the promises of sanitary science. An imaginary example will illustrate. A person may say (Mr. Herbert Spencer, perhaps, who believes in *laissez-faire* sanitation): "I am not afraid. I keep my own plumbing intact, and my own yard clean." But his neighbor keeps a swinery in his garden and a miasmatic frog-pond, perhaps a cesspool, near by. What happens? This neighbor, who does not believe in sanitation as much as he believes in frogs' legs and swine, is bound to breed an army of poisonous and savage microbes which will some day, perhaps, weeping for more worlds to conquer, make up their minds to migrate. They may take passage on those curious little air ships they contrive to have and set sail with the propitious breeze. They may mount the back of some dog or cat lounging near the stagnating waters. They may "book" with the poultry and find protection under the shadow of their wing. Or, less ambitiously, they may take emigrant passage with flies and fleas and lice and ticks, and in turn parasitically preying on those parasites, these venomous micro-anarchists, "red in tooth and claw," oblivious of Mr. Herbert Spencer's fences, and sceptical of municipal laws and boundaries, will fall upon the innocent like thieves in the night, for bacilli fall alike upon the just and the unjust.

Laissez-faire is the paltriest of all philosophies in sanitation—as in anything else. Current history is just now illustrating the principle. The warships of civilization are anchored outside the Chinese harbors watching the illustration, and the world is breathless over the end of the conflict of two methods—two spirits. China exhibits the weakness of disintegration, lawlessness, anarchy, *laissez-faire* reduced to its lowest terms. In Japan there is unity and organization, socialization, an organic national life. What is the result? Japan is a spade; China is a soft soil. The spade is pushed further in with the utmost ease. The spade will turn the reeking earth upside down, and perhaps something worthy will grow upon this old manure heap.

An instance of *laissez-faire* in sanitation is given by Havelock Ellis, in Russia. He describes the fearful condition of the country, and says it is wholly due to the lack of state interest and state control of those forces which make for national health. There is no public opinion concerning health. There is only one physician (bad as he is) in every 12,000 population, and during the prevalence of plagues these physicians are turned out of the villages or are superstitiously kerosened, turned into the fire, and burned. Towns and villages are destitute of all sanitary provisions, and are putrid, stinking festers on the land. There

is not a sewer in St. Petersburg to this day. The death-rate of the Russian army is three times higher than that of the German army. Once, however, having lost 20,000 in St. Petersburg alone, from cholera, by applying some of the simple precautions used by the English board of health, they succeeded in reducing the mortality of this dread disease seventy-five per cent. The death-rate of the German army is reduced to five per thousand, less than one-half that of the civil population of the same ages, showing the superior effectiveness of organized sanitation, which of course it is possible to institute only by national legislation.

It would seem that politicians would seriously concern themselves with all problems of public health, for they are of the people themselves, and there is perhaps one question of greater importance than filling their own pockets, and that is, saving their own lives.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A SKETCH WRITTEN FOR A PURPOSE.*

BY JOHN DAVIS.

CHAPTER II.

The French Revolution.

I have described the seed and the soil from which sprang the child Napoleon Bonaparte; and I have shown that the full-grown man was the natural and reasonable outgrowth of the child. I must now indicate on a larger scale the climate and soil which has given us the record and fruitage as related in history. Whatever may be the qualities of the sprout when transplanted from the nursery, it will never become a tree producing extraordinary results, unless there are found for it suitable conditions for growth and mature development.

Early in the progress of that great struggle of humanity against despotism known as the French Revolution of 1789, the widow Bonaparte and family found themselves in the southern part of France as refugees from Corsica, in destitute circumstances. Thence they ultimately found their way to Paris as observers of the strange and tragic events taking place there. Napoleon had passed through the military schools of Brienne and Paris, and carried in his pocket an officer's commission. Though sorely in need of employment, he was somewhat particular as to what his work should be. Twice he was ordered to join the Army of the West, but in both cases he found excuses to decline obedience. Then, armed with a physician's certificate as to ill health, he obtained a furlough, and he demanded and collected mileage for travelling from Nice to Paris, claiming that he had made the journey in obedience to an order to join the army; which order, as the facts show, he had twice failed to obey. Up to that date his record had been true to his birth and bringing up. As a military officer he had

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twice failed to obey orders, for which acts of insubordination he was afterwards stricken from the list of officers. As a business man he had collected money under false pretences, claiming to have travelled from Nice, when he had come from Marseilles, a shorter distance; and he had obtained the money before having obeyed any order.

When, however, one party after another was continually succeeding to power, and the guillotine and the assassin's poniard or bullet were the principal arguments used, it was not for a man like Napoleon to be long idle. He first distinguished himself as an artillery officer at the siege of Toulon. The government of that city, aided by the English fleet, stood out stoutly against the revolution, but when a battery of artillery, arranged by the young Corsician, was posted on the heights commanding the city and harbor, the English evacuated the place and the town surrendered.

Some two years later, in 1795, when the revolutionary "sections" of Paris resolved to attack and disperse the Convention, the assistance of the hero of Toulon was invited. He at once showed so much skill and energy in the management of his defences that the sections were defeated with great slaughter and the Convention was victorious. Napoleon had taken lessons of Robespierre but had far surpassed his tutor. He had no use for the slow processes of the guillotine; the thunder and the carnage of cannon were far more effective in the line of knockdown arguments. From the day of the sections, Oct. 5, 1795, the revolution was in the hands of Napoleon, and the Convention itself was gradually moulded to his will.

Napoleon being master of the situation, let us make a note of affairs. We behold a transcendent military genius, utterly unscrupulous as to ways and means, at the helm. What can he do? The answer to that question depends on conditions and circumstances—on the means at his disposal and on the field of his operations. His means are the power and resources of France. His field is Europe or as much of it as he can occupy, and all western and central Asia if he can realize the daily and nightly dreams of his ambition.

Prior to the appearance of Napoleon as the master of France, the revolution had prepared the stage for the actor. That is easily said, and easily explained and proved. But how and why came the revolution? It came as the result of the unbearable tyranny, the costly licentiousness and corruption, of the king and court; of the merciless oppression of the people by the house of Bourbon, the rich nobles,

and the clergy of the church of France. The lands of the kingdom had been monopolized by the rich nobles and the clergy. Great estates were held as game preserves and the people were disinherited. The finances of the kingdom were embarrassed, and the over-taxed people, unable to find employment or to utilize the lands in order to gain subsistence, were literally starving to death, as many thousands are now starving in this country; and they were bidden by their unfeeling oppressors to "eat grass."

The following letter written by Thomas Jefferson from Fontainebleau, France, to James Madison, only four years before the beginning of the revolution, throws a flood of light on the situation:

Fontainebleau, France, October 28, 1785.

I set out yesterday morning to take a view of this place (Fontainebleau). For this purpose I shaped my course toward the highest of the mountains in sight, to the top of which was about a league. As soon as I had got clear of the town, I fell in with a poor woman walking at the same rate with myself and going the same course. Wishing to know the condition of the laboring poor I entered into conversation with her, which I began by inquiries for the path which would lead me into the mountain, and hence proceeded to inquiries into her vocation, condition, and circumstances. She told me she was a day-laborer, at eight sous, or four pence sterling, the day; that she had two children to maintain and to pay a rent of thirty livres for her house (which would consume the hire of seventy-five days); that often she could get no employment, and of course, was without bread. As we had walked together nearly a mile and she had so far served me as a guide, I gave her on parting twenty-four sous. She burst into tears of gratitude, which I could perceive was unfeigned, because she was unable to utter a word. She had probably never before received so great an aid. This little *attendrissement*, with the solitude of my walk, led me into a train of reflections on that unequal division of property which occasions the numberless instances of wretchedness which I had observed in this country, and is to be observed all over Europe.

The property of this country is absolutely concentrated in a very few hands, having revenues of from half a million of guineas a year downward. These employ the flower of the country as servants. They employ also a great number of manufacturers and tradesmen, and, lastly, the class of laboring husbandmen; but after all these comes the most numerous of all classes, that is, the poor who cannot find work. I asked myself what would be the reason that so many should be permitted to beg, who are willing to work in a country where there is a very considerable portion of uncultivated lands. These lands are kept idle mostly for the sake of game. It should seem, then, that it must be because of the enormous wealth of the proprietors, which places them above attention to the increase of their revenues by permitting these lands to be labored. I am conscious that an equal division of property is impracticable; but the consequence of this enormous inequality producing so much misery to the bulk of mankind, legislators cannot invent too many devices for subdividing property, only taking care to let their subdivisions go hand in hand with the natural affections of the human

mind. The descent of property of every kind, therefore, to all the children, or to all the brothers and sisters or other relations, in equal degree, is a politic measure and a practicable one.

Another means of silently lessening the inequality of property is to except all from taxation below a certain point, and to tax the higher portions of property in geometrical progression as they rise. Wherever there are in any country uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right. The earth is given as a common stock for man to labor on; if, for the encouragement of industry, we allow it to be appropriated, we must take care that other employment be furnished to those excluded from the appropriation. If we do not, the fundamental right to labor on the earth returns to the unemployed. It is too soon yet in our country to say that every man who cannot find employment, but who can find uncultivated land, shall be at liberty to cultivate it, paying a moderate rent; but it is not too soon to provide by every possible means that as few as possible shall be without a little portion of land. The small landholders are the most precious part of a state.—Bancroft's *History of the Constitution* (unabridged), pages 463-465.

De Puy, in his "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," speaking of the condition of the people of France prior to the revolution, says:

All the burdens of the state fell on the industrious and productive classes. The nobility and clergy were exempt from taxation. The most oppressive mode of collecting prevailed. Two-thirds of the whole land of the country was in the possession of the nobility and clergy, who, not content with their fiscal exemption, imposed upon the cultivators feudal dues and services of the most onerous and harassing description. The right of killing game was reserved to the landlords; and tenants were even forbidden, by special edicts, to till the ground or reap the crops if the preservation of young broods might be thereby endangered. Game of the most destructive kind, such as wild boars and herds of deer, was permitted to run at large through extensive districts, without any enclosures to protect the crops (p. 21).

It is stated that hoeing and weeding, the mowing of grass, and the removal of stubble were prohibited, lest the eggs of birds should be destroyed or the young birds should be deprived of shelter. Certain kinds of manure were forbidden, lest the flavor of the game should be injured. And local courts were everywhere established to enforce these galling and degrading laws. Similar humiliations and burdens were also imposed on the people of the towns. As a matter of course, agriculture and the general industries of the nation were in the rudest condition, and the most abject poverty and distress prevailed everywhere.

Superficial thinkers claim that it was the atheistic writings and teachings of the French philosophers which produced the revolution of 1789. But on mature consideration it will be seen that it was the political and spiritual despotisms of the Bourbons, the nobility, and the clergy which

produced both the atheism of the times and the revolution. People never rebel against their teachers and rulers for amusement. They seldom attempt to right their wrongs while the wrongs are endurable. So true is this that Mr. Jefferson placed it in our American Declaration of Independence, and our fathers had the wisdom to embalm it there.

James Anthony Froude, an English writer of prominence, who was never suspected of having much sympathy for the common people, in his sketch of Julius Cæsar, said:

Patricians and plebeians, aristocrats and democrats, have alike stained their hands in blood in working out the problem of politics. But impartial history declares, also, that the crimes of the popular party have in all ages been the lighter in degree, while in themselves they have more to excuse them; and if the violent acts of revolutionists have been held up more conspicuously for condemnation, it has been only because the fate of noblemen and gentlemen has been more impressive to the imagination than the fate of the peasant or artisan. But the endurance of the inequalities of life by the poor is the marvel of human society. When the people complain, said Mirabeau, the people are always right. The popular cause has been the cause of the laborer struggling for a right to live and breathe, and think as a man. Aristocrats fight for wealth and power; wealth which they waste upon luxury, and power which they abuse for their own interests (p. 67).

The above testimony seems to indicate as a general fact, that the greatest dangers to government usually come from the men and classes of great wealth; from the patrician class, rather than from the plebeians; from great wealth in few hands, rather than from the alleged ignorance of the common people.

The late Charles Dickens, one of the best judges of the laws and forces which govern society, setting forth, in his "Tale of Two Cities," the causes which produced the French Revolution, drew the following picture of the tumbrils carrying their daily grist to the guillotine:

Along the Paris streets the death carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realization, guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change these back again to what they were, thou powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of

feudal nobles, the toilets of flaring Jezebels, the churches that are not my Father's house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of starving peasants! No, the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," say the seers to the enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories, "then remain so! But if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plow up a long, crooked furrow among the populace of the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the plows go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupations of the hands are not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorized exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres and in pictures. Several close their eyes and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

Let us as Americans suggest a single query, and draw from it a single lesson: If monarchs, and nobles, and Jezebels, and churches without God, in France, produced the revolution and the guillotine, what may we not expect from the merciless railroad kings, rapacious Shylocks, trusts, stock gamblers, land-grabbers, money contractionists, usury-takers and *godless churches* that are driving to desperation the millions of robbed, homeless and suffering people of America? "The great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator never reverses his transformations!" Neither does he change his plans! Americans should study the lessons of history.

It is to little purpose that we study history if we do it only at a distance and make no applications of its truths and principles to our home institutions. The same causes under similar conditions everywhere produce similar results. A close and impartial examination of the facts and lessons of the past will prove that the most dangerous class in a civilized community is the great millionaire class, those full-handed pirates and vultures of society who buy up legislatures, corrupt courts of justice, and employ attor-

neys, senators and congressmen to do their bidding; who attack and undermine the very foundation-principles of free government. This is no new question. The readers of Roman history will especially recognize the truth of the testimony here introduced.

Men acquire property mostly in three ways; by their earnings, by inheritance and by theft. A man with a million dollars has not earned so much; then, if he has not inherited it, some of it has most likely been stolen, through the forms of law or otherwise. And if stolen, then somebody or some class in society must have suffered loss. Hence, in every large society, where we find the dangerously rich, we also find the suffering and dangerously poor. That is, where we find the robber class, we must expect also to find the robbed.

In a little book written a few years ago, by Rev. Josiah Strong, of Cincinnati, and published by the American Home Missionary Society, New York, the writer says:

A list of Mr. Vanderbilt's stocks, bonds, and securities makes his aggregate wealth a little over \$200,000,000. The assessed valuation of the aggregate property, real and personal, of four great states of the Union, having a territory of nearly 350,000 square miles, falls short of this one fortune by several millions of dollars. And there are fourteen states which separately return less property, real and personal, than this modern Midas. He owns 1-218th of the wealth of the nation. Superfluity on the one hand, and dire want on the other—the millionaire and the tramp—are the complement of each other. The classes from which we have most to fear are the two extremes of society—the dangerously rich and the dangerously poor; and the former are much more to be feared than the latter.

Testimony of this sort, coming from the highest authority, ought to have great weight among thinking men. In making this one piratical millionaire, many thousands of men and women have been *robbed* of their just earnings. Many of them have been reduced to the sorest distresses, some have been driven to suicide, and others have lost courage and have gone forth as tramps and dangerous marauders and burdens upon society.

In an able article by Chancellor Howard Crosby, in the *North American Review* for April, 1883, we find the "Dangerous Classes" in America pretty fully discussed. Chancellor Crosby says:

We have seen in our own country what a power for evil these debased classes are, in the riots of 1877. New York city saw these wild forces at work in 1863. History will ever point, as to one of her most conspicuous pages, to the reign of terror in France, where the fierce passions of men who were the nearest the brute made havoc with all that was beautiful, or orderly, or good. But he whose mind rests

upon these lower classes as the cause of these horrors is no philosopher. He is content with a superficial view. A philosophical analysis of the explosions of the populace which have so often desolated neighborhoods and nations would reveal a series of causes leading far away from the populace itself. In ancient Greece, the revolutions which established the democracies were movements of the lowest classes of the people; but before these risings, we find in many instances the tyrannical oppression of a despot and his court, which, to-day, would be styled a "ring." It was the long period of fearful oppression in France, represented by the selfish and voluptuous courts of Louis XIV and Louis XV, during which the peasant was but a beast of burden or a tool of greed, which produced the reaction of the Revolution. Gunpowder is innocent until you ignite it. The lowest classes can be perilous to the state at large only as they are turned into insurrectionary channels by the gross injustice of the higher classes. . . .

The danger which threatens the uprooting of society, the demolition of civil institutions, the destruction of liberty, and the desolation of all, is that which comes from the rich and powerful classes in the community. What we have to fear are the encroachments of these influential elements upon the rights of the people, until, under a sense of oppression, the people, who are naturally timid and slow to act in organization, are forced into united resistance, which necessarily (from the constitution of the masses) becomes destructive to civilization and social well-being. . . . The form in which danger threatens us is that of units of vast money power. . . . It is by the growing power of this class of tyrants that our country's safety is now threatened. And the danger will come in two forms: the demoralization of society, and the sanguinary vengeance of the oppressed. The morals of a community work downward from the higher classes. Like priest, like people. Corrupt the prætorium and you corrupt the empire. . . .

Besides the moral desolation caused by the aggregation of wealth in few hands, the political safety of the country is especially endangered. The making and maintaining of this concentrated wealth demands a system of plunder and oppression of the poorer classes and of the public generally. Prices are made, not through the natural laws of demand and supply, but by "corners" and conspiracies. Fair competition, which is the life of trade, is utterly crushed by the giant foot of the money-swollen monster. . . . The sense of oppression becomes deeper and stronger. They [the people] begin to learn that their reform leaders are bought up by the money power, and that the so-called reforms are but tubs to the whale. They see that only violent measures can relieve them, and a common feeling of revenge unites them.

Now comes the catastrophe. At the first stroke they find themselves a power, and when men first discover their power they are reckless how they use it. They carry destruction on every side. They revel in slaughter. They waste property. They burn dwellings. They overturn all institutions. They paralyze trade. They annihilate society. The tyranny of the money units has accomplished what nothing but tyranny can accomplish—the united action of a heterogeneous and naturally unorganized populace. It has raised a spirit of evil which it cannot allay. It has unchained the tiger and whetted his appetite for blood.

These must not be considered as exaggerated prophecies. History shows that we are sober in our statements. The community cannot

be plundered forever; combinations of capitalists and legislators to rob the poor for the benefit of the rich will eventually meet with counter combinations which will not confine themselves to robbery. This is human nature as well as history. The present peril of our country is exactly here. The dangerous classes among us are those who are engaged in amassing colossal fortunes, the giants who tread ordinary men under their heel and care not how much the people suffer.

No man should be allowed to lord it over the destinies of the land: no man should be allowed to hold sway over the highways of the nation in an irresponsible absolutism. There must be a limit to individual wealth if we are to be preserved as a republic. Then corporate wealth should be under strict supervision and its management subject to just governmental control. Furthermore, the wages of the laborer should be secured to him for a year at a time, as in the case of a salaried officer, to be forfeited only for such misconduct as the courts would recognize. Severest penalties should be adjudged for the avoidance of tax-paying, and bribery should be punished by permanent loss of citizenship and ten years' imprisonment.

On another occasion, in the *Christian Union*, Chancellor Crosby said:

The great estates of Rome in the time of the Cæsars, and of France in the time of the Bourbons, rivalled those of the United States to-day: but both nations were on their way to the frenzy of revolution, not in spite of their wealth, but, in some true sense, because of it.

A few years ago occurred what has been widely known as the great southwest railroad strike. One of the storm centres of that strike was East St. Louis. The railroad corporation desired troops to coerce the men into obedience. As the troops were not sent on first call, the officers of the corporation advertised for men to act as deputy sheriffs. Men came from other states and were employed at high wages as deputy sheriffs. In Illinois, it will be noted, men from other states are not eligible to the office of sheriff; yet the lawless corporation so employed them in great numbers, and innocent people in no way connected with the strike were shot, wounded, and killed by those unlawful deputies. Let us examine this ominous case with some care.

In order to be eligible to the office of sheriff in East St. Louis a candidate must be a lawful resident of St. Clair county, Illinois. That county has a population of 60,000 people. It did not suit the purposes of the railroad corporation that citizens of the vicinage, who understood the quarrel between them and their men, should act as sheriffs; hence "men who seem to have come from other states," in the pay of the corporation, were appointed as deputies! Not one of these men was eligible to the office of sheriff, yet as deputies they were called upon to fire upon a crowd, and six or eight persons were killed or wounded. Governor

Oglesby, in his message, considered the firing on that crowd by the hired deputies of the corporation as unlawful and monstrous. In the same message he said:

The many signs of willingness of a large portion of our people, especially of incorporated wealth, to impatiently demand the use of the militia in all cases of threatened or real violence, without an effort to secure the protection of the law through the civil forms and procedure provided by law, is an unpleasant augury and one to be constantly watched by the ardent friends of constitutional liberty. And the fact that such incorporated wealth can command a part of the press of our country to malign, misrepresent, and aim to intimidate any who feel it a solemn duty to execute law by observing law, is a potent indication of no common evil!

Another case of some note occurred in New Jersey. I mention it as an exponent of hundreds of others too numerous to be here discussed. It is so much like the tragic events about Boston in 1775, which precipitated the American Revolution, that I ask special attention to it. The jeering of the Boston boys had the same effect on General Gage's British soldiers as the same annoyance by the Jersey City boys had on the corporation Pinkertons. The particulars are given in a press despatch dated at Jersey City, Jan. 20, 1887:

About 5 o'clock yesterday evening, while a party of boys were playing in an open lot adjoining the yards of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad company, Thomas Hogan, sixteen years of age, a looker-on, was shot and killed by one of the Pinkerton men. The boys were jeering at the Pinkerton men. At length the leader of the Pinkerton men stepped forward and ordered the boys to stop throwing missiles at them, and almost immediately three sharp cracks of a revolver rang out, and Hogan fell dead. The excitement was intense, and the onlookers fled in every direction.

The New York *Herald*, speaking of this catastrophe, said:

The Pinkerton men used their ready pistols recklessly yesterday, at the coal tracks in Jersey City, and an innocent boy was murdered. The victim was Thomas Hogan, a youth of sixteen years.

I think I have now shown by testimony which cannot be disputed that the greatest dangers to civilized government in general, and to free government in particular, must be looked for among the lawless units of great wealth and power, rather than among the masses of wealth-producers, who, in the language of the great Jefferson, "are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." The great millionaires, of course, demur, and, true to their patrician instincts, would disfranchise the peacea-

ble, long-suffering proletariat, and leave to this class no redress for popular grievances except the methods of savagery.

Besides the general causes of the French revolution, there were numerous special causes of complaint on the part of the people. I will mention only some of them:

The punishments for crimes were most cruel, and were greatly disproportioned to the offences. Instruments of torture were in common use in order to compel witnesses to testify against the accused, and then to punish the victims when condemned. Numberless people all over the kingdom, without known crime, were arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille without trial or the privilege of being heard, and for the greater crimes actually committed, the cruelties of the punishments were dreadful to contemplate.

The historians tell us they can hardly bring their pens to describe the awful details of the sufferings of these unhappy times; but he who wishes to write or read the history of the French Revolution must steel his mind to the contemplation of scenes of horror; and before animadverting on the dreadful atrocities of the Reign of Terror, it is well to consider the barbarities of the ancient régime, to which they are in part at least to be ascribed. It is to the honor of the revolution that it put a stop, it is to be hoped forever, to these frightful barbarities, and amidst the innumerable crimes of its authors, "this at least is to be recorded to their praise, that they never reverted, except at first, and in the most vehement excitement, to those ancient cruelties."

Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," describes the manner of breaking a victim on the wheel, but my readers, I know, will thank me for omitting the horrible details.

In contemplating the cruelties which were a potent cause of the French Revolution, American readers will call to mind with pain an imitation of them in America but recently, by *the hanging up by the thumbs* of a youthful militia private in Pennsylvania, by his commanding officer, because the thoughtless boy had expressed sympathy with the striking laborers whom he had been ordered to suppress and guard. Nor can the intelligent and humane American reader forget the torture by hunger and nakedness inflicted on the innocent people of Homestead, Penn., and of Pullman, Ill., because their millionaire employers thought proper to subject them to that species of "discipline." How

much alike is despotism in all countries and in all times when men are intrusted with irresponsible power!

Another cause of complaint in France was the very unequal manner of the administration of justice and the distribution of punishments for offences. It is stated that "Fortune, liberal presents, court favor, the smiles of a handsome wife, or promises of advancement to relations, sometimes swayed the decisions of the judges in the inferior tribunals" (Alison, vol. i, p. 201).

It was probably found about as difficult to convict a rich or influential criminal in France before the revolution as it is now in the United States; while a poor creature without money or friends found himself in prison or kicked out upon the streets to starve, in spite of his best efforts.

The French people also had their political grievances. All the public offices of honor, trust, or emolument fell to the lot of the king's favorites, without any discrimination in favor of merit or ability. And as to the profligate and corrupt court of Louis XV, it is easy to credit all that has been recorded in history. Alison says:

Corruption in its worst form had long tainted the manners of the court as well as the nobility, and poisoned the sources of influence. The favor of royal mistresses or the intrigues of the court openly disposed of the highest appointments, both in the army, the church, and the civil service. . . . The reign of Louis XV is the most deplorable in French history. If we seek for the characters who governed the age we must search the ante chambers of the Duke of Choiseul or the boudoirs of Mesdames Pompadour or Du Barri. The whole frame of society seemed to be decomposed. . . . All that we read in ancient historians, veiled in the decent obscurity of a learned language, of the orgies of ancient Babylon, was equalled, if not exceeded, by the nocturnal revels of the Regent Orleans, the Cardinal Dubois, and his other licentious associates. They would exceed belief if not narrated on the undoubted testimony of concurring witnesses (vol. i, p. 208).

In his "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," De Puy says:

Perhaps the world never saw, since the days of Sardanapalus, a court so corrupt, a nobility so profligate, and a state of society so utterly contemptuous of even the decent affectation of virtue, as existed in France from the reign of Louis XIV until the overthrow of Louis XVI. A succession of dissolute women ruled the king and controlled the deliberations of the cabinet; lower life was a sink of corruption; the whole was a romance of the most scandalous order. . . . Around the king was clustered a crowd of venal nobles, who contended for his favors with adulation and breathed only in the sunshine of his smiles. Wholly destitute of independence of spirit, these nobles were licentious and arrogant, fattening without shame on the spoils of the people, and priding themselves on the lineages they disgraced. . . . The clergy, too, shared in the general corruption. Their wealth was enormous, their luxury excessive and ostentatious; and all pretensions to superior sanctity or correctness of manners had long since

been abandoned. Indeed, many of the highest rank among them were preëminent for their licentiousness. Generally speaking, it might be said that for a long time the higher orders of the clergy had ceased to take a vital concern in their profession, or to exercise its functions in a manner which interested the feelings or affections of men. . . . Debauchery and blasphemy, selfishness and disregard of right in high places, had done their worst. Nothing short of miraculous interposition could have saved France from the legitimate consequences of its own unparalleled infamy (pp. 15-25).

A further reason, and a most tangible one, why the people of France became tired of Louis XV, was the expensiveness of his licentious luxuries. One hundred millions of francs (\$20,000,000) were spent on the royal seraglio alone; while five hundred millions of francs (\$100,000,000) had been added to the public debt "for expenses too ignominious to bear the light or to be even named in the public accounts." The amounts so expended were ten times greater in the reign of Louis XV than in that of Louis XIV.

Now, in view of these corruptions and scandals, committed by a king and a court who were the very head and front of the legally established French church of that time, I ask, were the philosophers of France the cause of the French Revolution? Surely not. Rather was it the despotism, the scandals, and the corruption of the king, the nobles, and the clergy that created the atheism of the philosophers, and drove them to join the revolution in defence of the people.

But the immediate and exciting cause of the first outbreak of the revolution was the condition of the finances. Louis XVI was a far better man than his predecessor, and seemed disposed to act somewhat fairly toward his subjects. But he was indolent and unreliable. He seemed utterly incapable of keeping his word or even his most solemn oath. Being unable to proceed further with the disordered state of his finances, he called the States General together. The representatives of the people had then a chance to be heard. They spoke mildly at first, but later on more and more boldly, until the revolution became a glowing furnace for the purification of the wrongs of the past.

Among the first of the evils to perish at the hands of the enraged people was the Bastile, the great national prison of France. It was stormed and taken by the revolutionists on July 14, 1789; and by order of the National Assembly that great historic stronghold of despotism and infamy was razed to the ground. At its fall all France breathed easier.

No more *lettres de cachet*, followed by the living death of the untried victims! It is estimated that a single prime minister of the king had been the means of lodging fifty thousand persons in the Bastile. Others, more moderate, place the number at twenty-five thousand. When we consider that these confinements in many cases meant death by torture or starvation, the atrocities of the old régime in the matter of deaths exceeded those of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror. The number of persons who perished by the guillotine is recorded at less than twenty thousand. So, view the matter in any light we please, the atrocities of the revolution during its worst times did not equal the cool, calculating cruelties of the former régime. And all must admit that the crimes of the revolutionists were far more excusable than those of the former despots.

The tyrants prior to the revolution wreaked their vengeance on the innocent people purely for the gratification of their caprices and passions. The revolutionists, though in a great degree actuated by the spirit of retaliation and revenge for past wrongs, acted in an equal or greater degree *in defence of the homes of the people*—in defence of their newly acquired lands, derived from the great estates of the nobles and clergy, which had been wrongfully held by them for centuries. The lands, having been confiscated by the revolutionists, had become public domain, and the people had bought them in small sub-divisions for use as homes. The titles to these lands depended on the success of the revolution and the absence of claimants. The guillotine was used to destroy all former landholders and their heirs, who might in after times, through some turn of fortune, become claimants to their confiscated estates. The old despots had no such justification for their needless and multiplied cruelties.

The Bastile and the guillotine stand side by side in history as the preëminent atrocities of the ancient and modern régimes in France prior to the advent of Napoleon. The Bastile immured and tortured its thousands; the guillotine killed, perhaps, a smaller number. The old prison was the more cruel of the two.

Vast crowds attended the workmen as the removal of the huge stones of the Bastile went on. The people seemed as if they would never weary of examining the dark vaults and gloomy corridors of that long-dreaded prison. The stone couches which had been worn down by their occupants, the huge rings to which chains had been attached,

and the frightful implements of ancient torture were surveyed with deepest interest. *

Up to the taking of the Bastile little blood had been shed by the revolutionists. The weak and treacherous king, Louis XVI, yielded before the storm. He made fair promises, but never scrupled to violate them. On July 14, 1790, the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, half a million people assembled in the Champ de Mars to witness the oath of the king to obey the constitution. La Fayette was there on a white charger, at the head of one hundred thousand soldiers. The king was solemnly sworn. Paris and all France were wild with joy. The revolution, almost bloodless, seemed ended. All trusted the oath of the king.

The king violated his oath. The betrayed and angry people could not be appeased. The quarrel was reopened. On January 25, 1793, the king lost his head. And during the Reign of Terror, blood flowed like red wine from the press of the horrible vintage. Then fell Robespierre; after his fall came the struggle between the sections and the Convention, in which Napoleon showed his masterly hand in such purpose that he soon became the ruler of the storm, in the character of a military hero and despot.

(To be continued.)

* After the destruction of the building the great iron key that had been used to lock its doors, and a small model of the fortress, were sent to President George Washington, and they may now be seen by visitors at Mount Vernon, in the north room of the old Washington residence.

HUMAN DESTINY.

BY W. E. MANLEY.

I prepare this paper particularly for those who accept Divine revelation, and are willing to believe any doctrine that can be fairly proved by its teachings, when interpreted by reason and common sense. With this view I am saved the necessity of extending this article by adducing the proofs of the existence of a God, the creator and governor of the universe, who is infinitely wise, powerful, and good; and that the Bible is a legitimate source of knowledge concerning the ultimate destiny of mankind.

All our conclusions concerning human destiny, aside from the Scriptures, are drawn from the acknowledged attributes of God—His wisdom, power, and goodness—and these being infinite, they afford a basis of reasoning for the most profound conclusions.

Before quoting the Scriptures, let us see what reason has to say of human destiny, in view of the character of God, the nature of man, and of the world in which we live. And let us come to the inquiry with a reverent and earnest spirit, as free as possible from prejudice, and with a mind open to conviction; for in this way only can we reasonably hope to arrive at the truth on this momentous and deeply interesting subject; and the truth is what we are seeking.

Did the reader ever seriously consider the nature and character of the world in which we live? its wise and beneficent adaptation to our nature and wants? how many sources of happiness and means of improvement are placed within our reach, inviting us to appropriate and use them? No rational man, with his eyes open to the light, can doubt for a moment that the great Creator made the world with a kind and benevolent regard for the happiness and improvement of the rational and accountable beings that were to inhabit it. We have no want, physical, moral, or intellectual, that is not here provided for. We have no faculty of body or soul that has not its appropriate sphere of action; and we have no faculty which does not, when legitimately and rightly employed, contribute to our happiness.

If we had no other proof of the divine care for us, this would be sufficient. But look where we will, in this wonderful world of ours, and we find ample and convincing proofs of the same fact. Let us look a moment at the solar system, and notice a few simple facts that are well known to most people. The sun, the only body capable of giving light and heat, is so placed as to dispense to the surrounding and dependent planets these necessary blessings without which no living thing could exist upon them. And these are made to turn on their axes, so as to give all sides of them a share of the indispensable light and heat from the central luminary. As it is with our planet, so doubtless it is with others—the day is long enough for its inhabitants to become weary with labor; and the night is long enough for the needed rest and sleep. No other body in the solar system could fill the office of the sun; nor could the sun do this if it were of any other size or in any other locality. Here we see design; and as Paley says, “Where there is design there must be a designer.” In this case the designer is God. It may be added that every design of God is a benevolent design. This is demonstrated by the facts that have been stated concerning the solar system. And though God provides for all living creatures, it is very evident that “Man is His peculiar care.”

Passing from what may seem one extreme to another, I will call the reader's attention, for a few moments, to the human body. The organs of the body are so located as to do us the best possible service. No alteration could be made in this regard without doing us harm. As the arms and lower limbs act only in one direction, as they stand related to the rest of the body, how important it is that the eyes are placed on the same side of the body, and high enough to overlook all the actions of these limbs! Without intelligence and goodness, it might have been otherwise. The eyes on the back of the head would have served us very poorly; nor would it have been much better had they been placed on the front side of the body, but down near the feet; and this might have been, if intelligence and goodness had not presided over our creation.

The importance of the eyes made it necessary that they should be well protected, and fill their office in the most comfortable and successful manner. To accomplish these objects they are placed as far back in the head as possible, in a bony socket, strongly made, with a lid in front, which lifts and shuts down at pleasure. The motions of the eye and lid are aided by lubrication; and all excess of fluids that

gather at times in the eye is carried off through an appropriate channel, one for each eye, so as not to disfigure the face. Here, too, is a good design; and the Designer is a good God, "who careth for us."

Again, our hands and arms are so made as to enable us to handle with convenience objects of all sizes within certain limits. We can take a pin or a needle between the thumb and finger, a larger thing in the hand, and a larger still in the arms; the eyes in the meantime holding the light for us. To guard against injury to the ends of the fingers, from the almost constant pressure against them, opposite to the pressure a hard plate is fastened on; and so the injury is prevented.

Finally (for I must be brief), to prevent anything hurtful from going into the stomach, four sentinels are placed, outside and in the mouth, that must be passed, and whose consent must be obtained before any article of food can gain admittance into that important receptacle. First, the eye, which can judge only from appearance, occupies the highest seat, and must first be consulted. If the applicant has a good look, he is allowed to pass on to the next station, the nose, where the olfactories stand guard. They have nothing to do with the looks; indeed, they have no eyes, and judge of the applicant only by the odor exhaled from his body. If this is agreeable, he passes to the third station, which is in the mouth. This sentinel is the tongue, which can judge only of the taste; the looks and the smell not coming under his jurisdiction. The taste being agreeable, another process must be submitted to, which is performed by the teeth, in order that nothing concealed should escape notice. This is terminated by a sudden plunge into the stomach. All this to guard us from harm.

It is important for us to know that nearly all the evils we suffer are the product of our own ignorance and folly. This being so, these evils can be cured; and the evident intention of Divine Providence is that they be cured by ourselves. And if we make proper exertions in this direction, the way will be made plain and divine aid granted to us. It is not a hard thing to do. The process is very simple. Let men cease to do evil, and evil will cease to be done. And when they see that the evils they do injure themselves, as well as others, and more than they do others, they will be apt to avoid them. Bad men seek for the pleasures of sin, which are chiefly imaginary; and so they fail to see and appreciate the evils of sin, which are real and lasting. The pleasures of sin are at best so short-lived,

and its "pains and penalties" are so severe and enduring that it is both foolish and demoralizing to speak seriously of these "pleasures," as is often done by ministers of the gospel, to the great injury of the cause of moral virtue.

Wars will cease their murderous work when the nations of the earth shall come to see that generally they are as destructive to the honor and virtue of those engaged in them as they are to life and property; and this is already beginning to be seen and understood. War can be prevented before entered upon, more easily and more honorably, in most cases, than it can be terminated after its ravages have commenced. It is astonishing how little influence the Christian doctrine of human brotherhood has had on the world, as evinced by the enormous expense incurred by civilized nations in preparing for these sanguinary conflicts.

All forms of disease will be prevented when men learn the laws of health and obey them; and both these things are no doubt practicable. Famines are unnecessary. Men have only to act in view of the simplest facts to prevent them; all seasons are not equally productive, and therefore provisions should be stored when the earth's products are abundant, and kept for those seasons that do not yield a full supply. The "store cities" are frequently alluded to in the Old Testament, and the use made of them was the same as that indicated above. And when they were adopted, the Israelites had no more need "to go down to Egypt to buy corn."

There are a few natural evils which cannot be prevented, such as earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, cyclones, etc. But these are not frequent, and in due time we shall understand them better than we do now, and can more effectually guard against them.

That men will sometime "cease to do evil and learn to do well" is a proposition that is favored by all we know of them and their history. Their desire for "happiness, our being's end and aim," will prompt them to seek it in the right way, namely, by means of a virtuous and righteous life. When it is generally understood that the only way to make the world happier is to make it better, the effort will become general to improve its condition by improving its morals. To promote its intelligence is one of the means of making it better and happier. Men must know the causes of their unhappiness before they can successfully remove them. Human society is capable of vast improvement. That it will be thus improved, the world over, is indicated

by the fact that much has been done already in this direction.

When we consider the attributes of God, and the capabilities of the human race, we feel perfectly assured that this improved condition will, in process of time, be reached. What the world is capable of becoming is a sure sign of what it will become. The only reason of which we can conceive why the Creator made men capable of a high and glorious destiny, is, that He designed them for it. As an infinitely good being He must will such a destiny for them; and as infinitely wise and powerful, He must be able to accomplish it. This reasoning is perfectly conclusive. Men are far from the destiny intended for them; but they are certainly on the road that leads to it, and must sometime reach the end.

In view of the foregoing argument, I confidently affirm that the world is moving in the direction of a grand and glorious destiny—a destiny, not of place, but of condition; not of where we are, but of what we are; not of environment, but of personality; not objective, but subjective. The movement of the world toward this grand consummation may not be apparent when we compare periods of history that are short and near together. Indeed, there may be brief periods, and even those of considerable length, when no progress is apparent—nay, when a retrograde movement seems to be made. But this last is probably more seeming than real. Let any intelligent man compare the present century with any like period before it, and he will be convinced that, unless appearances are very deceptive, the world is moving in the direction of a higher, nobler, and better state. Appearances seem to indicate that the present century has made exceptional progress. More valuable discoveries have been made, useful inventions found out, and improvements adopted, than in many centuries before.

At the same time it must be confessed that there are many serious and formidable evils connected with our social system, and growing out of it, that call aloud for their speedy removal. The discoveries and inventions of this century have produced a new social order, to which many of the people find it hard to adapt themselves. But these evils seem worse from the increased sensitiveness on the subject, from a growing consciousness of human brotherhood. The same evils in past ages would have created no such feeling. They will appear more and more distressing, till effective measures are devised for their removal. The intense feeling in regard to them is a sure sign that they will be speedily

removed in all civilized countries. And when they are removed, we shall all be astonished that they were allowed to remain so long, when their removal was so easily effected.

It would seem as if the subject has been sufficiently discussed, and that the time for action has come. Suppose no method of procedure has been devised that meets with universal approval; is this a valid reason for doing nothing, while men, women, and children (and even babes at the breast!) are starving, in sight of our comfortable and well-supplied homes, occupied by Christian people! Let something be done at once, and in earnest; and a method will develop itself, as in all new enterprises, and will improve with use, till it becomes as nearly perfect as anything that is human; and the wail of distress and anguish which now sounds so painfully in our ears will begin to subside, and in due time will be heard no more.

It is certain that poverty, intemperance, licentiousness, idleness, and all the other evils of which reformers complain, are in our hands and under our control, and therefore can be cured. And though some of them are kept in existence by men who are enriched by them, and are therefore hard to remove, they can and will be exterminated when the whole people are enlightened in respect to them, and direct their united energies against them; and this time is rapidly approaching.

From the few men who have made great advances in knowledge and virtue, who have been "bright and shining lights in the world," we naturally infer that all men can make the same or similar progress, in both morals and intelligence. It seems a just conclusion that such was the design at the beginning; and that it has been kept in view and encouraged all through the ages of human progress. Here it must be borne in mind that every advance of the world in knowledge and virtue contributes, in a corresponding degree, to the world's happiness. And there is an intimate relation between the happiness of man and the goodness of God. As a good being, God wills our happiness. This is the ultimate object. All else is a means to an end, the end being happiness. As infinitely good, He must will our greatest happiness—the greatest happiness of all and of each. If He would be content with less than this, He is not infinitely good. There is no escape from this conclusion. It rests on a foundation as firm as the Rocky Mountains, on which my eyes rest after writing the words above.

Another conclusion rests on a basis equally solid. It is that a God who is infinitely wise and powerful can do all

His pleasure. This argument makes it certain that a great and happy destiny awaits the human race. God wills it, and He is able to accomplish it. We now come to the Scriptures.

Human destiny is commonly denoted in the Scriptures by the term salvation, that is, salvation from sin. But it falls far short of expressing the fulness of human destiny, as the Scriptures reveal it to us. But taking the term for what it implies, as well as expresses, it does not come so far from the full meaning. Salvation from sin implies the opposite holiness. Human character does no more admit of a vacuum than the atmosphere around us. As sin goes out of a man, holiness goes in; and holiness implies a corresponding amount of happiness. The two are united by an indissoluble tie.

There is no authority for using the term salvation, for denoting human destiny, rather than a score of others, employed in a similar way, unless it is found in the name Jesus, which means Saviour, and was given before His birth by an angel, because He would "save His people from their sins." On this account, it may be, that this term is used more frequently than any other to denote the destiny of man; and it does indeed denote the most important part of the Saviour's mission. But as we advance we shall find other terms, and some important ones, employed in the same way.

It is an interesting circumstance that, as soon as sin entered into the world in the garden of Eden, the promise was given to our first parents that sin shall be destroyed. This is done in figurative language, but the meaning is very plain. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head; but the serpent shall bruise his heel." The serpent was the tempter of Eve, and was the cause of sin; and when he is destroyed, sin will cease. To bruise the heel is to inflict a small injury; to bruise the head is to inflict death. The figure is taken from the ancient method of killing a serpent or snake, by treading on its head with the heel, when people wore no shoes, and little or nothing else on the feet. Of course, such a tread would bruise the heel, but crush the head. There can be no doubt that the serpent of Genesis is "the old serpent, the devil and Satan," of the book of Revelation. The author of Hebrews (ii. 14) says the devil is to be destroyed; and this proves that the above interpretation of bruising the serpent's head is correct.

The promise to Abraham, repeated to Isaac and Jacob, is that all the families, kindreds, and nations of the earth

shall be blessed in him and his seed (see Gen. xii. 3, xviii. 18, xxvi. 14, xxviii. 14). The apostle Peter, on the day of Pentecost, explained this promise as "turning away every one from his iniquities." Paul says that the seed of Abraham is Christ; and that He is to turn all men from their iniquities is asserted in a great variety of forms, which we shall see as we proceed.

I could go through the Jewish Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi, and quote many passages relating to "the good time coming," when the Messiah would visit the earth, as the Jews believed, when peace and plenty should everywhere prevail; but there is a better way. What the old prophets taught on our subject can be learned from a single passage in the New Testament; and the two already noticed are sufficient for patriarchal times, when the prophets had not yet appeared. By this method a large amount of time and space will be saved, with no injury to the argument. The Apostle Peter is as good a witness as to what the prophets taught, on the subject under discussion, as the prophets themselves. I quote his words, "Whom the heaven must receive, until the times of the restoration of all things, whereof God spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began" (Acts iii. 21).

I am unable to discover in what way this passage can be made to harmonize with any limited doctrine of restoration. And the passage is not less valuable for our purpose because it is the testimony of God, through the prophets, and not that of the prophets themselves. Peter believed that the prophets spake as God gave them His spirit. All things (*τα παντα*) is an expression that stands for the universe, and generally for the intelligent universe; and the word restoration is proof of the latter meaning here.

As I propose now to quote only from the New Testament, I will give the rest of the passages under separate and distinct heads.

1. The Parables of our Lord.—These may be divided into two classes, the intermediate and the ultimate. The first of these represents men as the righteous and the wicked, with no reference to their final state. The second class represents the same two characters; but these become one, namely, the righteous. If the first of these two classes of parables represents a final state, as they are commonly interpreted by men who assume to be theological experts, the second class would be excluded, and could have no meaning. To give both classes a place, the first must be intermediate, and the second ultimate.

The first class consists of such as the Wise and Foolish Virgins, the Faithful and Unfaithful Servants, the Sheep and Goats. These will serve as specimens. Most of the parables are of this sort. Those of the second class are the Leaven in the Meal, the Good Shepherd, the Lost Sheep, the Lost Piece of Money, the Prodigal Son. While the leaven is working in the meal, the two classes, the righteous and the wicked, are represented, the first by the leavened meal, and the last by the meal not leavened. When all the meal is leavened, there is but one class, the righteous. The Good Shepherd says, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them I must bring in; and there shall be one flock, one Shepherd." (One fold is a wrong rendering.) The sheep already in the fold are the righteous; the "other sheep," not gathered in, are the wicked. But when there is one flock and one Shepherd, there will be no wicked. In the parable of the lost sheep, the only sheep that was lost was found and restored to the fold; and then all were together, and not one was missing. The same of the lost piece of silver. The only prodigal son the father had returned from his wanderings; and the family is together. Whatever else these parables mean, they do mean that the lost was found; and this is all that has any bearing on our subject.

How the two classes of parables are harmonized will perhaps easily be inferred from what has been said; but a few words more may not be out of place. The first class precedes the second, and has its fulfilment in this world. The second follows the first, and carries the representation forward, till it ends in the one destiny of the race. It has been said that no doctrine can be proved by parables; that these may illustrate a doctrine, or even confirm the proofs derived from other sources, but that they must not be adduced as in themselves proofs. While I am not prepared to subscribe to this theory I am glad to know that I have other arguments, about to be introduced, that will probably be more satisfactory.

2. Those passages that relate to the mission of Jesus Christ.—These are too numerous to be all quoted. I will introduce only the most prominent ones, some of which will require a few words of comment, and others not. Jesus was so named for He would "save His people from their sins" (Matt. i. 26). When Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the angels proclaimed the news, as "glad tidings of great joy, which should be [such] to all people" (Luke ii. 10). Simeon in the temple quotes from Isaiah, that Jesus would be "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and a glory of the people

Israel" (Luke ii. 32); and that "all flesh shall see the salvation of God" (Luke iii. 6). These passages relate to the mission of the Messiah; but as they were addressed to Jews before the public ministry of Christ, they are probably to be applied after the Jewish fashion. With this view they relate to a grand and glorious future in this world, distinguished chiefly for its temporal blessings.

John the Baptist, standing on the banks of the Jordan, and seeing Jesus among the multitudes, cries aloud to the people, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). There is nothing here that is obscure or ambiguous. Jesus takes away sin by producing holiness in the place of it; and this is stated, at the beginning of His ministry, in the most comprehensive terms. It is interesting to observe how many forms of expression are employed to convey the idea of saving from sin—to take away sin, to put away, to turn away, to save from, etc.

"God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world might be saved through Him" (John iii. 17). Jesus did judge the world; but that was a means, not an end. The end was to save the world from sin. "Now we believe . . . and know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world" (John iv. 42). "We have believed, and bear witness, that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world" (I John iv. 14). The only way Jesus can be the Saviour of the world is to save it. An unsuccessful attempt to save it would not entitle Him to be called its Saviour. Nor would His saving one-half, or even nine-tenths, entitle Him to this honorable appellation. The title can be earned only by His saving every soul of the world's population.

As God sent the Son to save the world, He must have known His ability to execute His mission. If the world was obstinate and unwilling to be saved, that state of things must have been known and provided for. The views which some men entertain of the ability of Jesus to save the world are well illustrated by the doctor's plaster, prepared for one of his patients. It did not cover the diseased spot, and the patient complained that it was too small. But the doctor said, No, it was exactly right. "The trouble is," said the doctor, "the sore is too large for the plaster." Jesus is able to save the world, but the world is unwilling to be saved. The fault is not in Jesus, but in the world. But it is as clear as the light at noonday, that if Jesus cannot save the world as it is, with all its obstinacy and unwillingness to be saved, he is not a sufficient Saviour.

The epistle to the Romans has some of the most decisive passages on this subject. In the fifth chapter, beginning with the twelfth verse, Paul compares the bad effects of sin on men in the past, with the good effects of the gospel on them in the present and future; and he draws the conclusion that "where sin abounded grace did more abundantly abound." It will be sufficient to quote a few verses of Paul's reasoning on the subject of human destiny. His words are: "So then, as through one trespass, the judgment came unto all men, to condemnation; even so, through one act of righteousness, the free gift came unto all men, to justification of life. For as through the one man's disobedience, the many were made sinners; even so, through the obedience of the one, shall the many be made righteous" (verses 18, 19). Two statements, one in each verse, are of special interest, as having an unquestionable reference to human destiny. One is, "Through one act of righteousness, the free gift came unto all men, to the justification of life." The other is, "Through the obedience of the one, shall the many be made righteous." Justification of life, or righteousness of life, is the destiny of all men, according to one statement. To be made righteous is the destiny of the many, according to the other statement. And "all men" and "the many" are here identical expressions. Such language as this from the Apostle Paul ought to set at rest the minds of all true Christians. Probably the best of us can but faintly appreciate the condition of the world when all men are righteous. It is our privilege to look forward to such a state, and to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Again (Rom. xi. 25-27): "Hardening in part hath befallen Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved; even as it is written:

There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer;
He shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob.
And this is my covenant unto them,
When I shall take away their sins."

The reference to the coming of the Deliverer connects this passage with those relating to the mission of Christ. The fulness of the Gentiles will come into the kingdom of God, and all Israel will be saved, when the mission of Christ is finished. And these are all mankind; and their ultimate condition, as here revealed, is entire freedom from sin; and this means holiness and happiness. It is added, "For God hath shut up all unto disobedience, that He might have mercy upon all" (verse 32). This is worthy of the divine Father.

Again, "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure, which He hath purposed in Him, unto a dispensation of the fulness of the times, to sum up all things in Christ, the things in the heavens, and the things on the earth—in Him, I say, in whom also we were made a heritage, having been foreordained according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will" (Eph. i. 9–11). "To sum up all things in Christ" is explained a little further along, by being made a heritage in Christ. And this is the same idea as that of a passage in Hebrews (i. 2), in which the Son of God is said to be appointed Heir of all things, that is, all things are His heritage. The same is referred to in the Psalms: "Ask of me, and I will give the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession" (ii. 8). The doctrine of the passage quoted from Eph. i. 9–11 is that all things in the heavens and upon the earth are the possessions of Christ; in other words, He is appointed Heir of all things. Of course He will care for His own.

"He humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death; yea, the death of the cross. Therefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 8–11). The phrase, "under the earth," is an accommodation to the opinion of some in Paul's day, who held that the abode of departed souls was under the earth. Had this been the opinion of Paul himself, he would have used the expression more than in this single instance. The homage paid to Christ, according to the passage here quoted, not only implies an exalted station assigned Him, but also a high moral and intellectual development in those who render it. And the phrase "all things in heaven, on the earth, and under the earth," is, as Prof. Moses Stuart says, a periphrasis for the universe. It must, therefore, comprehend all intelligent beings. Such is the destiny of all men and angels, who were made in the image of God.

"It was the good pleasure of the Father, that in Him [Christ] should all the fulness dwell, and through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, having made peace through the blood of His cross; through Him, I say, whether things upon the earth, or things in the heavens" (Col. i. 19, 20). This doctrine of universal reconciliation is ex-

pressed in fewer words in another place. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself" (2 Cor. v. 19). To be reconciled to God we must have more knowledge of Him than most of us possess. Reconciliation to God is what the Bible means by the atonement; for this word has the meaning of reconciliation, or at-one-ment.

Paul enjoins upon Timothy, that "prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings, be made for all men . . . for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God, our Saviour; who willeth that all men should be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, Himself man, Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all; the testimony to be borne in its own times" (1 Tim. ii. 3-6). The old version has the words, "who will have all men to be saved." These words have a dignity and authority about them that command respect. The revisers preferred a form that seemed to make the salvation of all men a little uncertain. They probably thought, with the old lady, that a few sent to the bad place was "better than nothing." But there is no difference in the two renderings so far as the certainty of accomplishment is concerned. The will of God is as sure as His purpose. They are really identical. In one of the passages we have quoted (Eph. i. 9, 10), the will, good pleasure, and purpose of God are associated, as if there was no difference in them; and then it is added, "Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." What could be said more of His purpose?

In the passage before us, the salvation of all men, and coming to the knowledge of the truth, were probably intended as one and the same process. No doubt they go together. All men are to be saved, for the reason that Jesus, the Mediator between God and men, gave Himself a ransom for all.

3. Human destiny is further revealed and described, in connection with the resurrection of the dead. The language of our Lord in relation to the resurrection, except brief references and once or twice figuratively, is found but once in the four Gospels. But this one passage is recorded in all three of the Synoptic Gospels (see Matt. xxii. 23-33, Mark xii. 19-27, Luke xx. 27-40). The words of Jesus are an answer to the question of the Sadducees concerning the woman with seven husbands: "In the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of the seven?" The answer of our Lord, so far as we need quote it, is given by Matthew and Mark in nearly the same words, "In the resurrection, they neither

marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels in heaven." This language does not apply alone to the woman and her husbands, but to all the subjects of the resurrection, to all that rise from the dead. It is, therefore, the destiny of all mankind to be as the angels in heaven. That this applies to all the subjects of the resurrection will be more evident from the passage in Luke, which differs from the others, but is in some respects more full and satisfactory.

The passage from Luke, as now translated, limits the resurrection to "them that are accounted worthy of that world," etc. But correctly rendered this passage as plainly teaches the resurrection of all men as does the passage in Matthew or Mark. The mistake in the rendering comes from not seeing the connection between the thirty-fifth and thirty-fourth verses. The words of Luke should be translated as follows: "The children of this state (*aion*) marry and are given in marriage; but these, having been honored with that state and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage." The rest is similar to what is said by Matthew and Mark, only a little more full. "For neither can they die any more; but they are equal unto the angels, and are children of God, being children of the resurrection." As both sexes are here mentioned, I prefer "children," the old rendering, to the revised, "sons." To define human destiny by saying that we shall be as the angels in heaven is not to give us much definite information; but it is to assure us of a very high position in the universe of God. This ought to be satisfactory.

Paul has the most extensive treatment of our subject, in connection with the resurrection; and this is found chiefly in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians: "As in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits" (verses 22, 23). To be made alive in Christ is to be raised from the dead a new creature, as Paul uses the words. The words, "every man in his own order," are proof that there are differences of condition or rank in the resurrection state as in this. Jesus occupies the highest position there as He does here; for this is what is meant by His being the first fruits. The Jews had two kinds of first fruits—those that were first in the order of time, and the first in quality. Jesus is the first in rank or position. Origen distinguished them as the first fruits, and the prime fruits. Jesus stands to the human race as the prime fruits. He was not the first that rose from the dead, but the most noble and exalted. He is called the first-born, for a similar reason.

"Then cometh the end, when He shall deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when He shall have abolished all rule, and all authority and power. For He must reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be abolished is death." Or more properly, "The last enemy, death, shall be abolished," or destroyed (verses 24-36). This passage informs us that when the end of the Messianic mission comes, Christ will deliver up His kingdom to God, even the Father; for He had destroyed or abolished all hostile rule and all adverse authority and power. These evil things are called enemies. He will destroy death, the last enemy. If death, the last enemy, is destroyed, there can be no enemy alive after that. The revisers, not exactly liking this kind of doctrine, have added a word or two, and made the passage say that death is the last enemy that shall be abolished. No other enemy shall be interfered with. So said the translators of King James' version; and so say our late revisers. The passage just quoted gives us the work of Christ in destroying or putting out of the way all evil things. The next passage will describe a work entirely different—not suppressing or abolishing evil things, but subduing and subjecting to His rule intelligent beings.

"For He put all things under His feet. But when He saith, All things are put in subjection, it is evident that He is excepted, who did subject all things unto Him. And when all things have been subjected unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subjected to Him, that did subject all things unto Him, that God may be all in all" (verses 27, 28). This begins with a passage from Psalms viii. 6. The quotation says, He put all enemies under His feet. Paul made no qualification to this passage, when speaking of evil principles and agents. He said that all should be destroyed, even the very last. But when he came to apply the passage to intelligent beings, it occurred to him that God Himself, who is the Subjector of all things, must be excepted from this subjection. One would think that this was evident enough to have been taken for granted; but Paul must be permitted to do things in his own way. God being excepted, it is plain that there is no other exception. All others are included in the subjection. All the holiness and happiness implied in this subjection are comprehended in the destiny of mankind. That this subjection is a voluntary and happy one is proved by several considerations. First, nothing is said or hinted of any involuntary subjection. Second, the result that God is all in all forbids that any are subjected

forcibly or unhappily. Third, the same Greek word that denotes the subjection of the Son to the Father denotes the subjection of all others to the Son, implying the same voluntary and happy subjection in all cases. If we had nothing else to show that subjection to Christ is a supremely holy and happy condition, the words that close the above passage would be sufficient, that God is all in all. These are grand words.

After hearing Paul a little more on the resurrection, I will bring this discussion to a close. In giving his answer to the question, How are the dead raised? (verse 35) he must, it would seem, say something important of human destiny. Let the reader notice particularly the nature of the question, How are the dead raised? The dead—not the righteous dead; but the dead—the dead indefinitely—the dead universally. Of course the answer must be as broad as the question, and must apply to all the dead.

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body" (verses 41-44). The destiny of man in the resurrection is defined by the terms here employed, namely, incorruption, glory, power, a spiritual body. But these terms do not denote a uniform state; for one star differeth from another star in glory; so also is the resurrection of the dead. None are excluded from the resurrection; but some are like the dullest of the stars, and others like the sun in the heavens.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption; and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory" (verses 53, 54). There is here a reference to Isa. xxv. 8, which is the only place in the Old Testament having the words which the apostle quotes. The whole passage is as follows: "He hath swallowed up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it."

Paul did not suppose that this passage was originally written concerning the subject he was discussing; but he

quotes a few words as applicable to his subject, depending on his readers to recall the rest. This was a common practice in his day; and it was often the case that the rest of the passage was more applicable to the subject than the part quoted. It comes near being so in the present instance. "He will wipe away tears from off all faces," in the resurrection state. A remarkable instance of quoting a few words to call attention to a passage occurred on the cross. The twenty-second Psalm contains a number of Messianic texts, to which Jesus wished to call the attention of the people present, and near enough to hear; so he quoted the first few words, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" a passage that has been most sadly abused.

I will close this discussion by a brief statement of the arguments for human destiny, as they have been given in this paper, so that they may be seen at a glance.

The argument of reason, drawn from the attributes of God, may be briefly stated as follows: As an infinitely good being, God wills our highest happiness; and His plans and purposes aim at that object. As infinitely wise and powerful, He is able to accomplish it, and will do so. All that we know of His works, and of His providence over the world, and of the nature and history of mankind, confirms the foregoing conclusion. The Scriptures plainly and unequivocally give testimony to the same great truth concerning the destiny of the human race.

The serpent that tempted the mother of mankind, he being the author of sin, called also "the old serpent, the devil, and Satan," shall be destroyed. All the families, kindreds, and nations of the earth shall be blessed in Abraham's seed by being turned every man from his iniquities. All the holy prophets since the world began have spoken, by the Spirit of God, of the restoration of all things. Our Lord was named Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. His birth was glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. He is a light of the Gentiles and a glory of Israel. As the result of His mission, all flesh shall see the salvation of God. Jesus is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. The Father sent His Son, not to judge the world, but that the world might be saved through Him. He is the Saviour of the world, often affirmed.

The parables bear witness to the same glorious truth concerning human destiny. The parable of the leaven in the meal teaches us that all humanity is to be so changed as ultimately to become pure and holy; the Good Shepherd,

that all wanderers in the wilderness of error and sin will be gathered into the heavenly fold of peace, love, and safety; and other parables teach that every lost sheep and piece of silver will be sought for and found, and every prodigal return to the father's house; while the angels rejoice over the repentance and recovery of every lost son and daughter of our heavenly Father.

Paul shows that, as all men sinned and suffered condemnation on account of the sin of one man, so on account of the mission of Jesus Christ all men would become holy and happy. And again, that though hardening in part had befallen Israel, when the fulness of the Gentiles (that is, all of them) had come in, all Israel should be saved; that God had shut up all unto disobedience, that He might have mercy upon all. That all things on earth and in heaven should be summed up in Christ, as His possession; that all should bow the knee to Him, and confess Him Lord to the glory of God the Father; that through Christ all things should be reconciled to the Father, for God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. That God willeth that all men should be saved, for Jesus had given Himself a ransom for all; that all evil things shall be destroyed as enemies; and all things shall become subject to Christ, and Christ to the Father, and God be all in all.

Finally, that all are to rise from the dead, incorruptible, glorious, and immortal, and become as the angels in heaven; the Lord God swallowing up death in victory, and wiping tears from off all faces.

“His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die.”

THE MIDDLE GROUND.

BY GEORGE SIDNEY ROBBINS.

THE stars move in a system but they move one by one. The rain falls together but it falls in separate drops. Love binds hearts but it comes as a single messenger. It is as an individual that man enters and leaves this world.

It is true we become members of society when we are born, yet we are primarily individuals. Not only are we united to our ancestors but they live again in us as we in our descendants. Every child is another life of the parent. Not only this but each individual revivifies the influence of not only his ancestors but of all the contemporaries of his ancestors so far as they influenced one another; and every man exerts some influence on the society of his age. So we may say we are joined to and have in us all the past and all the future. Thus we have the integer and the mass, the individual mingling with society without being absorbed by society — society made by individuals to serve individuals not to hamper them. Herein we see the truth of the social problem — society was made for man, not man for society.

All things that are in their nature monopolies should be used by and for the people. These include land, water, air, light, heat, gas, steam, electric power, public highways whether wagon roads or railroads, transportation of people, goods, letters, packages, messages, express, telegraphs, telephones, the issuing of national money. These functions freed from private monopoly, man will have freedom of opportunity for his other needs and comforts. What man needs is freedom not protection, justice not charity.

This, then, seems the middle ground, which is always the only safe ground between the two extremes. The two extremes in social philosophy are the heights of philosophical anarchy and the depths of state socialism.

Philosophical anarchy, or no government by force, is a dream which implies such universal intelligence as to make only the self control of each and every individual all sufficient for the protection of the rights of others. Such a perfect intelligence as this idea would make necessary, would carry out the great promptings of love and justice, for a perfect intelligence would realize the necessity for love and justice to secure a perfect

happiness. We may as well dismiss this idea as impracticable and so impossible for the present. The material is too imperfect. The mass must be evolved for long periods of time before it will approach to the few who through more favorable heredity and environment, might now be fully trusted to govern themselves and work out this philosophy, so far as possible while hampered with such surrounding lack of proper development.

State socialism, on the other hand, would engulf the individual as by the waves of the ocean and make him but a slave to the state, as, under present conditions, he is a slave to monopoly. Coöperation, to be genuine, must be spontaneous and voluntary, not infringing on the liberty of the individual but preserving that liberty. Love actuates to coöperation, but as a free act, and without such act being free, it cannot carry the spirit with it. Love must be free. Love is a free gift and more generous than justice. Note the distinction. Love is higher than justice. But even to have justice, we must secure individual freedom, for justice includes liberty.

The single tax seems to be the middle ground in social philosophies. That system gives a practical method for securing land to cultivation, improvement and use, without involving endless statutory provision and litigation to interpret and determine what should constitute *use*.

Economic rent or ground rent or the single tax is not a tax on the land but on the special privilege for the use of valuable land which all have an equal right to use, since all have an equal claim, as all have helped to make the land values, and if the privilege itself be given to one individual, justice to other men can only be satisfied by that individual's paying the price of that privilege, the land value or economic rent, into the public treasury for the use of society at large.

When society exacts the full economic rent or the annual rental land values which society gives to the land, it only takes its own. This would abolish land monopoly, the root of all monopoly, since no man would, under such a system, hold land which he did not use. Man would be as secure in his possession of land under such a system as he is now, since now, as then, he must pay the taxes; with this advantage under the single tax, that then all his improvements and personal property and all the products of his own labor would be exempt from taxation. Whatever he put on the land would be free from taxation. He would only be asked to return to society what society gave to the land, namely, its economic rent. Economic rent is the excess of product which is secured from land over that which the same application could secure from the least productive land in use.

The earth was made for each generation that occupies it, and each and every man has a natural and equal right with every other man to each and every part of the earth while he lives on it. I have as good a natural right to live on one part of the earth as on any other, and so has every other man. To proscribe this right would be to proscribe the natural right to liberty. Liberty includes freedom of thought, act and movement. But the single tax, while it secures the use of land to the individual, also secures the equal right of every other man by the compensatory economic rent. Under the operation of the single tax, every man who wanted to use the actual land itself would have ample opportunity to do so, on the same terms as every other man.

The value of land increases as population increases because land is created by nature and has a fixed quantity. Land cannot be increased or diminished as can the products of human labor.

The supply of labor products under natural conditions when land would be free can be increased to meet the demand of all who would live on the earth at a time when labor had access to the raw material factor in production; and it is only monopoly of the natural opportunities which gives rise to the untrue and grewsome Malthusian doctrine that population tends to outrun subsistence, and the false theory of overproduction. For there can be no such thing as overproduction so long as any human want remains unsatisfied. It is underproduction and not overproduction that results in a glut of goods on the market. For all trade in the last analysis is but an exchange of goods, money being simply the *medium* for such exchange; and therefore if production is hampered and labor is defrauded of its just dues for what it does produce, through an unjust distribution of the wealth produced, by laws granting special advantage to a certain class, then underconsumption is caused, not because of no desire or need for the goods produced, but because of the monopoly of the raw materials from which to produce more real wealth, to exchange for the wealth already produced.

Add to this an insufficiency of the circulating medium, which results in the monopoly of the medium of exchange, and we can easily see how the commercial system gets awry, trade becomes stagnant, and depressions, panics and miseries ensue. On the one hand are merchants with goods to sell; on the other, people with needs to supply. On the one hand are food and shelter and clothing and fuel; on the other are hunger and cold and need. On the one hand are bread stuffs and other forms of goods rotting and decaying while the holders of them are anxious to dispose of them. On the other hand are the people who produced this wealth, but who only received a pittance of their just reward for doing so, and who are, consequently, unable to secure

it unless they can produce more, though they may be starving for the need, and as anxious to buy as the seller to sell. And so on account of our present vicious legislation, the buyer and seller cannot come together, and food rots while men starve for the need of it.

Under natural conditions there could be no such thing as too great a supply of labor, for the demand would always equal the supply, and every laborer would himself create the demand for his own labor when he could employ himself, as every mouth creates the demand for the labor of every pair of hands to feed it. Why, then, are any men unemployed? Why are any hungry or in need? Why do men starve? What causes a glut in the labor market, and so cuts off or reduces wages? There is but one answer: monopoly — monopoly of natural opportunities, and monopoly of money. Distress exists because labor is shut out from access to raw materials on which to exert its labor to create wealth to supply its needs.

So, again, it is underproduction and not overproduction that causes a glut in the labor market, the same as in the goods market. Under present conditions the actual needs of the laborer cannot be met. But let monopoly be dethroned and the gates of nature unlocked to all, let labor receive its just reward, and a sufficient medium with which to conduct exchanges on a spot cash basis, be issued by the government direct to the people, and the treasures of nature will burst forth to view, wealth will be largely increased and justly distributed, and a new era of liberty, comfort and happiness will open to man.

All value created by demand is extrinsic. There is no such thing as intrinsic commercial value. Commercial value is outside of the thing itself. Money is not wealth but a representative of wealth as a medium of exchange for wealth. The value of money comes from the demand for it on account of its legal-tender and debt-paying power. Money has no intrinsic value, and the value of the commodity of which it is made, is simply a commodity value.

Man is entitled to the value of his own labor. Society is entitled to the value it gives to land because it is the labor of all and the demand of all that gives this value to land. But is it not the demand of society that gives value to the products of labor? The products of labor are produced by the individual, and he is entitled to their value in use or equivalent for that reason. But the earth was not the product of human labor but was created by nature for all men; hence all have a claim to economic rent, since all have an equal right to land and since all help by their presence and labor and demand to give economic value to land. Thus land differs in its nature from that which is

produced by human labor. Land values belong to society since the labor of society produced them. The value of individual products belongs to the individual whose labor produced them.

We have now discussed land and labor, the two factors of production, land being the passive, and labor being the active factor. We have also discussed what should be the reward to labor under a just system. We have seen that the wages of labor should be the entire fruits of what labor produced. Economic rent is not a robbery of labor, because it pays for itself, and hence does not come out of wages. All receive the benefit of this fund which goes to society as a whole that creates it. Hence economic rent gets back to its source. We have then seen that under a free production and a just distribution of wealth, labor would be secured in all its rights.

The single tax guards the liberty of the individual and the rights of society. It recognizes the truth in individualism and the truth in coöperation. It secures individual liberty and freedom of coöperation. It lifts the burdens from the back of labor by abolishing monopoly and opening up natural opportunities. It protects the just rights of property by giving to labor the full product of its toil. It would advance "the brotherhood of man" of which poets have dreamed and sung down through the ages, but which remains for us to actualize by proper conditions. It is the only system for obtaining revenue that is not a tax on production, labor or exchange. It encourages improvement and the good of all. Every other tax discourages enterprise and the production of wealth. Economic rent is not a tax, for it returns to all what all create. It encourages increase in production and the just distribution of wealth. It protects the rights of the individual and the rights of society by a natural coöperation in functions which are essentially public in their nature. It stands for freedom as against restriction. It believes in the Declaration of Independence and in natural rights and makes them effective, while it sweeps away special privileges and vested rights.

It is the monopoly of natural opportunities and the monopoly of wealth which array the people against one another in attitudes of enmity. It is the money power of plutocracy, the dangerous worship of an aristocracy based on wealth no matter how obtained, the concentration and corrupting power of great wealth in pools and trusts and combines by venal legislation, that gorges the few while it enslaves and starves the many, that is putting labor and capital in hostile camps where arrogance struts past misery and insolence feeds on distress.

Oh, well may we cry out, What can be done to avert the dreadful tendency of present conditions? Either they must soon be better or they will soon be worse, all must admit. The shocks

and counter shocks to society from these appalling and awful present conditions are increasing. Like the standing armies of Europe watching each other from the boundaries of nations, so labor and monopoly are sullenly scowling at each other all over the world. How much more will the masses bear? How much more will the classes ask?

How much more will greed demand,
And how much more will the people stand
Of Shylock cruel, rapacious, cold,
Before the slaves become too bold,
And flame and terror burst o'er all,
And shroud this world in deepest pall?

Ah men, stop and think. May some feeling for humanity deter you. May love, the true religion, touch your hearts and stay your hands before it is too late.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF INDIA.

BY A MEMBER OF THE ORDER.

In the April number of the ARENA, at pages 161 to 175, both inclusive, appears an article by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., entitled "A Plea for Pantheism." The article referred to was evidently inspired by an article entitled "The Brotherhood of India," which appeared in the November number of the ARENA, and for which the writer of this present article is responsible.

In my former article, to which the reader is respectfully referred, there appear certain declarations of fact and principle, which—although presented in the spirit of fraternal kindness, and couched in terms of respectful consideration—seem to have been construed by Mr. Hensoldt, most unhappily, as an offence of such magnitude as to warrant him in converting what should have been a cordial, courteous, and honest consideration of a most worthy and interesting subject, into an exhibition of ill temper, chagrin, and ridicule. It is to be deeply regretted that in this day and age of reason there may still occasionally be found a man of recognized merit in the fields of science and letters who so lacks that courtesy of manner and graciousness of expression which alone can temper and make educational, or even inviting, a public discussion of scientific or philosophic questions. It would seem that anger and ridicule should have no place in a discussion between men who claim to be sincere, and to have in view an ambition no less worthy than the establishment of truth. To enter into a public consideration of a philosophy which borders upon the Infinite, and holds within itself every interest of human life, only to mar it with personalities, is alone sufficient to suggest to the mind of the careful student, a serious lack of familiarity with the principles of the philosophy itself. The deep significance of the subject under consideration alone—to say nothing of the deference which every writer owes to the accepted rules of literary ethics—would prevent the author

of this article from replying to mere evidences of chagrin and confusion further than to express sincere regret that his good intentions have borne no fairer fruit. All that portion of "A Plea for Pantheism," therefore, which indicates only the personality of its author and his unhappy frame of mind, will be passed by without further comment, and only that lesser but more important portion of his article which may be deemed to have any bearing upon the subject under discussion will be considered.

Before proceeding, however, to a consideration of the subject in chief, it would seem proper at this point to call the reader's attention to the opening or introductory paragraph of my former article, in which reference is made to the authority of the writer to speak upon the subject under discussion, and to the closing paragraph of the same article in which "The Brotherhood of India" is referred to as a "*bona fide* and definite organization."

Mr. Hensoldt, quite unmindful of the real question at issue, viz., "*Is there such a thing as matter?*" takes occasion to say at page 162 of his article, "*There is no such thing as a 'Brotherhood of India,'*" and a little further on, "Neither at the present day nor at any previous period did there exist an organization of *any kind whatsoever.*"

For the purpose of giving the reader a general idea of the real value of such an assertion coming from a man who does not claim to have been more than a mere traveller sojourning for a time in India, it may be valuable to note that the compiled statistics of 1891 disclose the fact that at that time British and Native India covered an area of about 1,690,000 square miles of territory, much of which it will be admitted is exceedingly mountainous, with a population of more than 286,000,000, of which about 61,000,000 are under control of the native princes. It is also a matter of general report that the civilization of this remarkable country dates back several thousands of years before the Christian era.

In view of the foregoing data, and with Mr. Hensoldt's unqualified assertions in mind, it would be interesting to know from what particular point of observation he has been able to examine with such unerring precision so vast a region of country, and through what direct channels of acquaintanceship he had come into sufficiently intimate personal relations with more than 286,000,000 of people to be warranted in asserting as a fact that among all their number "There is no such thing as a Brotherhood of India." It would be still more interesting to know something of the subtle and insidious process by which from the standpoint of this nine-

teenth century he has acquired that character of definite knowledge which warrants him in deliberately asserting as a fact that "Neither at the present day nor at any previous period did there exist an organization of any kind whatsoever."

Taking for granted that the learned doctor is possessed of extraordinary knowledge concerning India's vast territory, population, and literature, yet the reader may understand that an organization composed of occult students might easily evade his inquiries and investigations, especially since it must be remembered that the Brotherhood is a secret order, closely guarded and open only to such as are selected by the Initiates, and is accessible to all others, so far as its inner workings are concerned. Since Mr. Hensoldt admits there are adepts, he would not question their ability to guard their personality, plans, and purposes as well as their local habitation from the people in general or curious travellers in particular.

The writer, in his former article, without intending to offend, and with no thought even of invoking a controversy, stated that the Brotherhood of India is a *bona fide* and definite organization. If asked how he knows this to be a fact, he could only answer that he is now, and ever since the autumn of 1883 has been, a member of that order. If asked how he knows there is a Masonic Fraternity, he could give no more convincing answer to the world outside than that he is now, and ever since the year 1874 has been, a member of that fraternity. His knowledge of the one is identical in character with his knowledge of the other. And yet to the uninitiated his word may not be accepted as sufficient to establish either as a fact. He can only submit his testimony for what it is worth.

In this connection, however, it may be of interest to the reader to know that so eminent and respected an authority as Mr. Rhys Davids, from a purely exoteric standpoint, in speaking of the possibility of spiritual self-development, finds it necessary to say: "So far as I am aware, no instance is recorded of any one, not either *a member of the order* or a Brahmin ascetic, acquiring these powers," thus recognizing the order as a fact. Other authorities have spoken with assurance upon this subject, fully corroborating the writer's statement; but, after all, their testimony must be weighed by the world only for what it is worth to each individual inquirer.

If Mr. Hensoldt were asked how he knows there is such a school as Columbia College, he would probably say, because

he has been a member of its faculty and has had such experiences of a personal nature with it as to convince any man of its existence; and the world would be inclined to believe him. If asked by what authority he attaches Ph. D. to his name, he would probably say because he has taken that degree in a regular college authorized to confer the same; and while there may be some who would doubt his word, they could not well do so without doubting his integrity. The writer understands that doubts have been expressed as to the existence of any such man as Coomra Sami, and that similar doubts have been expressed as to whether Mr. Hensoldt was ever really in India; and upon either of these questions, his simple assertion is the only evidence before the world. If called upon to prove his assertions it is possible that he might find it no easy task.

The original proposition which constituted the basis of this discussion was the reported assertion of Coomra Sami that "There is no such thing as matter." It will be remembered that the writer endeavored to bring out in his former article, suggesting the inconsistency of such a philosophy, were three in number, and, briefly stated in their order, were as follows, viz.:

1. The very words employed by the Hindoo to express his thought are in themselves a palpable contradiction of the philosophy which Mr. Hensoldt's article would teach. That is to say, in using the words rice, clothes, hand, eye, ear, brain, heart, cattle, horses, trees, stones, etc., Coomra Sami virtually admits the existence of the *objects* or *things* which these names represent. To this point the doctor at page 172 of his last article replies that "Coomra Sami, being endowed with a rational mind . . . would speak of rice, salt, and food as if these things had a positive existence," etc.

This may be very satisfactory to Mr. Hensoldt, but, with due deference to his conception of a "rational mind," it entirely misses the point. The question to be answered is not how or in what manner Coomra Sami would speak of these things, but why he would speak of them at all if they do not exist.

Furthermore, it will be observed that Mr. Hensoldt, in speaking of Coomra Sami, says he "would speak of rice, salt, and food as if these *things* had a positive existence." It would be interesting to know to what "things" the learned doctor refers.

2. To become an adept one must first learn that "There is no such thing as matter." Coomra Sami is reported to be

a high-grade adept. Therefore, to him "there *is* no such thing as matter." But for all this we find him eating rice, wearing clothes, etc., which "*things*" he admits are necessities even to a high-grade adept. But what are rice, clothes, etc? They are either matter or delusions. If matter they disprove the delusion theory; if delusions then by his own confession the Hindoo stands convicted of eating delusions, wearing delusions, etc. Not only this: he admits that these delusions are sufficiently substantial in their nature and of so much importance in his physical economy that after reducing his wants to a minimum, he still finds them necessary to sustain physical life.

Coomra Sami is made to say in effect that there *is* no such thing as rice, but if that be true, why does he find rice necessary to sustain life, and why does he continue to eat it? If there are no such things as clothes, why does he continue to wear them? If bamboo-sticks and palm-leaves do not exist, why does he in the exercise of a "rational mind" take the trouble and pains to weave them together for a shelter? If this high-grade adept finds it necessary to eat things which do not exist, wear things which never have existed, and indulge himself in other things which in the nature of things never could have existed, there must be an extraordinary reason for his remarkable actions, and "being endowed with a rational mind" he should have little difficulty in giving a "rational" explanation of his conduct. Mr. Hensoldt, however, has gracefully avoided all reference to this matter, and utterly failed to help his patron philosopher out of his dilemma.

3. As cumulative evidence that "There *is* no such thing as matter," the distinguished doctor, at page 378 of his August article, narrates a very interesting personal experience with Coomra Sami. He asks the Hindoo this question: "Do you really mean to say that these eternal hills and the fertile plains beyond have no existence, except in my own mind?" After giving him a singular look and waving his hand, Coomra Sami replies, "These eternal hills, where are they now?" Proceeding with his narrative, the doctor then says: "And as I turned my gaze from the adept's eyes in the direction of the snow-clad Himalayas I was amazed to find myself gazing upon vacancy; the eternal hills and the fertile plains had vanished into thin air, and nothing was before me but a vast expanse of space; even the solid rock beneath our feet seemed to have disappeared, although I felt as if treading upon invisible ground. The sensation was weird in the extreme, and the illusion lasted fully eight or ten minutes,

when suddenly the outlines of the hills came faintly to view again, and before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former reality."

In my former article attention was called to this very interesting episode and to the significant fact that Mr. Hensoldt says, "The illusion lasted fully eight or ten minutes," from which it was inferred that at the time of preparing his August article he had not accepted Coomra Sami's philosophy that "There is no such thing as matter." This inference would seem to be justified by the fact that he speaks of the disappearance of the eternal hills as the illusion, and of their reappearance as the reality. But this is precisely the reverse of what the Hindoo was endeavoring to teach him. Had he really believed at the time of preparing his former article that matter is only a delusion, he would naturally have reversed the order of his terms and said, "The *reality* lasted fully eight or ten minutes," and "before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former *illusion*," or words to that effect. But from the vigorous tone of his "Plea for Pantheism" it appears that since the date of his August article his mind has undergone a radical change upon the subject, for at page 174 of his April article he says, "*Mind is the only reality*" has been the conclusion of the wisest of all times, and this is also the verdict of the highest Western philosophy," whatever may have been his own opinion. However, it is of little significance as compared with a proper interpretation of the meaning of his experience with Coomra Sami and the eternal hills; for, assuming that he has given a truthful account of this interesting but not unusual episode, his testimony is especially valuable in that it seems to establish two very important facts, viz., (1) that Coomra Sami is a hypnotist of no mean ability, and (2) that Mr. Hensoldt is a remarkably susceptible subject of hypnotic influences.

That these are facts will not be questioned by those who know anything of hypnotism or who have witnessed the physical manifestations of its influence or observed the operations of a hypnotist in the act of obtaining control of his subject.

In this connection it will be observed that Coomra Sami gave Mr. Hensoldt a singular look, which is precisely what any other hypnotist would have done to catch the attention of his subject, and waved his hand, an act which is quite familiar to every person who has witnessed exhibitions of hypnotic control, and then realizing that he had the mastery of his subject's mind, he said "These eternal hills, where are

they now?" in such manner as to suggest to his subject's mind the thought that the eternal hills had disappeared. All this time the adept's eyes were fastened upon his subject—in strict conformity with the practices of our Western hypnotists—for Mr. Hensoldt says, "And as I turned my gaze from the adept's eyes"; and true to his master's suggestion the hills were gone, for he says, "I was amazed to find myself gazing into vacancy." This is indeed a vivid picture of the external process by which a professional hypnotist obtains control of his subject's mind.

Turning now to the impressions which the hypnotic influence made upon himself, Mr. Hensoldt says: "I felt as if treading some invisible ground; the sensation was weird in the extreme." This corresponds identically with the testimony of other hypnotic subjects, and is doubtless as fair an expression of the sensation as could well be put in words.

Then, after the Hindoo had amused himself sufficiently, he naturally withdrew his influence, and "before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former reality." All of which was a perfectly proper thing on the part of the landscape.

As stated in my former article, this incident is offered by Mr. Hensoldt as evidence to demonstrate that "There is no such thing as matter," but most unfortunately for the learned doctor, it only proves that Coomra Sami is a successful hypnotist and appreciates a good subject.

It will be observed that in his last article the genial doctor has omitted all reference to the foregoing incident of his experience as well as to my remarks upon the same. It therefore appears that of the three principal points suggested in my former article, he has evaded the first and ignored the other two. The purpose of calling attention to these points a second time is to remind the good doctor that his abilities as an artful dodger are fully appreciated.

Having thus far shown that the arguments of my former article yet remain unanswered, the reader is now asked to briefly consider the additional remarks of Mr. Hensoldt upon the subject of matter, as they appear in his "Plea for Pantheism"; and lest he may again be tempted to lose sight of the subject under discussion, and expend all his best energies in abusing his critic, these supplemental suggestions will be numbered in their order, commencing with:

4. At pages 167 and 168 of his last article he says: "One of the greatest triumphs of the human mind, and beyond comparison the most important step hitherto taken towards the solution of the world-engima was the discovery that

an object implies a subject; i. e., that any given object, for instance a tree, cannot by any possible stretch of imagination, be said to exist unless there be at the same time an eye to see or a hand to touch it—in other words, *a mind to conceive it.*"

The real significance of this remarkable "discovery" may be better understood when the fact is pointed out that by and through it *man discovered his own existence.* This fact may not appear upon the surface, but will doubtless become apparent a little later on.

It was one fine morning within that dim and distant past that a philosopher of "far-off Hindostan" went forth into the forest to philosophize and "ponder over life's riddle" and solve, if possible, the "world-enigma." He saw a tree, and forthwith he proceeded to philosophize and "ponder over life's riddle," and this is the manner of his reasoning:

"I see a tree. Now, as between the tree and myself, the tree is the object because it is the thing I see, and I am the subject, because it is I who do the seeing. Inasmuch as I can see the tree, it follows that I am, for how could I see the tree if I were not? This settles it. *I am*, and therefore I have discovered myself. But let me reason a little further. Other people see trees also; therefore, other people are, too. Eureka! I have discovered myself, and in so doing have incidentally discovered the human race.

"Moreover, I find that the tree could not have been seen by me if I had not been. In other words, an object cannot be seen by a subject if there is no subject, for that which does not exist cannot see. I am therefore able to lay it down as a general principle for the benefit of those who may live after me, that *an object implies a subject.*

"It is somewhat remarkable, however, that in all this reasoning I am unable to find any evidence that the *tree* actually has any existence. To be sure, the tree is the object, and I had to have it as the starting-point and basis of my entire chain of reasoning. Moreover, I do not know how I should be able to see or think or reason at all without something to see or think about or reason upon; nevertheless, since I am unable to reason out an existence for the tree I am led to conclude that as a matter of fact there is no tree. It is simply a delusion; it therefore follows that an object has no existence in fact. Ergo! '*There is no such thing as matter,*' and '*mind is the only reality.*' This leads me back again to the great fundamental principle that an object implies a subject, and I might add, the subject denies the object."

At this juncture, while the philosopher is writing out his conclusions on a dried palm-leaf, to be transcribed as a supplement to the Vedas, a bear steps out from behind the tree. The noble philosopher, fully satisfied that he has successfully reasoned matter quite out of existence, says to himself: "I will now try this new philosophy on the bear, and see if it works as nicely on him as it did on the tree"; and then he begins:

"I see a bear; the bear is the object and I am the subject. Inasmuch as I see the bear, I am, and because the bear is seen by me, it follows that the bear is not, for it has already been established that an object has no existence in fact; therefore this bear is only a very ugly and hairy delusion. But how shall I account for the fact that when the tree was between me and the bear I could not see the bear? If the tree and the bear are both delusions, then one delusion can hide behind another delusion, and this would seem to imply that a delusion may have density; i. e., the tree has sufficient density to conceal a bear behind it. But of course, that has nothing to do with the bear. He is certainly a delusion in any event."

Meanwhile the bear, who received his degree in the school of necessity and practical common sense, has been thinking for himself as follows: "I see a hoary philosopher of Hindostan; he seems to be an unsophisticated but very tempting object, and just at present I am a ravenously hungry subject. Now, inasmuch as I can see and smell the philosopher, I know that I am; and because the philosopher is seen and smelt of me I know that he is, too, and it now becomes my painful duty to see which of us will be hereafter."

Thereupon Bruin bites the hoary philosopher in halves and devours him. After satisfying his appetite, he picks his teeth with the sharp end of a broken bone and "ponders over life's riddle," and this is his summary of the great problem:

"I am. The philosopher was. *I am.* The philosopher is *not.* If he had only been a sensible philosopher and brought his gun, he might still be. As it is, I conclude that I am the philosopher myself." And as he shambles off behind the tree to wait for another philosopher of the Oriental school of theoretical wisdom, he chuckles to himself, and in a baritone voice remarks, "What fools these mortals be."

It must be regretted that Bruin did not append another supplement to the Vedas. His practical philosophy would have been a great boon to humanity.

5. At page 170 of his earnest "Plea" the pungent doctor

delivers himself in these words: "It inexorably follows that if what we term death completely terminates the existence of an individual, viz., extinguishes the *mind*, the world will disappear too . . . *as far as the individual in question is concerned.*"

This remarkable deduction deserves more than passing consideration. Briefly stated, the proposition is as follows, viz., "If death extinguishes the mind, the world will disappear as far as that particular mind is concerned."

It will be observed that the premise of this interesting proposition is the hypothesis, "If death extinguishes the mind."

But at page 174 of his last article Mr. Hensoldt makes the unqualified statement that "*Mind is eternal and indestructible.*" And the writer is inclined to believe that he is correct. Since mind is eternal and indestructible, however, and Mr. Hensoldt is aware of that fact, wherein is there any room for his assumption that it may be "extinguished"?

A proper syllogism upon this subject would be something like this: "Mind is eternal and indestructible. A thing that is eternal and indestructible cannot be extinguished. Therefore, *mind cannot be extinguished.*" In this event the hypothesis that mind may be extinguished is a false premise, and if a premise be false, who is there rash enough to vouch for the truth of any conclusion based upon it? Since "mind is eternal and indestructible" we must accept it as a fact, and all our reasoning upon it must be upon the basis of its existence, and not upon the possibility of its extinguishment.

It is safe to say that an extinguished mind is a commodity never heard of until "A Plea for Pantheism" appeared. Mind in its most positive state of existence is sufficient to elude the powers of the most learned. Not until men have been able to analyze existing minds can we hope to deal with "extinguished" ones.

But let us consider Mr. Hensoldt's hypothesis from another point of view. In substance he tells us that if death extinguishes the mind, the world will disappear as far as that particular mind is concerned. This is only another form of saying that a mind which does not exist cannot see the world. In other words, "A nonentity is blind." This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the learned doctor's wisdom. It only remains for him to write himself down as the "Supreme Grand Patron of the Oriental Order of Extinguished Minds" to complete his fame.

There is yet another point of observation from which to examine this very remarkable proposition: It would appear that, in order to reason matter out of existence, Mr. Hensoldt is compelled to first extinguish mind. But while mind exists it is forced to take cognizance of the existence of matter. Properly appreciated this only serves to emphasize the wonderful tenacity with which matter asserts its own existence. In truth it is so persistent of existence that even this learned doctor of Philosophy cannot reason it out of existence without at the same time extinguishing himself. Verily matter is a stubborn fact.

6. We come now to the acme of Oriental wisdom, wherein, at page 174 of his "Plea," the acute doctor informs us that "the very fact of our inability to *define* matter is in itself a proof that matter has no positive existence."

This is indeed a new rule by which to determine the existence or non-existence of things. Now let us apply it to mind. In the next paragraph he tells us that "Mind is the only reality," that it is "eternal and indestructible." Suppose we admit it. Then, if his rule is correct, he should be able to define it. If so, will he kindly favor his readers with the definition? If, however, he is not able to define it, what then? In this event what becomes of mind? It is hoped the learned doctor will rise to this emergency, and, by the rule he has invoked to annihilate *matter*, save us from the calamity which must befall *mind* in the event of his failure.

7. At page 171 Mr. Hensoldt tells us that "If ten million pairs of eyes were apparently gazing upon the self-same object, there would be ten million objects."

This philosophy, it must be admitted, possesses the merit of economy as well as novelty, and deserves to be recommended to the practical business world for its great utility. For illustration: A citizen of Boston desires to erect a brown-stone residence. He finds it both expensive and inconvenient to cut and transport ten thousand stones from a distant quarry. He thereupon procures one stone at a cost of say \$2. Then he invites the good citizens of Boston to come out and look at this stone with their 10,000 "pairs of eyes," and instantly he has stones enough to complete his building. He procures a barrel of cement for \$3.75 and calls his friends to look at it, and his cement is multiplied accordingly. On this plan the materials for a residence ordinarily costing \$275,000 might easily be procured for about \$5.75. This is truly a practical philosophy.

But let us state the proposition again: "If ten million

pairs of eyes were apparently gazing upon the self-same object there would be ten million objects."

Now, that being settled, will Mr. Hensoldt kindly tell us how many eyes there would be? Also whether these eyes are realities or delusions? These are important questions, and should not be evaded nor ignored.

Moreover, if a stone is merely an idea and nothing more, why does this doctor of philosophy find it necessary to have even one stone for his "million pairs of eyes" to "gaze upon"? Why not have those million minds simply think of a stone? Or, to serve the interests of economy, why not have one mind think of the entire million? The result would certainly be the same, if objects are truly nothing more than mental conceptions. If physical objects are only conceptions of the mind, how easily every poor, hungry, suffering tramp in the country might provide himself a mansion and surround himself with all the comforts and luxuries of life. But alas, the most vivid mental conception is insufficient to sustain physical life or banish the bitter blasts of winter. Even a Coomra Sami must eat rice or die, and must wear clothes and find shelter beneath bamboo-sticks and palm-leaves or suffer.

8. At page 171, Mr. Hensoldt says: "Take a ploughboy into a botanical garden and let him see an interesting assortment of strange plants and flowers. He will gaze upon them as he would upon vacancy, for, to him, a plant is simply a 'plant' and a flower a 'flower.' . . . Now take a flower and explain to that boy all about its wonderful structure, about the anthers and pistils, about the ovaries, about the meaning of the petals, and the wonderful relations between insects and flowers. Teach him that the plant produces the flower for no other purpose than to attract the insect, in order to make a tool of it in effecting cross-fertilization. What is the result? Why, *you have altered that boy's mind*, and he now sees a thousand things of which he did not dream before—which to him did not exist."

Not so; he sees the same flower as before, but he thinks of all these other things. He does not see the insect nor the process of cross-fertilization. He only thinks of them. He does not see the plant produce the flower. He simply thinks of that fact while he sees the flower. He does not *know* that "the plant produces the flower for no other purpose than to attract the insect"; nor does Mr. Hensoldt, for that matter; he only *thinks* so.

Suppose the boy were blind, he might still be taught all these things, and occupy his mind in thinking of them, but he would never see the flower. And yet it is safe to say, he

would freely exchange all this knowledge for just one look upon the beauties of the world of physical nature.

To follow the eminent doctor through his mystic maze of theoretical inconsistencies would require much more space than the merit of his logic deserves.

The way was left open for him to have disarmed his critic by a single sentence, and it was fully expected that he would do so. Had he understood the true meaning of Oriental philosophy, he would have readily observed that Coomra Sami, in asserting that "there is no such thing as matter," did not intend that his words should be subject to a literal construction. It is probable that in whatever terms the Hindoo expressed his thought he intended to convey the idea that physical bodies and organisms are but an expression of spiritual forces in terms of physical matter. For illustration: The physical body of man is but the objective expression, in terms of physical matter, of those higher spiritual forces which are back of it. A man is accustomed to say "my hand, my heart, my head, my body," in such manner as to clearly indicate that he does not consider either or all of them combined as constituting himself. He is something separate and apart from his physical body. In other words, the soul, the ego, the mind, is something different from and above the plane of physical matter, and constitute what we are wont to term the "real man." Had Mr. Hensoldt placed such a construction upon the words of Coomra Sami, instead of measuring them by their literal significance, he would doubtless have more fairly represented his instructor's intentions.

Matter may also in another sense be very properly spoken of as illusory; viz., it is forever changing its form and constantly entering into new combinations. The bones and tissues of the human body are composed of elements which may have been gathered from every quarter of the globe. When dissolution occurs these elements are disintegrated, scattered, and formed and reformed into other and different combinations. That which constitutes an integral part of the human heart to-day may perchance in other years have had a place in the heart of an oak or the petal of a rose. A particle of gray matter which is to-day doing service in the brain of a doctor of philosophy, may one hundred years hence be serving a tadpole in the same capacity. And thus, in the sense of its transitory nature, matter may very properly be termed illusory. But this does not mean *non est*.

My former article was written under the impression that

Mr. Hensoldt, having in mind a correct understanding of Oriental philosophy, had unwittingly clothed his thoughts in such language as to convey a literal meaning contrary to his intentions, and it was sincerely hoped that he would avail himself of the opportunity afforded to justify that impression and set himself right with his readers. His failure to do so, with the door wide open before him, must be a source of regret to those who have hitherto followed his writings in a spirit of respectful consideration.

In conclusion: It will be remembered that my former article was strictly confined to a discussion of the subject of matter. To verify this fact the reader is again respectfully referred to the article itself and asked to examine it carefully. In my exposition of the position of the Brotherhood upon this fundamental subject of matter, which will be found commencing at page 761 of the November *ARENA*, it will be observed that the subject of mind is nowhere alluded to. And yet, at page 173 of his "Plea for Pantheism," Mr. Hensoldt says, "The degree of fineness—so our Student of Occultism announces—determines the difference between mind and matter."

If Mr. Hensoldt, with the words of his critic in bold, clear type before him, can find it possible in the exercise of a "rational mind" to so grievously misstate the facts, what may we not infer concerning his treatment of Coomra Sami's philosophy, where, as is also remembered he has quoted the Hindoo by the page, entirely from memory, months after the words themselves were uttered.

Thus far the writer has not entered upon a discussion of *mind*, for the reason that *matter* was the subject under consideration. He would also add, after extending the hand of fraternal good-fellowship in taking leave of the genial doctor, that if time and opportunity permit, it is his hope to publish a work upon "The Philosophy of Life" which it is believed will be of service to those who are seeking for a practical knowledge of the laws of psychic self-development as taught by *The Brotherhood of India*.

RAGS.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

His first recollection of anything was of the Bottom, the uninclosed acres just without the city limits, the Vagabondia of the town, and the resort of numberless stray cattle, *en route* to Bonedum. It was the cattle which first called into active play those peculiar characteristics which marked the early career of my hero, and gave evidence of other characteristics, equally unusual, lying dormant perhaps in the young heart of him, but lacking the circumstance or surrounding of fate necessary to their awakening.

In one room of a tumble-down old row of buildings that had once gloried in the name of "Mills," our Rags was born, among the rats and spiders and vermin, to say nothing of the human vermin breeding loathsome life among its loathsome surroundings. And indeed, what else was to be expected, since life takes its color from the color that it rests upon? Just as the spring in the Bottom, where man and beast quench alike their thirst, becomes a fever-breeding pool when the accumulated filth about it gets too much for even the blessed water. It was here that Rags was born. He owed his name to his clothes and to the kindred souls of the Bottom who had detected a fitness in the nickname, which, by the bye, soon became the only name he possessed. If he had ever had another nobody took the trouble to remember it, while as for him, he found the name good enough for all his purposes.

From the time he could use his legs well he was out among the cattle; fetching water in an old oyster cup that he had raked out from an ash heap, for such of the strays as were dying of thirst; or chasing the express trains across the Bottom, saluting with his one little rag of a petticoat the engineer on the tall trestle where the trains were constantly crossing and recrossing the Bottom; but giving his best attention always to the crippled cows and the old horses abandoned to the pitiless death of the Bottom. Any

one who had chosen to study his character might have detected the humane instinct at a very early age. The instinct of justice, too, was rather strongly developed, also at an early age.

Did I say he was a negro? A mulatto with a clear olive complexion, kinky hair, and eyes that were small and black, and showed humor and pathos and fire all in one sharp flash. He was reared in a queer school, and the lessons he learned had strange morals to them. It is no wonder they worked unusual results.

The first patient that came under Rags' ministration was an old cow which had been abandoned to the mercy of the Bottom, and which, in an attempt to return to its unworthy owner perhaps, had been caught by a passing engine and tossed from the trestle, thereby getting its back broken. Rags faithfully plied the tin cup all the afternoon, only to see at evening the poor old beast breathe its last, leaving its bones to bleach upon the common graveyard of its kind, the Bottom.

The next morning Rags' old grandmother found the boy engaged in rather a promising attempt to fire the bridge, to wreck the car, that killed the cow, that roamed the wild, that Rags ruled.

When she had pulled him away from the trestle, and had dragged him home and thrashed him soundly, what she said was, "You fool you, don't you know they'll jail you fur life if they ketch you tryin' to burn that bridge?"

If they *caught* him. Rags had learned shrewdness if not virtue; henceforth he resolved not to abandon rascality, but to make sure that he was not overtaken in it.

His life from the time he could remember was a series of beatings and a season of neglect. Of his mother he retained no recollection whatever; he had at a very early stage of the life-game fallen to the mercy of his grandmother and her rod. When he was not being beaten he was roaming the Bottom, along with the other stray cattle—they of the soulless kind.

Once he remembered a party of very fine folk that had come out in carriages to look after the old horses that had been cast out by the owners they had served while service was in them. A great to-do had been made over the condition of the dumb things found there, and more than one heartless owner had been forced to carry home and care for the beast that served him. But the little human stray that fate had abandoned to destruction—there was no humane society whose business it was to look after him. But then

the cities are so full, so crowded with these little vagabond-strays; what is to be done about it?

So Rags drifted along with the fresh cattle that wandered into his domain, until one morning in January, when he awoke from sleep without being beaten and dragged from his bed for a worthless do-nothing. He sat up among the bedclothes that made his pallet and wondered what had happened. It was broad daylight; the sun streamed in at the curtainless window; while over in the city the shrill, sharp sound of whistles proclaimed the noon. In all his life he had never had such a sleep. The wonder of it quite stupefied him. He soon remembered, however, that a reckoning would be required; the wonder was that the reckoning had not already been called for. He sat up, rubbing his eyes and looking about him. Over in the corner stood his grandmother's bed; the covers were drawn up close about a figure, long, rigid, distinctly outlined under the faded covers. Sleep never yet gave a body that stiff, unreal pose—only the one sleep. The old grandmother had fallen upon that sleep.

After her death Rags found a shelter with a very old negress whom he called "Aunt Jane," a cripple, who lived over in the city, in a little den of a room off one of the chief thoroughfares, where progress was too busy to ferret out such small concerns. From the very first Rags was fond of the woman, possibly because she did not beat him.

And now it was that he began really to live. In an incredibly short time he became an expert sneak thief. The evil in him developed with indulgence. And so too—alas, the wonder of it!—did the humane. He was a strange contradiction; in color he would have been called "a rare combination." He would risk his life to rescue a child from peril, and he would risk his liberty for the penny in the child's pink fingers. He was not cruel; he had no fight against the rich. He only wanted to keep Aunt Jane and himself in food, and rags sufficient to cover their nakedness. He was not grasping; on the contrary, when he had more than was absolutely necessary for their immediate needs, he would give a bite to a less fortunate comrade of the gutters. He did not do this with any idea of show either, which cannot be said of all who give to beggars; he gave because of the humane that was a part of him; having given, he never gave the matter another thought.

He had a wonderful mind for deducting conclusions, as well as for refusing conclusions founded upon premises that were unsatisfactory to his ideas of justice.

One morning, when Rags' years had gone as far as twelve, a great circus came to the city in which fate had decreed him citizenship. Rags made one of the hundreds who followed the great procession of cages showing the painted faces of monkeys, apes, and ourang-outangs, moving majestically down the crowded street, halting now and then, as the law required, to give right of way to a passing street car.

Following the procession, pressing close to the cages, watching the wonderful pictured monkeys, an eager, absorbed look upon his face, was a little boy. He could not have been more than six years of age, and had evidently escaped from his nurse and been crowded off the pavement into the almost equally crowded street. His rich, dainty clothing, his carefully curled, bright hair, no less than the delicate, patrician features, proclaimed him a child of the upper classes. Nobody noticed him; nobody but Rags, inching along by the chimpanzees' cage. Rags' keen eye had caught the glint of silver in the little animal-lover's hand. It was the child's money to get into the circus, and which, as an inducement to manliness perhaps, he had been allowed to carry.

"Brr-rr-rr-rr!" sneered Rags. "No use o' that. Kin crope under the tent easier'n eat'n. That's how I do." And he inched nearer, his eyes never once removed from the small, half-clenched hand holding the bit of silver. The circus was for the moment forgotten; the painted monkeys grinned on, unobserved by Rags; the lion lashed its tawny sides in malicious anticipation of a broken bar or an inadvertent lifting of the cage door; the humped-backed camels in the rear of the procession plodded along under the persuasions of the boys in orange and purple and gay scarlet mounted upon their unwilling backs. Rags was unconscious of it all—and of the car coming down the street in a crackle and flash of electricity.

The first thing he did see clearly was a little golden head go down under the strong, lightning-fed wheels. He gave a wild, unearthly shriek and flew to the rescue. A hundred throats took up the cry; a hundred feet hurried to help. But too late. A little motionless bundle of gay clothes and bright hair, with crimson spots upon the brightness, lay upon the track when the fiery wheels had passed. And near by lay Rags, his eyes seeing nothing, and the toes of one foot lying the other side the track.

It was months before he could hobble about again; but the very first trip he made was to limp down to the place

where the accident had occurred, and, leaning against the iron fence of a yard that opened off the sidewalk, to go over the whole scene again. Had the boy escaped? he wondered; and what had become of the silver? He fancied it might be out there in the gray slush somewhere, together with his own poor toes. At the thought of them he grew faint and sick, leaning against the fence to prevent himself falling into the gutter.

While he stood thus a physician's buggy drew up to the sidewalk, and a man got out. He saw the very miserable-looking boy leaning upon a crutch and stopped.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

"No," said Rags, "I ain't sick." Then as the man was about to pass on he rallied his courage and said, "Where's the boy wuz hurt that day?"

"The boy?"

"The boy what the car runned over; where's he at?"

"Ah! The little boy that was run over the day of the circus you mean? He is dead. The car killed him. The company will have it to pay for."

Dead! The little brown face twitched nervously; the sight of it set the physician's memory twitching also.

"Now I wonder," said he, "if you are not the boy who got hurt trying to save the little fellow? That was a brave act, my boy."

There was a mist in the vagabond's eyes.

"I couldn't, though," said he. "Them wheels wuz too quick fur me. They—kotched—uv—him——." He drew his old sleeve across his face; he had been sick and was still weak and nervous; it was a new thing with Rags to cry.

"Never you mind," laying his hand upon the boy's head. "It was a brave, grand thing to do. It will stand for you with God some day; remember that, if you are ever in trouble. You did your best; you tried to save a fellow-being; you gave up one of your feet almost; crippled yourself for life in order to rescue another from death; and although you failed, you still did your best. That is all God cares to know; the deed stands with Him for just what you meant it. He will count it for you some day, God will."

The brown, tear-wet face looked into his with a strangely puzzled expression.

"God?" said Rags, "who's God?"

"Boy, where were you brought up—not to know the good God, who watches over you, over everybody, and loves us all, and cares for us?" He paused, looked down into the

knowing little old face, and wondered what manner of trick the beggar was trying to put upon him.

Suddenly the dark face lighted. Rags had turned questioner. "An' you say God sees ever'thin'? He seen the car what rung'd over the little kid? God wuz a-watchin'? Could God 'a' stopped it?"

"Certainly."

The dark face took on the first vindictive expression it had ever worn. Rags had been asked to believe too much; the mystery of God's measures was too vast for the street child's comprehension; his conclusion was deduced only from the most humane of premises.

"Damn God," said he. "I wouldn't a let it rung'd over a cow, nor a dog, nor a rat; an' I ain't nothin', I ain't."

"You're a wicked sinful boy, that's what you are, and you ought to be——"

"It's a lie," said Rags stoutly. "I ain't done nothin' half as mean as God done. Psher! Damn God, I say."

"Papers? Papers? Want a paper, mister?"

The newsboy's insistent cry had to be silenced; when that was done the good man who had stopped to speak the "word in season" looked to see Rags limping down the street upon the feet maimed in humanity's cause, and quite too far away to recall. He was half tempted to get into his buggy and go after him; there was that about the boy which was strangely and strongly appealing. But he considered: "The city is full of vagabonds like him; a man cannot shoulder them all; after all nobody knows that he is really the boy he professes to be; the papers said that boy was carried off by an old negress, a cripple, nobody could tell where." Rags passed on and out of his sight forever.

The matter ended there, so far as the man knew. But Rags, hobbling down the street, gave expression to his thought with sudden vehemence:

"Somef'n's allus a-killin' o' somef'n," said he. "Firs' it wuz a cow; then it wuz a boy; somef'n's wrong."

He had no idea wherein the wrong lay; he had never heard of Eden and the great first cause; but he had witnessed two tragedies.

He was able to throw away his crutch after awhile, but was painfully lame, and he was never quite able to shut out the vision of a little golden head under a whirl of rushing, fiery wheels. Another thing that he remembered was that God could have prevented the catastrophe.

With the winter Aunt Jane grew so feeble that Rags was forced to add begging to his list of accomplishments. Day

in, day out, his stub toes travelled up and down the sleety pavements in search of food, and a few pennies whereby to keep a spark of fire on the hearth before which the old negress sat in her rope-bottomed chair trying to keep warmth in her pain-racked limbs.

It was Christmas day and the shops were all closed; even the fruit-venders were off duty in the forenoon, so that Rags found begging a profitless employment that morning. At noon he had not tasted food since the night before, nor had old Jane. He looked in at one o'clock to rake over the ashes and hand her a cup of water. She still sat before the hearth, her feet thrust in among the warm ashes. The old face looked strangely gray and weary. Rags felt that she was starving. She looked up to say, in that half-affectionate way that had made Rags a son to her, "Neb' min', son, I ain' so hongry now; mebbysomeun gwine gib you a nickle dis ebenin' anyhow."

Her faith sent him out again to try for it. At three o'clock he passed a house with glass doors opening down to the street, revealing a scene which, to Rags' hungry eyes, was a most royal revelling. Some children were having a Christmas dinner-party. The table was spread with the daintiest of luxuries—oranges, grapes, and the golden bananas; cakes that were frosted like snow; candies of every kind and color. So much, so much that would never be eaten, and he asked for so little! What beggar doesn't know the feeling? Around the table a group of happy children toyed with the food for which Rags was starving; watching them through the glass door like a hungry bear, yet not thinking of himself and his own great hunger. He was thinking how just one of those brown loaves heaped upon the side-table would put new life into the old woman at home. Had there been the slightest chance for stealing a loaf, Rags would have spent not a moment of time at the glass door more than was necessary to possess himself of the coveted feast.

He watched a white-aproned waiter carefully slice a loaf and slip a thin piece of ham between two of the narrow slices and serve them to the overfed children, who nibbled a bite out of their sandwiches and threw them aside for the daintier knickknacks. The sight of the wasted food almost drove him mad. Oh, to get behind that plate glass for one moment!—for one chance at the bread which the rich man's child had thrown away! He felt as though he could have killed somebody if that would have given him the food.

Then, without warning, without any sort of volition on his

part, there came to him a recollection of the man who had told him about God. Why not try if there was any truth in what the man had said? Surely God would never find a more propitious time for exercising His power. He was ignorant alike of creeds and conditions; he was simply trying God *as* God, and all-powerful; disrobed of all things earthy and impossible.

"God," said he, "don't you see? Don't you know they've got it all, more than they kin eat? An' don't you know Aunt Jane is starvin'? I want some of it, God! I want it fur her, fur Aunt Jane. Give it to me. *He* said you kin give it to me, God. God! God! God! I say, give it to me, fur Aunt Jane."

As the crude petition ended the aproned waiter stepped to the side-door with a plate of scraps in his hand and whistled softly to a little terrier dog that came frisking up to get them. The man had no sooner disappeared within the door than Rags seized upon the cast-out bits. The dog resented the intrusion upon his rights in a low growl that brought the waiter to the door again. Rags made one dash for the precious heap before he disappeared around the corner. Safe out of sight he took an inventory of his possessions; half a slice of bread, a filbert, a lemon-rind, a banana with a spoiled spot on one end, and a half-eaten pickle. A pitiful mixture for which to risk his liberty, but his heart beat with jubilation that found expression in words as he hurried off home with his treasures:

"I got it, anyhow," he was mumbling. "You wouldn't git it fur a pore ol' nigger as wuz starvin', but I got it, Mr. God; I stole it fum the dogs."

The maimed foot came down upon a bit of ice that must have brought him to the ground with a smart thump but for a hand that was put out to stay him—a strong, safe, woman's hand; the hand of a lady, white, soft, bejewelled. It rested for a moment upon Rags' tattered old sleeve; the velvet of her wrap brushed his cheek. In all his hard little life he had never felt anything like it. There was about her that presence of cleanliness which attaches to some women like a perfume.

"Are you hurt, little boy?" she asked.

At the voice's sweetness the dark eyes lifted to hers suddenly filled with tears. Like a far-off gleam of light it came to him that, after all, there might be a side of humanity with which he had never come in contact, a something responding to something within himself, deep down, unknown,

unnamed, like the glorious possibilities slumbering unchallenged within his own benighted little soul.

The owner of the voice stood looking down a moment at the queer, silent little figure, the rags, with the tawny-brown skin showing through, the maimed foot, and the tears which the little beggar staunchly refused to let fall. She was young and beautiful; she belonged to God's great army of good women whom the less philanthropic are pleased to denominate "cranks."

"What is your name, boy?" she asked, releasing the tattered sleeve.

"Rags."

The pathos of the reply, and the name's great fitness, appealed to her more than any beggar's plea he could have framed.

She thrust her hand into the pocket of her velvet wrap and took from it her purse.

"You are to buy yourself something to eat, and then you are to come to me—*there*. Anybody can show you the place."

She placed a half-dollar and a white visiting card in his hand, and passed on before Rags could fashion a reply; even had there been anything for him to say. His usually nimble tongue had no words for the great event that had come into his life, but the quick brain had opened to receive a thought—a thought which, like fire, carried all his fierce doubts before it.

"He heard me! He heard me!—God did."

It had come direct, swift, certain. And the knowledge of prayer answered thrilled him with a strange, sweet awe that was almost fearful in its intensity. The man had spoken truly; there *was* a God; He had given him food and help for Aunt Jane. Ah! He was a good God, though He let the little boy be killed; perhaps he should know why some day, when he came to know Him better. He would have many things to ask Him, many things to tell Him—this good God that kept them from starving. He had not thought to throw away the scraps he had taken from the dog nor stopped to buy the dinner of which he stood in such sore need. The knowledge of food possible had served to blunt the edge of hunger. He only wanted to get home with his wonderful news, to get a bite for Aunt Jane; and then by and by, when she could spare him, he would find the lady.

He pushed open the door and entered, calling the good news as he went. The old negress was sitting just as he had left her in the big chair before the fireless hearth. She

neither moved nor spoke, but sat with her head leaned back against the chair, mouth open, and the sightless eyes staring, unseeing, away into that mystery where none might follow. Instantly he recognized that she was dead. He stood looking at her in awe, stricken, silenced, frightened; not at death but at life, which he began to understand was something too deep and vast and terrible for him. It was the second time that death had met him thus, the third time they two had faced each other without warning or preparation. The persistency with which it seemed to trail and pursue him sent a kind of superstitious thrill through him. What a tragedy in a nutshell his life had been!

He glanced from the changed, dead face to his full, clenched hands, and slowly his fingers opened. The silver rang upon the hearth bricks and disappeared quickly in the fireless white ashes, as though running from the new presence in the room. The broken bits of food lay upon the floor at the dead woman's feet, and the lady's white visiting card fell, face up, forgotten, as with a wild cry Rags turned and fled—away from death, away, into the ice-crusted, frozen street; away from life and its too mysterious meaning.

A wagon was coming down the street as he tried to cross, and in his haste he tripped and fell. He heard the driver's startled shout to the horses, but he did not know when the wagon passed over him.

The crowd that gathered was not altogether drawn by curiosity to see the little maimed body of a child among the slush and ice of the street. A lady in velvet was picking her way through the frozen mud, giving directions to the driver of the team.

"Carry him in there," she commanded, pointing to the door Rags had left wide open. "I saw him run out of there; I was following him. Then do some of you men run for the hospital wagon, quick—don't stand there staring, you may need it yourselves some day. Be easy with him, my man, there is life there yet."

Within the room to which they bore him, an old woman's dead face, lifted to the sooted ceiling with a kind of defiant triumph, met them; half hidden by the white ash upon the hearth a piece of coldish gray silver seemed to be spying upon their movements; and at the feet of the dead a bit of white cardboard, bearing the marks of a child's soiled fingers, lay turned up to catch the streaming winter sun through the uncurtained window; the black letters seemed to catch a radiance of their own:

Isabel Grey.

The Woman's Relief Society.

72 N. Summer.

When Rags opened his eyes in the hospital they rested upon a lady, richly dressed, standing at his bedside. She saw the recognition in the wide, wondering eyes, and stooping, spoke his name:

"Rags."

"Yessum," said Rags, "yessum, I hears yer, Miss Lady."

"Boy," she began, startled, and afraid that the struggling life might slip before she could deliver her message to the wanderer—"boy, do you know who sent me to you?"

Under its cuts and bruises the dark face glowed.

"Yessum," said Rags, "hit wuz God. Dat ar white man say God ud count it up fur me, an' I reckon He done it."

She hadn't the least idea what he was talking about, but she understood that someone had dropped a seed. Slowly the beautiful head drooped forward, the lips moved softly, but with no sound that could reach beyond the ear of God.

"Lord, if I might rescue one, but one, of Thy poor wandering race!"

A NEW VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

BY M. L. WELLS.

Aunt Viney is an old black woman of the ante-bellum type, proud of her old master and his family, and proud of herself as being part and parcel of a time when there was no such thing as a "new nigger," a class she affects to despise. She cannot read a word, yet one is constantly surprised at her knowledge of affairs and her clear rendering of questions not supposed to be within her ken. She has a keen perception of character, and those of her own race are often made to feel the force of her sarcasm and disgust at the many shams she discovers among them.

"My ole marster" is her ideal of what a man should be, and she holds him up as a pattern of excellence to the youngsters—much to their disgust.

For years she has been my daughter's woman of all work, coming out from town to our suburban home every morning, a long walk which she insists on taking rather than give up her little cabin.

"Doan yous harrify yous mind, Miss Helen, 'bout me git-tin' too ole ter walk so far. Ef you all doan want me no mo', jes say so. But honey, Is'e got ter stay right wha' I is. Kase it's my own cabin, you knows." And the poor old soul is allowed to have her own way.

Last November we had rather an exciting election, and for the first time Aunt Viney had her attention called to political questions. Coming in on election day we saw that something was on her mind. She was solemn as an owl, muttering to herself as she started the clothes for the weekly washing.

All at once, as though she had solved a knotty problem, she straightened herself up, came into the room where the family were, and said, "Does yous all vote? I means all de white ladies."

Someone answered, "Why, no! What put that into your head? Men do the voting."

"Doesn't yous want ter vote?"

"No, it would be no end of trouble and bother, and wouldn't make things any better. You don't want to vote, do you, Auntie?"

"Well, I'se s'prised dat yous all doan' vote, an' dat yous all doan' want ter. I reckon ef you wanted ter, you cud."

"No, we could not, Auntie. Women are not supposed to know or care about politics, and they stay at home and take care of the children. Men seem to think that children need more care on election day than on any other. It is against the law for any woman, white or black, to vote in this state. What made you think about it?"

"Well, honey, I'se been a tu'nin' it ober in my min' eber sense de meetin' at de cote house, when de white men an' de nigger men sot on de same platfo'm, an' cheered an' holerd while dat white man was a-speakin'. Heaps o' black women went ter dat meetin'. An' hit set me ter stud'din', when I heah de man what was speakin', tell how de 'Publican party done set we'se all free, an' gib us de right of citizenship; an' den he splain dat dat meant ter vote an' make de laws, an' dis was de one sign we had dat we was jes' as good as white folks, an' gib us rights under sum sort ob a ting dat he call consumption."

"Oh, no! Aunt Viney, I reckon he said constitution."

"Yes, dat am hit. Well, him talk on fo' a plum hour an' a haf des as assumtious as cud be, an' da was all dem black women dat had been tinkin' dem free for mo' dan thirty yeah. How is dat?"

"An' des now comin' down 'Calie Abenue I saw a mighty nice-lookn' white man a-drivin' a span ob black hosses in a kerridge. Him pass me right by an' neber eben say good mawnin'. But jes' a little way on 'fore he got to de co'ner wha' you tu'n, a great big buck nigger cum out ob de fence co'ner, an' de white man hol' up de hosses an' shake han's wif dat nigger, an' him got into dat kerridge right 'side dat white man an' dey druv off, big as cuffy. Wa'nt dat curus, Miss Helen? I wonders at it, an' jes cum on when who'd I meet tu'nin' de co'ner but dat Dan Johnson what I'se done tole you all 'bout, what sots 'round an' lets he wife go out washin' to s'port him. Well, he all dressed up wif white shirt an' collar stiff es cud be, an' a red necktie, an' shakin' a cane in he han'. I doesn't usual notice him, case he kind o' low down. But dis mawnin' I has a meanin' in speakin' him.

"An' I ses, 'Hows dis, Dan, has you done hu't yo'sef? I sees yous carryin' ob a cane.'

"Yous jes' orter seed him swell up as 'po'tant as cud be, an' he sez. 'No, Mis' Jo'dan, I'se not hu't, in fac' I'se in mighty good health.'

"An' he took off he hat gran' as a preacher, an' I tuk notice his har war pa'ted spack in de middle.

"An' I sed, 'I reckon yous gwine maskradin' ter 'tend yous a woman. I takes notice yo' har am pa'ted dat way.'

"Den whoee, you all ought jis' ter heard him. He felt so big he didn't know what ter do wif hese'f. An' he sed:

" 'Mis' Jo'dan, I caint ha'dly confiscate how a lady ob yo' 'telligence doan' know dat dis am 'lection day, an' I'se one ob de jedges ob de 'lection. Hit's a mighty 'po'tant sitiuation I holds.'

"An' I sed ter him, 'Sure 'nough? Wha' yo' got ter do wif 'lection?'

"Den he tells me jes what de white man sed de odder night, how when de wah cum hit were all 'cause de niggers was in bondage, an' 'bout de 'Publican pa'ty, what was made up ob all de good men, preachers, an' lawyers, an' de men what love de black man.

"An' I sed, 'Hole on dah, Dan, didn' dey love de black women any?'

"An' he laughs and sez, 'Well, I reckon dey mus' les' dey wuldn' be so many yaller pickaninnies.'

"I ain' pay no 'tention to dat, but I sed: 'Look heah, Dan, yous knows better dan all dat. When de black men went free didn' de black women go free too?'

"An' wif dat he shake he cane sum mo' and sez, 'I neber argefies wif a lady, but I hardly sees what yo's tryin' ter get fro yo' haid.'

"Wif dat I jes' laugh till I make my ole sides ache, an' tole him he war an ole fool. I was tryin' ter get fro *he* haid de cause why, ef he free, an' I free, how cum 'lection day am so 'po'tant to de black man, an' de black woman hasn' nothin' ter do wif it?'

"Dat nigger make me lose my patience, an' I felt like I'd like ter shake him ter a frazzle, when he look so lordly an' gran' an' say: ' 'Tain't 'spected yo' understan' 'bout 'lections. I'se a feller citizen jes' like a white man, an' I votes ter make de laws. Now I leaves hit ter yo' to tell me what a woman knows 'bout makin' laws. A woman's place am in de home, an' a man's place am out do's tendin' ter de public doin's.'

"I jes' cudn' he'p sayin' ter him, 'I reckon Sarah got plenty washin' to do dese days.' An' Miss Helen, I wish yo' cud a-seed him squirm when I say dat. But he neber let on; he jes' kep' a-talkin' 'bout de 'po'tance ob he share in de 'lection.

" 'What yo' git fo' votin'?' I sed.

"He tuk off he hat agin an' sed, 'I reckon dat am not per-skasely a fair question, but bein' as yo's a lady, I'll show what I'se done made dis mawnin'.' And he tuk much as six silver dollah out his'n pocket an' sed, 'I reckon I kin shorely make dat much mo'.'

" 'How yo' does it?'

" 'Well, yo' see, I'se by perfession a politician, an' I gets

pay from de white gemmen fur de votes I brings in, an' den I 'ten' I ain' goin' ter vote 'tall, an' dey knows I has a heap o' confluence, an' dey sez, "Now see heah, Dan, yo' go vote an' bring many as yo' kin, an' we'll see yo's well paid."

"Den I sed, 'Wha' de use havin' a vote? Doan' seem ter me hit 'mounts ter nothin'."

"Den he tells me—an' dat's what puzzles me—he done tole me dat a vote was de on'y sign we had dat we was free; dat we jes' as well be slaves yit es not ter hev a right ter vote.

"Den when he sez dat I jes' blazin' mad, an' I say, 'Well, I'se goin' ter vote ter-day, ef what yo' tells me is de truf. Heah I'se been free eber sense de wah, an nobody neber done tole me a t'ing 'bout dis votin' bizness. My ole marster was one ob de bes' men in ole Virginny, an' how cum it dat I neber did know dat I'se no better off dan I was befo' de wah, when all dese no-'count niggers whut neber hed no white folks wuth speakin' ob, shud be votin' all dese yeahs?"

"So, Miss Helen, I des leaves dat no-'count nigger ter go do his votin' an' I cum ter ax yo' how cum it I cain't vote. But ef yo' white ladies doan' vote den I'se wuss 'plexed dan I was befo'.

"Now when my ole marster was livin' he hed mo' dan a hund'ed niggahs, an' de women was 'counted jes' good es de men, an' heaps o' times mo' 'count. De on'y time I eber know my ole marster ter sell a nigger, hit was my ole man Joe, an' a triflener nigger neber lived (I shorely has hed free ob de o'neriest niggers dat eber fell to any woman).

"Ole marster cum ter me an' he sez: 'Viney, I'se 'bleeged ter sell Joe. Mr. Do'sey will buy him an' put him in de fiel'. Mr. Do'sey wants yo' too, an' ef yo' wants to go wif Joe I won't separate yous.'

"I sed ter ole mars, 'Mars William, how much will Mr. Do'sey gib for Joe?"

"An' ole mars say, 'He gib five hund'ed dollah, an' he will gib nine hund'ed fer yo', but we hope yo' wont go.'

"An' I neber did let on ter Mars William how glad I was ter git rid ob Joe, but I jes' look so solemn es if I war at Joe's fun'ral, an' I sez, 'I cain' leave Miss Margery an' de chilluns. I reckon I better stay wha' I be.'

"But I keep in mine' dat I was wuth nine hund'ed dollahs, an' dat I was wuth heap mo' dan Joe.

"Den de wah cum on, an' de women an't no-'count no mo'; dey jes' goes out loose wif de res', but dey not counted fer nuffin. I doan' understan' how dat can cum 'bout, but ef yo' white ladies doan' vote I reckon we uns needn' cyar, on'y I spec' it seems harder ter we all, cause fo' de wah we was sum 'count, same as de men."

BROTHERHOOD.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

ONE love, one life, one blood, one truth, one aim, one end have we,
The finite human seeking the Divine Humanity.

As wave on wave comes rolling in from seas we do not know,
So life on life, through mingled tides, the seas of being flow.

Nor less than waves may men, who to each other stand or fall,
Move in their spheres except as all for each, and each for all.

How is my brother lost and I not also gone astray?
The light I bear is false if it illumine not his way.

How is my brother saved and I not joyful in his joy?
The bond between our souls no fate can sunder or destroy.

The wrong I do another swift with fatal force reacts,
And from my cup of happiness its measure full subtracts.

The loving thought I freely send through all the bounds of space
Will lift the clouds that veil the sun and show the Father's face.

Love's breath divine envelops us like floods of living air.
Take thou thy fill, but know in love that we must all things share.

How prayest thou in altar rails for God to do His will?
Thou art His instrument. Go forth, and thine own prayers fulfil.

"Thy kingdom come" is vainly said. How shall our pleading win
Until we make our life the door to let the kingdom in?

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE CHRISTIAN STATE: A POLITICAL VISION OF CHRIST.*

Perhaps no man at present engaging public attention has been subject to such strange misinterpretation as has Professor George D. Herron, whose latest book, "The Christian State," is now engaging the attention of the critics.

The various small volumes that Dr. Herron has put forth from time to time, during the last few years, while they have served to draw many towards the Christ ideal which he holds out, have yet made for him many bitter enemies. Heretic, Socialist, Anarchist, are by no means the severest terms applied to him by thoroughly sincere and well-meaning critics. His teachings have, in fact, been so little understood that the present volume is designed by him as an exposition of the views he holds, which are supposed to set him at variance with other clergymen of the communion to which he belongs.

Dr. Herron is a Congregational clergyman, incumbent of the chair of Applied Christianity at Grinnell College, Iowa. His books, whatever may be their ultimate field of usefulness, are primarily intended for Christian readers, for the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are the corner stone and the final of the structure he would rear.

The traditions of the pulpit are strong upon him, moreover, and he speaks as one having authority regarding matters concerning which the majority of us are content merely to suggest, and to speculate.

In "The Christian State" he begins with an acknowledgment of his political faith in Christ. To this great teacher he looks for the redemption of the nation, and the setting up of a political order that shall associate men in justice, which order, he declares, is the present search of civilized peoples. The old ways of political thinking and doing have exhausted themselves. Our present systems of human relations are not able to endure the strain that is coming upon them. Society is moving towards revolution, but it is revolution from anarchy to order, from industrial slavery to industrial freedom, from political atheism to the true kingdom of God. In a word, we are coming to race consciousness, as members of one another, and to a knowledge of humanity as the body of God.

Thus far all orthodoxy must go with the author, but from this vantage ground he makes a sweeping onslaught upon sectarianism. The religious revolution we call the Reformation was, he claims, a universal loss as well as a gain. The future power and purity of the

* "The Christian State: A Political Vision of Christ," by Prof. George D. Herron. Cloth; price 75 cents. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

church are involved in our recovering much that Protestantism threw away, in reuniting the broken fragments, the discordant sects of Christendom in a universal church. The Catholic church of the fifteenth century was spiritually splendid and historic, with institutions which Protestantism needs; with a wealth of sacrifice and spiritual glory that should be the inheritance of us all.

Timid believers may see in such utterances a tendency towards Romanism. A study of his work, however, reveals that nothing could be further from the author's thought. He sees, as he declares that a political faith in Christ as the one perfectly socialized being is spreading among the people. There is coming about a great revival of Christianity. The political appearance of Christ is manifest in the increasing social functions of the state, and the socialization of law. His spirit is permeating the entire body social. Pentecost was the beginning of the ultimate civilization. What civilization needs today is an organized centre of unity. This it is finding in Christ.

The work of the Christian apostle is not to create a new social order, but to discover and interpret the divine order that has been the government of human life from the beginning. There has been no other government of the world; no other order of society among men than the kingdom of God. Whether they are conscious of it or not, the authority of Christ is here, judging and ruling the nations.

The Christian state is the social recognition of democracy; the political organization of Christ's law of love. Christianity in its fulfilment is the self-government of the people through communion with God. Americans, Dr. Herron says, are not a democratic people. England has made greater strides towards popular government than have we. Our government is not representative. Our political parties are controlled by private, close corporations, existing as parasites on the body politic. He arraigns, fiercely, the legislative jobbery of the day.

There is no likeness between the Christian ideal and that of the anarchist, as Christians, foolishly, sometimes admit, and organized selfishness eagerly charges. Christ is the redemption of the law from anarchy. The Christian ideal would lead the people in a political progress that would leave restrictive institutions nothing to do, so that they would fall into the greater freedom thus achieved, and die, as the acorn dies in the earth when the tree comes forth.

This, in particular, is a line of argument that might lead to a characterization of the author as an anarchist. He declares, however, on the same page, that "The anarchist ideal would lead the people in a descent to the lowest political hell, where individual self-will would establish the throne of perfect despotism, and the order of perfect misery."

The Christian state, he predicts, will also be the salvation of the church. The attitude of the church as a whole towards the problems of our national life is far from what God and the people have a right

to expect. "Not only is the church in a large degree indifferent and ignorant concerning the nature and real gravity of the social crisis, but its official classes are often found in unthinking and dangerous antagonism to the social change that is as surely coming from God as the Christ Himself." The multitudes are "sick and outraged with the weak social maxims and religious respectabilities of the church." There is "a deepening social feeling that Jesus is not adequately represented by the institutions that bear His name." The pulpit is without living inspiration. There is an awful heartache within ten thousand of the church's baffled and troubled ministers, who know not what to do, and within ten million Christians in the church, who feel, but do not comprehend, the lack in their ministers and in themselves. So long as the church is as it is now there should not be unity between it and the state. The church should not seek such unity at all, but it will come with the social redemption and unity of the world.

A hopeful sign of the times is that the American people are under a national conviction of sin. They have done those material and political things they ought not to have done, and left undone those things which they ought to have done. There is need of a Christian revival of the nation. This revival the author foresees, and the setting up of the Christian state, his conception of which is nothing less than a collectivist commonwealth wherein the governing power is the spirit of Christ. This is the source to which he attributes the growing spirit of altruism that characterizes the age. In a word, Dr. Herron might be called a Christian socialist, seeing in divine order and arrangement an explanation of those phenomena for which still another class of social students account upon the hypothesis of evolution. Unquestionably his book is an important one, although the unbiased reader may be pardoned for surprise at the agitation manifested by those who feel themselves called upon publicly to antagonize it. Dr. Herron is a seer, rather than a scientific sociologist. He claims for his work inspirational, rather than scientific authority, but there is a deal of common sense and incontrovertible logic packed between the two covers of the volume. Whether one accepts the Christ ideal the book holds up, has little to do with the main proposition, that our national redemption must come about through individual regeneration. Whether it be Christ or humanity, altruism or the spirit of God working in man, some ideal and some main spring of action are essential to the centralization of endeavor that shall make for righteousness.

Dr. Herron's book does not furnish an outline of how the Christian state shall be governed. The author deals generally, rather than particularly, with the subject. He cannot be said to have exhausted it, but he has given the world the best contribution yet made to this particular line of Christian thought.

ADELINE KNAPP.

GERALD MASSEY, POET, PROPHET AND MYSTIC.*

A reviewer must—like Mr. Flower—be a reformer in order understandingly to discuss the work of a reformer. For this reason, especially, the editor of the *ARENA* was the one man of all others to undertake the task of properly presenting to the public a word portrait of Gerald Massey, who, perhaps, may be regarded first in that immortal trio of modern English labor bards whose second and third members are Charles Mackay and William Morris—all three of whom, like Mr. Flower, have been sufficiently earnest and brave to blend literary art with unpopular truth when occasion has demanded it.

The extreme representatives of that school of art which proclaims absolute divorce between beauty and truth are usually lacking in a keen sense of justice and in that altruistic quality which compels the possessor to condemn a wrong done to others as an injury inflicted upon oneself. And, aside from this, they are invariably deficient in courage to express their honest convictions, not only in art but plain prose, and, as a rule, are in reality less fearful of offending "art" than they are the wealthy and powerful patrons of art by denouncing wrong and injustice in high places. The present age has no use for that class of artists who "walk backward with averted eye," and with blanket to scrupulously cover the issues over which two opposing types of civilization are engaged in a life-and-death conflict.

Some of our editors and literary artists seem as anxious to exclude all suggestion of a "moral" from poetry as Anthony Comstock is the alleged "immoral" from the United States mails, the chief difference being an assumed and guileless unconsciousness, on the part of one, of the existence of "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," while the other is forever stealing and devouring the fruit, day and night without ceasing, in order to test and illustrate its dire effects upon others. On every hand we are greeted with a sad spectacle to-day—that of full-grown human beings who claim to be poets, journalists, and teachers on platforms and in colleges—professed moulders of human thought and opinion—hanging their harps on the willows, so far as regards moral and spiritual reform, while humanity is sweating drops of blood and groaning in the travail throes of a higher birth. The sight is calculated to make angels weep and give up the conundrum of man's creation. And to hear such men and women, when called upon to use their alleged gifts in the interest of their enslaved fellow beings, decline to defend the right and condemn the wrong on the pretext that "Didacticism and art are incompatible," or, like Poe,

* "Gerald Massey, Poet, Prophet, and Mystic," by B. O. Flower. Illustrated; extra cloth; price \$1. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

prattle about the irreconcilable oil and waters of beauty and truth," is enough to make the fraternity of the muses unite in praying heaven to evolve another deluge devoted exclusively to the destruction of effete art and artists.

B. O. Flower is an artist who evidently regards that as the best art which does the most for the liberation and elevation of humanity, which is the most divine thing on earth, and in whose interest all forms of religion, science, and art must pay tribute or finally be ignored and forgotten. In his review of Gerald Massey as "Poet, Prophet and Mystic," Mr. Flower has done full justice to his subject, quoting liberally from the best of the poet's prose and poetry.

Many years ago—soon after Mr. Massey's first volume appeared, in 1855—the writer of this review composed music for two of the poet's finest lyrics, "The People's Advent," and "To-day and To-morrow," and sung them in public. But it was not until the present general industrial awakening had quickened and warmed the public heart and mind that the songs were really appreciated for their true value and significance. It was because of this indifference of the masses to the grand altruism embodied in those two lyrics that for years I gave up singing them in my public entertainments and reserved them for reform meetings. At the present time the people seem hungry for them, and in many instances when I sing them to audiences composed of all classes I am called upon to repeat them. This is because the veil has, within a few years, been lifted from the common mind, and the world, finding itself face to face with the dawn of a higher civilization than it has yet known, is ceasing to revile and to stone the prophets who foretold "The People's Advent."

Mr. Flower, in his most excellent and complete tribute to Massey, could not find room for all the good things the poet had written, and I miss one song especially that I also set to music long ago, and which I never tire of singing. It is so wonderful in its scope and melody that I take the liberty of introducing it to the readers of the ARENA, as it is one of those rare things which once heard or read, can never be forgotten.

Onward and Sunward.

Tell me the song of the beautiful stars,

As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,

Looking, in spite of our sins and our scars,

Down on us, tenderly yearning to love us;

This is the song in their work-worship sung,

Down through the world-jewelled universe rung,—

"Onward forever, forever more onward,"—

And ever they open their loving eyes sunward.

"Onward," shouts earth with her myriad voices
Of music, aye answering the song of the seven,
As like a winged child of God's love she rejoices,
Swinging her censer of glory in Heaven;
And lo! it is writ by the finger of God,
On the tree, on the flower and the living green sod
"Onward forever, forever more onward,"
And ever she turneth all trustfully sunward.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,
Who labored like gods among men, and have gone
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us,—
They're with us, still with us—our battles to fight on;
Looking down victor-browed from the glory-crowned hill,
They beckon and beckon us on; onward still,—
And the true heart's aspirings are onward, still onward,
It turns to the future as Earth turneth sunward.

No matter how great a poet may be in the art of expression or in the gift of inspiration, he must, in addition, be a genuine reformer at heart, or he cannot give birth to a successful reform song, which is simply condensed, harmoniously blended statement and sentiment, fused and instilled into melody—melody that inheres in and naturally flows out of the words and carries them forward into higher and more potent expression and infinitely wider and more varied influences than the finest lyric can possibly achieve apart from and independent of melody. This is why a poem that *sings* its way to the human ear and heart is—all other things being equal—the very highest form and art of poetic expression. In fact a poem that sings is a poem with wings by which it is lifted from earth into higher altitudes and carried to millions of hearts and places and heights to which it would otherwise remain forever a stranger.

While I agree with Mr. Flower in the opinion that some of Mr. Massey's later, more mature and carefully written verse entitles him to a place in the front ranks of the world's acknowledged "great poets," I feel that some of his early reform lyrics, written when inspiration and emotion were melted into liquid force through a sense and contemplation of humanity's wrongs and woes—when this force irresistibly created and took possession of its own channels and forms of expression, at times when all thought of "art" was secondary and supplementary—are the poems by which he will be the best remembered and most tenderly regarded in future generations. Why? Because these poems were born with wings on which they soared upward and outward from the morning of Massey's life into the higher atmosphere of human aspiration, whence,

like singing larks, they have been showering their sweet, strong, hopeful notes down upon the world ever since. The three lyrics which are especially named in this review have been sung by the writer to many hundreds of thousands of people who, except for them, would perhaps scarcely have ever heard of their inspired author.

Edmund Clarence Stedman—who, if he had given more time to the development of his own muse and less to magnifying into temporary fame certain “artists” who otherwise would not be known except locally, would rank as the equal of any of our American poets—has, in his matchless essays invariably referred to poets as “singers.” And he is correct. Burns is chiefly known through “Old Lang Syne,” “Afton Water,” “Highland Mary,” and “A Man’s a Man for a’ that,” because in these he has *sung* to the world.

Mr. Flower, whose full and overflowing life affords but little time for the development of the poetic art, but whose various prose works are enriched and interlarded with exquisite passages of unrhymed poetry, has given us some of his highest thought and purest sentiment in this rare book on Gerald Massey, which every lover of humanity and of “applied Christianity” should procure for the library and the fireside.

JAMES G. CLARK.

FIRST POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.*

During the past few years several fugitive verses, one of which has been published in the ARENA, have appeared in leading American publications, over an assumed name. The author was a student in Harvard College, who did not desire his identity revealed until he had completed his education. Recently the verses have been collected, and with the addition of several new poems, have appeared in a tasteful little volume entitled “First Poems and Fragments.” The author, Philip H. Savage is a son of the eminent Unitarian clergyman, Rev. Minot J. Savage, whose masterly writings are so well known to our readers. Young Mr. Savage evinces much of the passionate love of nature which characterizes many of his father’s poems, but he is little given to philosophizing, and a purpose or definite motive seems absent from several of his creations. Many of the lines reveal a true poetic insight, and the reader is delighted with a fine spiritual appreciation of nature’s mysteries. Here are some lines which impress me as being admirable.

The influences of air and sky
Are side lights from the eternal throne

* “First Poems and Fragments,” by Philip Henry Savage. Pp. 100; boards; price \$1.25. Copeland & Day, Boston.

That fall upon the watchful eye
 Of him who silent waits, alone,
 And crown him master of his own.
 He knows the beauty of the rose;
 The central sun, the farthest star he knows.

The balance of a blade of grass,
 The winds that in the meadows run,
 Gathering incense as they pass
 To offer to the thronèd sun;
 The trembling secret to be won
 From every running stream; all these
 Are his, yet force him, silent, to his knees.

The watcher shall possess the earth
 In silence, leaping to control
 In moments mighty with the birth
 Of passion, when the eternal soul
 Shall wholly bind him to the whole.
 The air, the sky, the winds, the rose,
 Are his; the earth, and God himself he knows.

These lines further illustrate the poet's love of nature, and the
 outreaching of the soul to the august something we know as God:

Even in the city, I
 Am ever conscious of the sky;
 A portion of its frame no less
 Than in the open wilderness.
 The stars are in my heart by night;
 I sing beneath the opening light,
 As envious of the bird; I live
 Upon the pavement, yet I give
 My soul to every growing tree
 That in the narrow ways I see.
 My heart is in the blade of grass
 Within the courtyard where I pass;
 And the small, half-discovered cloud
 Compels me till I cry aloud.
 I am the wind that beats the walls
 And wanders trembling till it falls;
 The snow, the summer rain am I,
 In close communion with the sky.

Another little gem is called "The Song-Sparrow," and runs thus:

At rest upon some quiet limb
 And singing to his pretty "marrow,"

Sweet-breasted friend of child and man,
I love the bright eyes and the tan,
Gray-mottled coat, that suits the trim
And winsome singing-sparrow.

He seeks no dear and lofty ground;
His home is every ridge and furrow;
In the low alder bushes he's
At home, and in the way-side trees;
Wherever man lives I have found
The nest of the song-sparrow.

Except among the chimney-tops
A-smoking where the trees are narrow;
Where man has banished living green
And scarce a blade of grass is seen
He rarely comes, he never stops,
The little rustic sparrow.

Where twigs are small and branches low
And scarce the name of woods can borrow,
He flits and sings the whole day long,
And "Rivers run," is still his song,
"And flowers blossom, breezes blow,
And all for the song-sparrow!"

I meet him in the tufted field
Among the clover tops and yarrow;
I hear him by the quiet brook,
And always with the open look
Of one who would not be concealed;
And then I meet the sparrow,

When golden lights at evening run
Among the trees the copses thorough;
And there I catch his joyous song,
Stealing the moments that belong
To songsters of the setting sun
And not to the song-sparrow.

When touches of the coming night
Set free the bands of hidden sorrow,
The night bird sounds his ringing note,
And from his melancholy throat
The hermit pours a sad delight,
And no one hears the sparrow.

His song is tuned for his to-day,
With hope and promise for the morrow;

More lofty notes are upward sent,
But none more simple and content,
None cheerfuller in work and play
Than that of the song-sparrow.

The volume is dedicated to the author's sister, Miss Gertrude Savage, and these charming lines are from a poem addressed to his father:

If ever I have thought or said
In all the seasons of the past
One word at which thy heart has bled
Believe me, it will be the last.

The tides of life are deep and wide,
The currents swift to bear apart
E'en kindred ships; but from thy side
I pray my sail may never start.

The critic judges a work to some extent from his point of view, and believing as I do most sincerely that art should be the servant of duty, I notice with deep regret the absence of that vital thought which indicates that the author realizes the supreme fact that

Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.

There is a deadly heritage of night pervading popular educational institutions which affects contempt for all art which moves man to nobler attainments. This leprosy of dilettanteism flowers under the favoring smile of slothful conventionalism, and its soul-benumbing influence is frequently felt by youths of high ideals. Almost before they are aware of the fact they find themselves with those to whom such writings as Lowell's "Crisis," or Whittier's trumpet calls to conscience are held to be "bad form"—mistakes or something worse—to be avoided by the poet as one would avoid a plague. In his work, young Mr. Savage seems to have conformed to the conventional slogan of "art for art's sake," and therefore his writings are in a way distinctly disappointing to those who feel that in the present transition period when so many momentous problems are up for consideration, the holy gift of the poet should be consecrated to duty, progress, and the light.

As before observed, however, this first book reveals real poetic power and I sincerely trust that before long the young author may come to feel that the supreme mission of art is to further justice, progress, and enlightenment among the children of men. He is needed in the ranks of those consecrated to the cause of the dawn.

B. O. FLOWER.

A CALIFORNIA WOMAN OF GENIUS.—MISS KNAPP AND
HER NEW WORK. *

Few things in connection with the six years' history of the ARENA have afforded me such genuine and unalloyed pleasure as the remarkable success which has attended the work of a large number of brilliant young writers who have been introduced in a prominent way to the serious reading public by the ARENA, or through the Arena Publishing Company.

It is now over four years since the Arena Company published Mr. Hamlin Garland's first work, "Main-Travelled Roads." Prior to its publication several of Mr. Garland's sketches had been published in the ARENA, and in this way the young author had become popular with a large number of thoughtful readers. The work scored a signal success, and was followed by "Jason Edwards" and "A Spoil of Office," each proving exceedingly popular. Mr. Garland's position among the strongest writers of our day was in a surprisingly short time assured.

Another notable success was the publication of Helen H. Gardener's first long story. This work, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" proved immensely popular. Almost fifty thousand copies of it have been sold. Like Mr. Garland, Helen Gardener had become a favorite with the ARENA constituency by her clear, strong, and brilliant writings before her brave moral appeal was published. It was followed by "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" the novel which, more than anything else in fiction, has awakened the public to the infamous character of the Age of Consent laws. This work, which has enjoyed a phenomenal success, has recently been followed by "An Unofficial Patriot," an historical novel dealing with the real life of our people during the fifties and early sixties, and the conditions and problems connected with the Civil War. This work is justly entitled to a high position among the few really great historical novels, and it will, I believe, hold a permanent place in American literature.

Mr. W. D. McCrackan is another fine young scholar, whose essays in the ARENA attracted much attention, and whose first work, "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," published by the Arena Company, instantly secured him an enviable position among the authoritative young writers of our day. His last work, "Swiss Solutions of American Problems," is rightly regarded as the ablest short exposition of the ideal republican measures successfully adopted by Switzerland which has yet been written.

Will Allen Dromgoole dates her success in literature from the appearance of "Fiddling His Way to Fame" in the ARENA. She

* "One Thousand Dollars a Day, and other Social Sketches," by Adeline Knapp. Cloth; pp. 132; price 75 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

has an immense constituency, and a new volume of "Short Stories of Tennessee," which will probably appear within a few months, will undoubtedly enjoy a large sale and add to her merited popularity.

Dr. James R. Cocke, whose recent work on "Hypnotism," published by the Arena Company, is recognized by leading medical and literary critics as the ablest treatise on this important subject which has appeared in America, is another author introduced to the public by the ARENA. These are, however, only a few of a large number of talented writers who have been brought before the serious thinking world by the ARENA, or whose first important works have been published by this company.

It is now my pleasant duty to notice a volume just published by the Arena Publishing Company, written by a young author whose name, I believe, is destined to occupy a high place in our literature; a versatile and brilliant writer who belongs to the noble coterie which marches under the banner of Art for Truth and Progress. The name of Miss Adeline Knapp is by no means unfamiliar to our readers. Who among the thousands who read the sketch, "The Dignity of Labor," has forgotten it? The admirable essay on "Civic Reform in San Francisco" was also from the pen of this gifted author; and I fancy no one who read "The Wealer" will ever forget the story or the writer.

But it is not of Miss Knapp's contributions to the ARENA that I desire to speak at the present time. In her new work, "One Thousand Dollars a Day and other Social Sketches," we have a contribution of real value to the popular economic literature of to-day, no less than a striking illustration of the versatility of the author. Few people can write interesting, vigorous, and telling allegories and fables, and I know of no American writer who has approached Miss Knapp in this field.

"The Sick Man" is a simple, vigorous, and striking sermon on economics, which should be read aloud in every circle of sincere social reformers in America. It is a nineteenth-century fable for men and women, at once clever and interesting, but it is also far more than this; it is a graphic diagnosis of the disease of our present civilization. The first story in the book is a lucid and suggestive sketch, exposing the absurdity and iniquity of the "intrinsic value" fallacy which is making industry the slave of usury. "The Discontented Machine" is another sketch at once vigorous and a telling arraignment of the present infamous conditions by which a few are absorbing the life as well as the comfort and happiness of the many. This unique piece of fiction should have the widest possible reading at the present crisis in the history of the republic. It will set the dullest to thinking. It and "The Sick Man" emphasize lessons as boldly and strikingly as do any of the parables of the New Testament.

Miss Knapp, however, is not only a master in the art of writing parables, allegories, and fables; she bids fair to become one of the strongest writers among the veritists. In realistic portrayal of life as it is, I know of no American writer, excepting Hamlin Garland, who has equalled her. One sketch in the volume before me reveals the power of this talented young woman in this line of work. It is entitled "Getting Ahead," and is a tragedy of common life under the present pitiless reign of gold. It describes in a wonderfully graphic way the rude county court in a little California hamlet. The justice was formerly a farmer, but being elected a justice of the peace he catches the office-seeking mania and is already laying his wires for a more lucrative position. Before this justice are gathered the agent of a foreign syndicate which owns a vast tract of fertile land, a prisoner, and the usual crowd of a country court.

The agent is a shrewd, oily-tongued man from the city, well versed in the arts of the world. He understands how to win by flattery as well as work the well-worn phrases which have so long been employed by the giant robbers and gamblers to deceive and delude the slow-thinking multitude. He descants long on the necessity of upholding the law; that if the prisoner—a sullen Dane standing handcuffed before the justice—is not punished, the beneficent capitalists who live in a foreign land will become uneasy for their capital and will withdraw it, greatly to the detriment of the state; but he knows the justice is a man of probity who will not abuse his oath of office or the confidence which the intelligent farmers and townspeople whom he notices around him placed in their honorable fellow-citizen when they elected him judge. He continues that he is sorry for the prisoner, but he had quarrelled with his fellow workers on a great fruit farm and with the freight agent, and also assaulted the speaker, proving that he is a dangerous and lawless character who must be punished or anarchy will reign. In this way—which is the common method of the anarchists of capital—the oily-tongued agent of the syndicate prejudices the court against the poor Dane.

When the agent closes his statement of the case the justice, with scarce-concealed impatience, turns to the prisoner, saying, "Well, Rassmussen, have you anything to say for yourself?"

The Dane slowly arises, and after vainly looking for a sympathetic face in the assembled audience, thus tells the story of his life in broken English:

"You all, mine neighbors, know me vell," he said simply; "Olaf Rassmussen, I am. In mine country, miles from here, an' seas across, I read an' I hear on America. There, they tell me, is always vork to be done, an' plenty an' vreedom vor the man who vill vork, an' I safe an' safe, me an' mine vooman, an' bimeby ve come on the money vor to pring us the seas across. So den to America vere comen, an' ve puy land an' lif on Minnesota, an' I gets a little house an' ve do vell, an' haf von two children.

"But I hear always Californy, Californy vas the land vor de man vat wants to git ahead, an' I wishes much I had come on Californy. Den one night came to mine house fire, and ve vas all out turned, an' afterwards I make up mine mind I shall come on Californy. So, den I sell mine little farm and ve prings der children to this land. I hafs no more money to puy land, but some man I know he sends me this man to, and he says to me: 'All right, all right, you rent now, you raise pig crops and sells him for much money, and bimeby ve sells you land and you gits ahead fast and has a home here in no time.'

"So I takes mine twenty acres an' I puts in crops, an' me an' mine vooman ve vork. Ven it vas come daylight ve pegin, an' ven it come dark ve vas vorking so as slaves. Ve builds von house, mine vooman nailing up does valls mit her own hands, an' bimeby ve hat a shed an' horse an' cow, an' nice home, an' mine grain do vell der year, an' I pays mine rent, an' puts py some money. Venefer der vas extra to do I do him, an' ven a neighbor vas hat pad luck I help 'im, an' I do mine duty as a man—you all know dat."

"That's so," said a boy in the crowd. "When my father broke his arm Olaf came over and harrowed for us two days, and never charged a cent." "Mrs. Rassmussen sat up most every night for a week when our baby was so sick and mother came down with the grip," said another close beside me. But the Dane went on with his story, gaining courage and command of language as he proceeded, until he seemed completely to have forgotten everything save the story he was telling.

"Come fruit time, first year, mine vork vas all so I could get along, an' mine vooman she says she can earn money picking cherries in Burns' big orchard. I say 'So?' an' I go see der boss about it. He say vork is plenty and help scarce; but when I look I see he haf a pig gang of Chinamen in der orchard, an' I couldn't let my vooman vork mit dem, an' so I say, 'I vill vork in der orchard, an' you stay der home py and dig der potatoes and hoe der corn.' Vell, I go in der orchard von day, an' I notice der Chinamen go in a corner an' all talking like mad, an' bimeby der boss he comes and tells me I must quit or the whole gang will leaf. I say to 'im, 'Let dem leaf an' git vite men an' voomans der do der vork,' but he tells me he haf hire der gang much cheaper as vite men vill vork, an' he can't afford to make 'em mad. Den I say I vork der day out, an' he goes off. Bimeby came der boss Chinaman an' order me off. I swear I go not, an' den der whole gang came on me for fight, an' I knock some over an' vas most in pieces torn. So the vite boss he pays me nothing vor mine vork, as he say I lost 'im two day' time of der gang. I haf never any trouble of mine neighbor but what I tell you. You all know it.

"Vell, after that I goes on vorking and doing well, an' I haf a great crop of potatoes dat year. Dey grow as I never before see, an' one night der agent of der railroad he say to me I pedder be send does potatoes to der city. 'Don't delay,' he say to me, 'or eferybody else will be ahead of you an' gits no market.' I hurried up next day an' gits mine potatoes der station to, an' I see great piles, hundreds bushels potatoes, all at station vor to ship. Der agent say, 'All right, ve can send plenty. I bin poking up der growers. I don't like to see mine neighbors git left,' an' I sends on mine potatoes to der commission men vat he recommends an' pays mine freight, an' he tells me I make lots of money. I keep not back any, as I needs dat money and vas thinking I might bargain dat year to puy der land. Vell, I vaits tree, four days—a week. Den come vort by does commission men dat

der city vas full of potatoes, an' der papers had been telling a week now how der potatoes vas being dumped in der bay at der city, an' mine had been dumped in, too. Der letter said any man vas a fool to ship den. I show 'im to some mens, an' dey laugh an' say dat agent vas tam smart, anyway, to git the potatoes shipped an' secure his freight; but I vas out mine crop an' mine freight money, an' mine children got no shoes dat winter nor me an' mine vooman any clothes, an' it vas a hard pull. I talked with dat agent, an' he say mine loss non his pizness. His pizness vas to do vell by der railroad company. Dat vas vat he vas paid for. I haf no trouble mit him, but von man vat he so fool try to kill him an' vas put in prison. You all know it.

"Vell, next year ve do better. Comes a little feller to mine house to lif, but der crops is good an' ve make some money. Den ve tink maybe ve can pay der land dis year, an' I haf tree hundred dollar to make von payment. I say so to this man here ven he come, but he tell me his company haf conclude not to sell, but to rent der land. He say der come soon annuder road the place through, and value will be higher, so der company conclude to hold, and then he tell me he must have bigger rent der next year. I tell him impossible, I cannot pay more, an' he say he haf a tenant vot can, an' he tell me tree, four Japs vant der place for nursery an' vegetables to send to city, an' vill pay bigger rent. I tell him nopody can pay more an' put up buildings, an' he say buildings are already up. Vy, I tells him, dem mine buildings are an' mine fences, an' all vat is on der place mine, made mit mine own hands an' mine vooman's, an' paid for mit mine own money; but he say dere is nothing in der agreement about dat, or mine taking off any buildings or peing paid for any improvements, an' der place must stand just so as it vas. I could pay der higher rent or move off and let der Japs pay it. Den I look around on mine little home, an' see dat pretty house covered mit der vines mine vooman had planted, an' der rose trees in der garden, an' dat little vineyard by der side of der house, an' der hen-yard and barn vere I could hear mine horse stomping, an' I thought of all dem two years an' mine hard vork, an' it seems like I got crazy; an' I asks dat man vas it der law in free America? an' he tell me he had all der law on his side an' der company vould uphold him; an' I made up mine mind he vould nefer lif to tell his company about dat, an' so I picked up a cart stake an' vent for him. He got away an' jumped in his buggy before I could kill him, or I vould."

By this time the Dane's rage was again in the ascendancy. His sullen face was actually black with anger, and he ground his teeth and shook his manacled hands at the smiling agent.

"Dey all lif not here," he shouted. "Does Chinamen lif not here nor build up der country! Does railroad people lif not here! Does land company lif not here! Dere all like so many plud worms, suck, suck, sucking at der life of men vat vork hard. Vy should I not kill von of them?"

Seldom in literature do we find anything so truly real, so simple, and yet so supremely tragic as this little story. It reveals real genius, and in this case the genius is wedded to a heart of love and a brain aflame with a passion for justice. I predict for Miss Knapp a brilliant future. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is found in the presence of a constantly increasing number of young men and women of genius and heart who are championing the cause of justice and humanity, and in this noble coterie Miss Knapp is making her way to the front.

B. O. FLOWER.

ENEMIES IN THE REAR.*

Fiction holds a most important place in letters to-day. Through its channels the world's correspondence on all great fundamental questions of life, conduct, and morals is carried on. To say that the province of fiction is this, that, or the other thing, or to limit its powers and horizon in any direction, is absurd; and whether it shall preach, instruct, moralize, philosophize, or shall entertain and amuse and while away one's hours in an intellectual see-saw exercise, it is legitimate for the author's individuality only to determine. Writers of fiction being of as diversified temperaments as any other body of men, we must therefore expect a variety of themes; and should remember that if one has a hobby for Spenser's Fairy Queen, a next-door neighbor may have a hobby for the "New Woman." This very fact may only produce a Sarah Grand or a Grant Allen, but still "free speech" should be allowed in the field of fiction as elsewhere. We can always hope for something better than the above-named authors are capable of on the same question.

The historical novel will always retain a large and respectable constituency of readers; just as an organ of Episcopalianism, or other religious denomination, with an established reputation of fifty years' standing, can be correctly regarded as valuable property by the practical business head. Sir Walter Scott will live as long as it is the tendency to grow conservative with the rounding-up of a two-score years—even if this fact proves nothing to his favor, but merely suggests the unprogressiveness of the human mind itself.

In this country there are boundless opportunities and a wide field of interest for the historical novel; and it will in no way clash with the apostles of and believers in that fractional part of life which they are pleased to call "realism"—the historic time of our country having been lived though but yesterday.

We have before us an intensely interesting admixture of history and fiction, with more of the former quality, however, in it, entitled "Enemies in the Rear; or, A Golden Circle Squared," by Francis T. Hoover. There is more of the patriot than the artist seen through its pages; and personal sympathies have taken the fiction side of the work into rather conventional lines of thought. Still the author's main purpose, to present the history of one of the most dangerous organizations that the national government had to contend with in the rear during the war of secession, is conscientiously and admirably executed, and much praise is due him. It is well known, of course, that one of the most prominent of the above-mentioned organizations during that eventful period of the United States, 1861-65, was the Knights of the Golden Circle, known as the Sons of Liberty. It was in hot sympathy with the South; it resisted the

* "Enemies in the Rear," by Francis T. Hoover. Cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Draft Act, discouraged volunteering, protected and encouraged deserters from the army, returned negroes to their southern masters; its members held themselves ready to abduct Lincoln for the purpose of putting an end to what they deemed an "unholy war."

Mr. Hoover gives us a dramatic account of a dangerous branch of this great organization in Southeastern Pennsylvania among the Dutch or Germans there, and a descriptive account of the "Copton Brigade." Prefatory to placing the scene of his story in this section of the country he says: "What the side-shows are to the main exhibition were some of the incidents happening in neighborhoods remote from the seat of war to the greater conflict itself; and even as in the side-shows queerer objects are often to be seen than in the main exhibition, so perhaps in these incidents stranger phases of character and modes of thought and action were manifested than in the principal drama." The author then proceeds, with a skilful pen and elaboration of detail, to initiate us into the mysteries and secrets of Golden Circleism, taking us into the heart of the meetings in the dark sheds at midnight and right into the hearing of some of the speeches of the leaders of the organization.

A lighter yet interesting chapter or so is devoted to the excuses, real and invented, heard before the commissioner of draft for exemption from military duty. Many of these, no doubt, are historically true — and, naturally, humorous.

The writer evidently does not recognize any just cause or good reason for opposition to the war; even though a more philosophic mind, while deprecating the features which grew out of it and the corrupt methods to gain points, might reserve at least some excuse for the feeling on grounds altogether foreign to the slavery issue. In pitting individual against individual, those on the side that the author's sympathies are with he paints as heroes, certainly only conventional heroes who always have the knack of "downing" their brutal, bullying, yet cowardly opponents; and in the fiction woven around this history every individual Knight of the Golden Circle is painted without a redeeming virtue, and they remind us of stage villains who get their deserts at last. But this is only incidental, and detracts nothing from the historical value of his work; though being pieced together with the cement of fiction and romance, it is not altogether out of place to note this tendency. An historian is generally a bit of an advocate for the cause which appeals to his personal sense of justice; but the emergence of the novelist into the historian should aid him in keeping a nice balance of fairness. But we do not dispute Mr. Hoover's deductions on the purely historical part of his story — they are well meant and are intended, as he says, to deepen the interest of the present generation in the greatest of all our wars, and thus to strengthen their patriotism and their appreciation of the deeds brave men and women did, and of the sufferings they bore, in that decisive period of our national existence.

The opening sentence in the preface is really the summing up of the historical part of the story, relating to the doings and workings of the Knights of the Golden Circle. It reads as follows:

To square the circle, that is to determine its exact contents in square measure, has generally been held to be impossible; but, as herein appears, the national government solved the famous problem perfectly, at least so far as it related to the Golden Circle of Knights in southeastern Pennsylvania. And the solution showed the exact contents of this particular circle to be an admixture, in about equal parts, of ignorance, hypocrisy and treason.

A secondary object of Mr. Hoover's book is to give us an account of the character, customs, and manners of the Pennsylvania Dutch, and also to present some of their prevailing superstitions, and to give us an idea of the dialect or *patois* — being a mixture of English and Dutch or German words — spoken by them. This he has done very successfully without over-emphasis. In this matter he has had the advantage of being to the manner born so that he has not been betrayed into the too common literary sin of perpetrating a new and abominable lingo that pretends to be the dialect of the people of a certain locality. He knows the peculiarities of the German Pennsylvania character, and he has given us some new and amusing types in fiction.

JONATHAN PENN.

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